

B 488694

82.6

HONOLULU
MERCURY

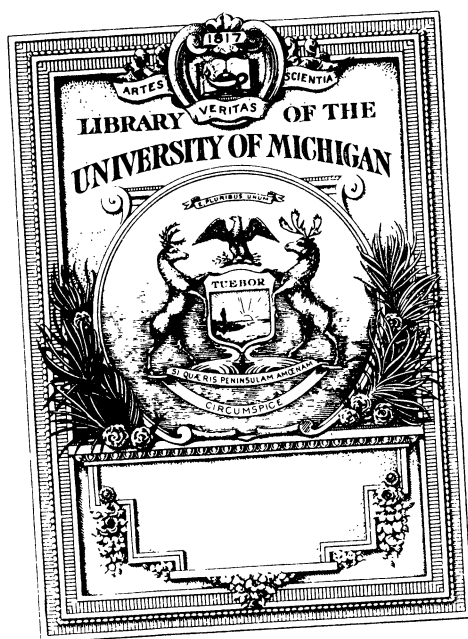
I
JUNE-NOV
1929

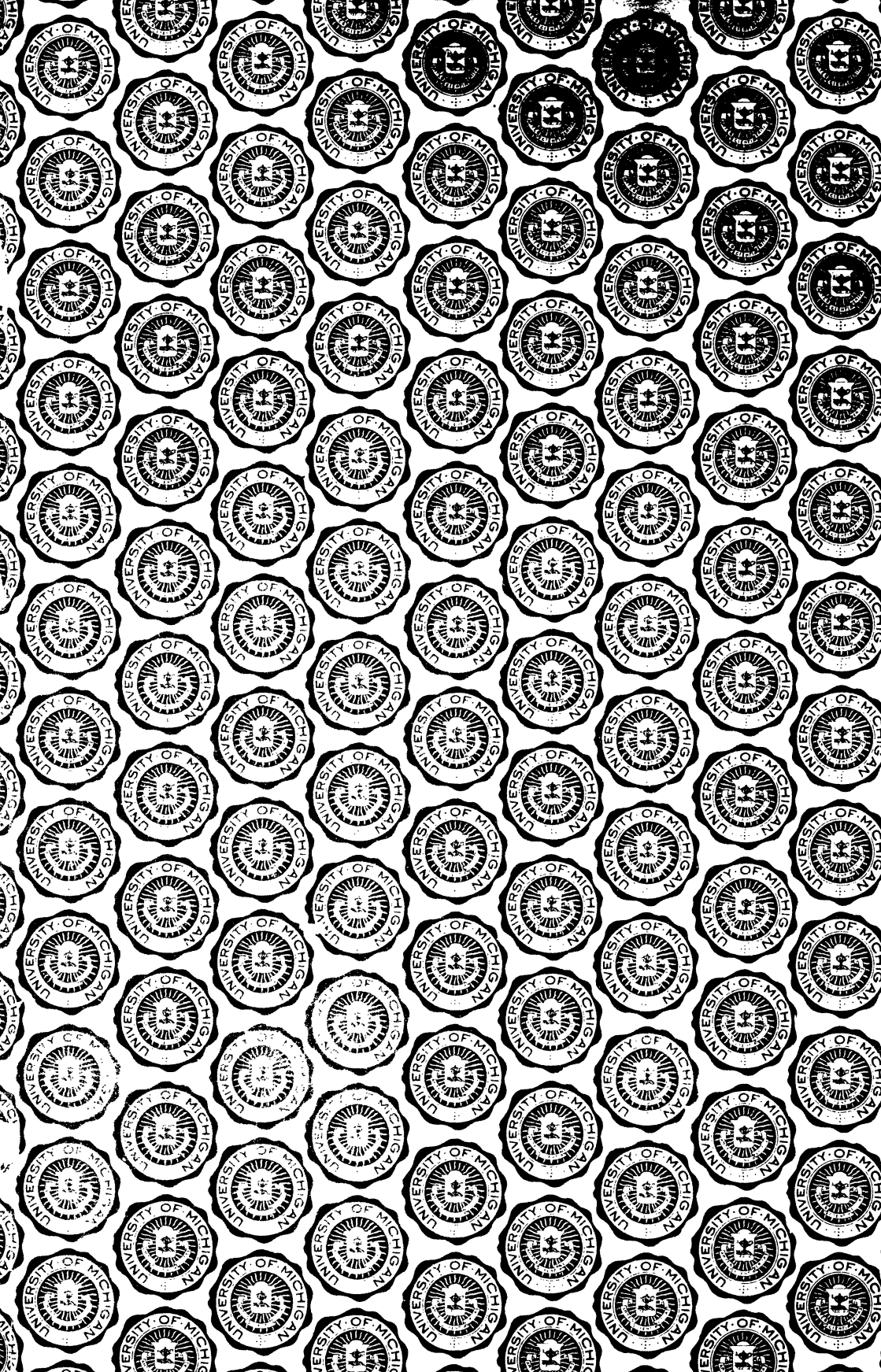
AP

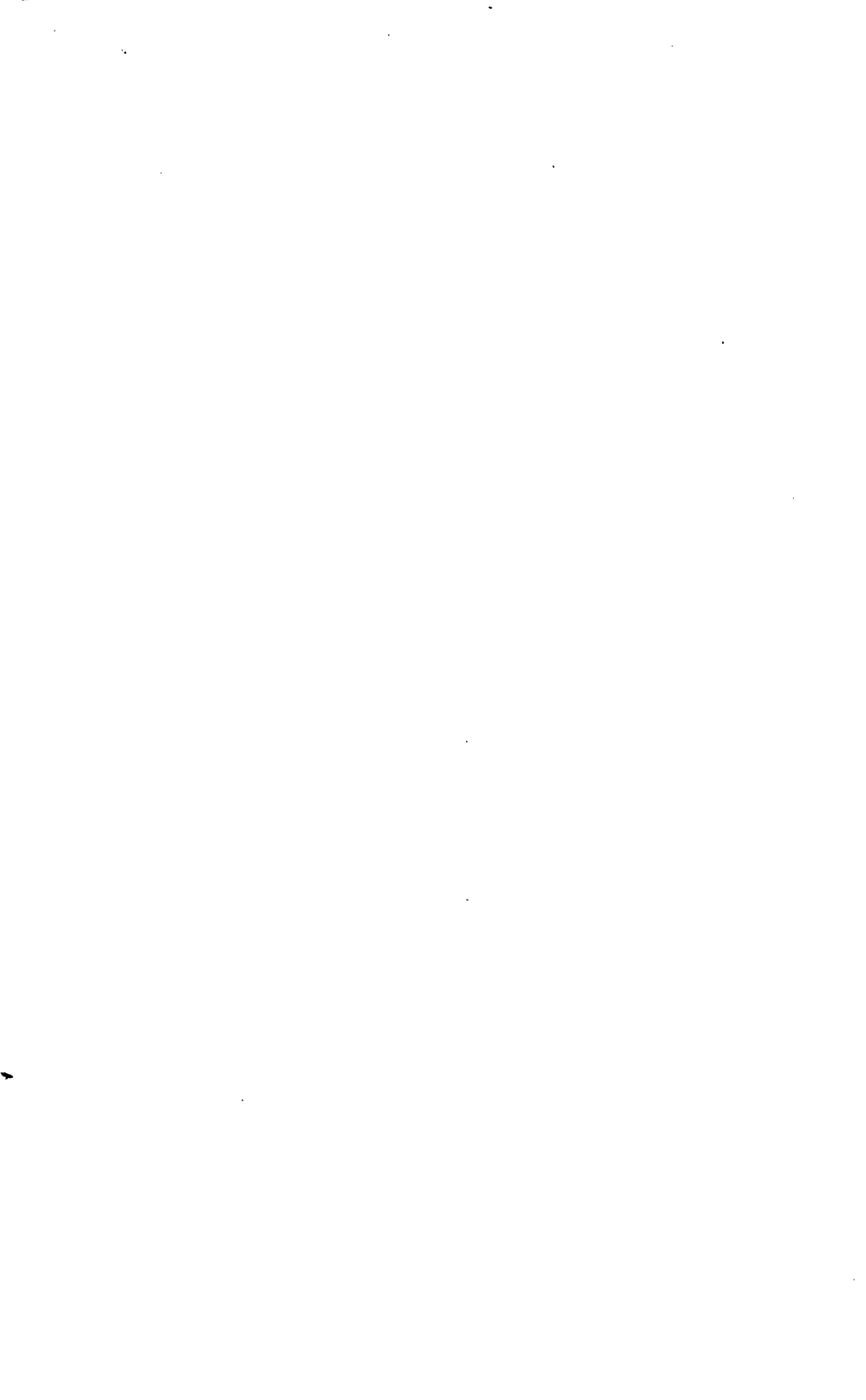
7

.H7

UNIV.
OF
MICH.







AP
7
.H7

THE HONOLULU MERCURY

Edited by David Earl

I N D E X

TO VOLUME I

JUNE—NOVEMBER 1929

Published by
HONOLULU MERCURY, LIMITED

P. O. Box 3146
HONOLULU, T. H.

The Honolulu Mercury

Contents of Volume I

JUNE—NOVEMBER, 1929

ABDU'L BAHA — From Painting by Juliet Thompson.....	Frontispiece	Nov.
A CITIZEN OF FIVE TOWNS—By Oxenham de Courcy.....	July	22
AMIGO MIO — By James G. Blaney (Jessie Grandfield Borden).....	Aug.	29
A MONEY-DOCTOR IN CHINA — By J. B. Condliffe.....	Nov.	1
AN AMERICAN WOMAN IN THE ORIENT — By Gertrude Lake.....	Oct.	1
AN HOUR IN THE NIGHT — By Irma Thompson Ireland.....	Aug.	24
A NICKEL'S WORTH OF HEAVEN — By Marion Carr Schenck.....	Nov.	26
AN OFFICE SKETCH — By Kil Larney.....	Aug.	56
A SONG OF THE ABSENT BELOVED — By Anne Montgomery Young.....	Oct.	53
BEHIND A PANAX HEDGE — By Joseph Augustine K. Combs.....	Oct.	19
CUP OF GOLD — From Painting by Julia Goldman.....	Frontispiece	Sept.
DIAMOND HEAD	Aug.	84
DOMESTIC DRAMA — DONE BROWN — By Irma Thompson Ireland.....	Nov.	46
DRUMS OF ATAVUS — By Marion Carr Schenck.....	Oct.	37
EDITORIAL.....	June 83, July 7, Aug. 88, Sept. 38, Oct. 86, Nov.	70
FIJI AND THE FUTURE (I) — By Kilmer O. Moe.....	Nov.	5
GOLDEN STATE, LIMITED — By Margaret Rosser.....	Aug.	5
HAWAII: PAST AND PRESENT — By Albert Pierce Taylor.....		
	June 86, July 89, Aug. 93, Sept. 84, Oct. 91, Nov.	91
IS MODERN POETRY SENSE? — By Leo de Vis	Nov.	51
JANET AND MY THELMA — By Joseph Augustine K. Combs.....	Nov.	17
JOURNAL OF VANCOUVER'S VOYAGE — By Thomas Manby.....		
	June 11, July 33, Aug.	39

General
direct

iii.

LETTERS FROM—HEAVEN—By Irma Thompson Ireland.....	Oct.	30
LOG OF THE CHATHAM—By Edward Bell.....	Sept. 7, Oct. 55, Nov.	76
MANHATTAN ISLAND BEDTIME STORIES—By Cholly Knickerbocker's Aunt	June	49
MAUNA MONA, MY WAHINE—By Adrienne Hart.....	July	46
ONE LITTLE APACHE—By Gladys Louise Wood.....	July	79
PESCATORE—By Carlo Zucca.....	Aug.	81
PETALS FROM A PASSION FLOWER—By Helen Carewe.....	Nov.	13
PRINCE SAVAGE—By John F. Embree.....	Aug.	85
SAMOA—By Hugh C. Tennent.....	June	1
STUDY OF A WAHINE—From Painting by A. T. Manookian.....	Frontispiece	Aug.
SUN UP IN HONOLULU—By Mary Dillingham Frear.....	Aug.	1
SUN YAT-SEN—By Henry B. Restarick.....	June 59, July 69, Aug. 62, Sept. 42, Oct. 75, Nov.	32
TENSEY—By G. H. Snelling.....	Sept.	56
THE BAMBOO FOREST—By Bim Melgaard.....	June	26
THE COMMERCE OF IDEAS—By J. B. Condliffe.....	Sept.	1
THE CHINESE SCREEN—By John F. Embree.....	Nov.	30
THE FIERY CAT—By G. H. Snelling.....	Oct.	70
THE FIRST BEACHCOMBER—From Cut Silhouette by Earl Schenck, Frontispiece	Oct.	
THE LIBRARY TABLE—By Mahlon Ashford.....	Nov.	56
THE MAGIC RUG—By Kathleen L. Worrell.....	Sept.	73
THE "MELTING POT" OF THE NATIONS—By Akaiko Akana.....	July	12
THE MERCY OF THE KING—By L. W. de Vis-Norton.....	June	54
THE NAKAI—By John Snell.....	July	47
THE OUTLOOK FOR FILIPINOS IN HAWAII—By Kilmer O. Moe.....	July 56, Aug. 13, Sept. 63, Oct.	38
THE RISING SUN—From Wood Cut by T. Hikoyama.....	Frontispiece	July
THE RUG FROM SHIRAZ—By Kathleen L. Worrell.....	Aug.	27
THE THREAD OF LIFE—By Joy Golden Carossio.....	June	77
THE "WET" HOPE—By Junius.....	July	1
THREE PRAYERS—By Juliet Rice Wichman.....	Oct.	28
TOMIKO-SAN—By Leonie Elder.....	June	41
TWO FAIRY STORIES—By Violet C. Donald.....	Sept.	31

UNCLE HARVEY'S THANK OFFERING — By Judith Arnold (Jessie Grandfield Borden).....	Sept.	27
UNDER A COCONUT PALM — By Jimmy Akamoku.....	June	70
UNEMPLOYMENT IN HONOLULU — By Peter Entau Chu.....	June	38
VERSES — By Leonie Elder.....	Sept.	54
WEALTH — By Anne Montgomery Young.....	June	59
WHAT PRICE BOXING? — By Earl DeGraff Spore.....	Nov.	70
WHERE THE OLD GODS WALK — By Mildred Firth Crockett.....	Nov.	29
WILL ISLAND-BORN JAPANESE CONTROL HAWAII? — By S. Maruyama	July	26
WOMAN AND CHILD — Fron Painting by Charles W. Bartlett.....	Frontispiece	June

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE HONOLULU MERCURY PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT HONOLULU, T. H., FOR OCTOBER 1, 1929.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor and business manager are:

Publisher.....Honolulu Mercury Ltd., Honolulu, T. H.
 Editor.....David Earl, Honolulu, T. H.
 Business Manager.....David Earl, Honolulu, T. H.

2. That the owner is Honolulu Mercury Ltd., (a corporation) Honolulu, T. H.; that the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock are:

David Earl.....Honolulu, T. H.
 Kathrine S. Baldwin.....Honolulu, T. H.
 Ethel S. Baldwin.....Paia, Maui, T. H.
 Mary D. Frear.....Honolulu, T. H.
 Peter E. Chu.....Honolulu, T. H.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees or other security holders owning one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has an interest direct or indirect in the said stocks, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

HONOLULU MERCURY LTD.

(Signed) by David Earl, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of October, 1929.

ERNEST S. ING,
 Notary Public

PERIODICALS
GENERAL LITERARY
UNIV. OF HONOLULU

JUN 8 1925

NIHIL HUMANI NOSTRIS ALIENUM

THE HONOLULU MERCURY

EDITED BY DAVID EARL



Sun Yat-sen

by

BISHOP RESTARICK

JUNE
1929

50¢ a Copy

Hawaiian Islands

\$5 a Year



Portals to a New Environment

WE WELCOME

The Makers and Readers of the Honolulu Mercury who are contributing to the literary expression of Hawaii. Cooperation and good connections of Hawaii's Literati will bring good results.

BISHOP TRUST COMPANY offers unexcelled financial connections in Hawaii. For twenty-three years its progress has been marked by sound business practice, so that today it is the outstanding company of its kind in Hawaii.

BISHOP TRUST COMPANY, LTD.

Wall & Dougherty, Ltd.

JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS

DIAMONDS PEARLS

WATCHES AND WRIST WATCHES

ABSOLUTELY DEPENDABLE

1021 BISHOP STREET

OPP. BANK OF HAWAII

HONOLULU

THE HONOLULU MERCURY

The Contents for JUNE 1929

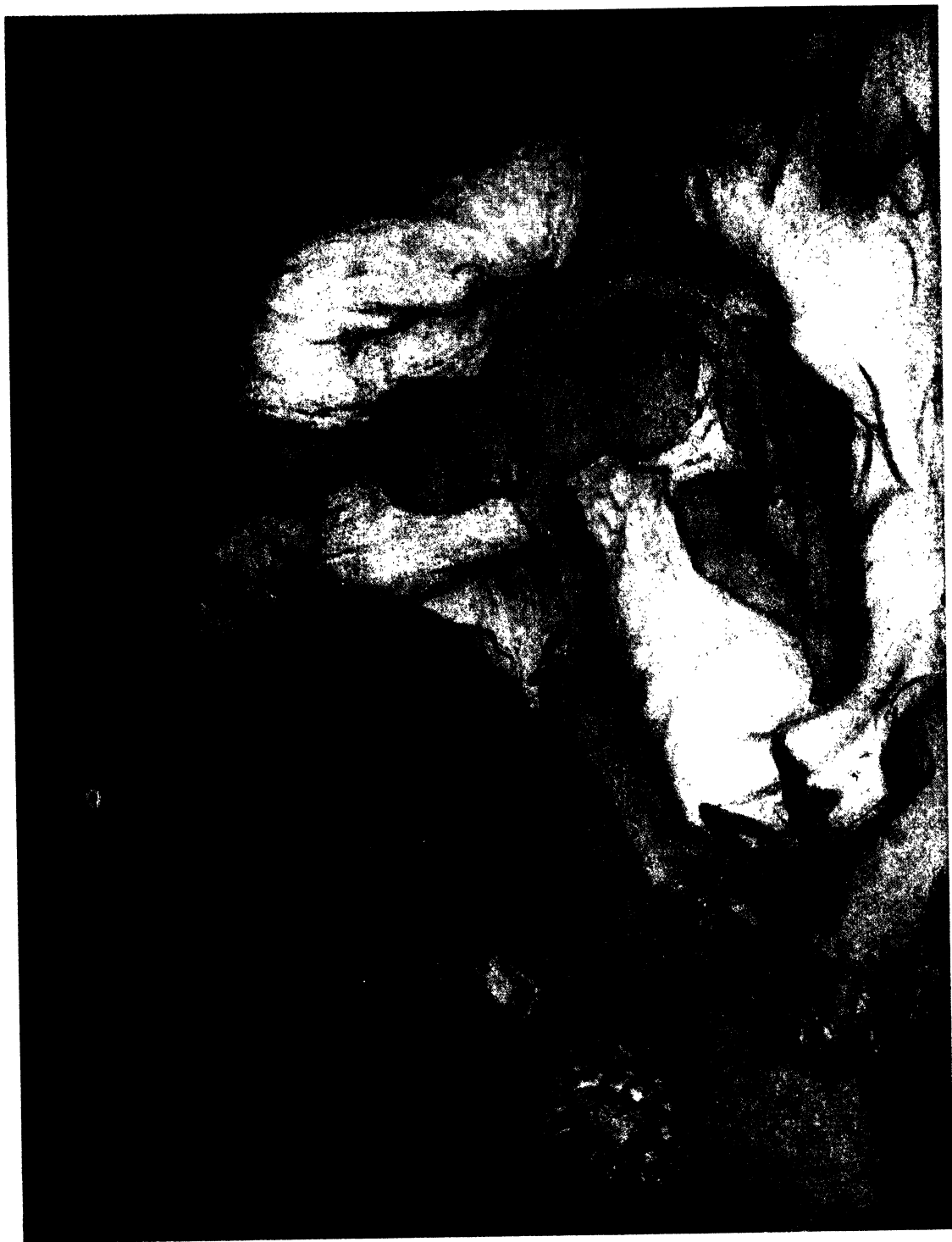
SAMOA: BROBDINGNAG MEETS LILIPUT	Page
By HUGH C. TENNENT, formerly Member of the Legislative Council of Western (British) Samoa.....	1
JOURNAL OF VANCOUVER'S VOYAGE TO THE PACIFIC (First installment)	
By THOMAS MANBY, Master's Mate on board the Discovery, Vancouver's Vessel.....	11
THE BAMBOO FOREST	
By BIM MELGAARD.....	26
UNEMPLOYMENT IN HONOLULU	
By PETER ENTAU CHU, Member of the Honolulu Chamber of Commerce	38
TOMIKO-SAN	
By LEONIE ELDER.....	41
MANHATTAN ISLAND BEDTIME STORIES	
By CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER'S AUNT.....	48
WEALTH	
By ANNE MONTGOMERY YOUNG.....	52
THE MERCY OF THE KING	
By L. W. de VIS NORTON.....	53
SUN YAT-SEN (Chapters I and II)	
By the Right Reverend HENRY B. RESTARICK, Retired Bishop of Honolulu.....	58
UNDER A COCONUT PALM	
By JIMMY AKAMOKU.....	69
THE THREAD OF LIFE	
By JOY GOLDEN CAROSSIO.....	77
EDITORIAL	83
HAWAII: PAST AND PRESENT	
By ALBERT PIERCE TAYLOR, Librarian, Archives of Hawaii.....	86

*THE HONOLULU MERCURY: Published Monthly: 50 Cents a Copy:
\$5.00 a Year: Canadian Subscription \$5.50: Foreign Subscription
\$6.00. Volume I: Number 1. Issue for June, 1929.*

*Copyrighted in 1929 in the United States. All rights reserved. The
whole contents of this magazine are protected by copyright and must
not be reprinted without permission.*

*Published by David Earl: Editorial and Advertising Offices: Hawaiian
Electric Building, Honolulu, T. H. Post Office Address: P. O. Box 3146,
Honolulu, T. H. Advertising Manager : George E. Reehm, Honolulu, T. H.
Printed by The New Freedom Press, Honolulu, T. H.*

*Application made for entry as second class matter under the act of
March 3, 1879, at the Post Office at Honolulu, T. H.*



"Woman and Child—Hawaii." Painting by Charles W. Bartlett

Cont.
T. H. H. H.
H. H. H. H.
H. H. H. H.

The HONOLULU MERCURY

VOLUME I

June 1929

NO. 1

SAMOA: BROBDINGNAG MEETS LILLIPUT

By HUGH C. TENNENT

THE Matson Navigation Company of San Francisco added to their fleet some time ago a line of three steamships, comfortable, but of very ancient vintage. Three boats for as far back as can be remembered plied between San Francisco and Sydney, Australia. Americans do not migrate in any numbers to Australia and Britishers frequent their own boats, particularly in recent years for lack of appreciation of the Eighteenth Amendment. From San Francisco to Honolulu the passenger list would be full, but at Honolulu a sad defection takes place. There would be left a small, but amiable, mixture of Australians and Americans bound for Sydney. There would certainly also be a naval officer bound for Pago Pago, American Samoa, who would display at least three times a day a fresh suit of super-starched ducks. His wife, yes,—also very smart: all naval officers sent to Pago Pago are married.

Now if it were not for that naval officer and a few stores below hatches, that comfortable but ancient

boat would certainly never call at such an inconsiderable and out-of-the-way place as Pago Pago. In fact no boat, except an occasional 16-ton motor ketch, picking up copra, would ever call there. And it is also likely that, if it were not for that naval officer and the stores, that line would possibly have ceased running long ago. Uncle Sam's favors in the way of subsidies were in return for this contact between the little naval station at Pago Pago and San Francisco.

After leaving Honolulu, you are really in the tropics, white cumulose clouds, soapy blue sea, heaving slowly, deck chairs and 40 winks. Once the tops of a few coconut palms show up over the sea, fleeting evidence through the haze of the horizon of the existence of an atoll, causing you to wipe your eyes and look again, but they are gone. After seven very interesting, restful, boresome days, according to your inclination, you awake one morning, to see a wild tumble of mountain ranges, soaring peaks, deep valleys, all clad with tropical verdure from the highest point

to where the palms lean out over the sea, and the sea washes their roots.

“I know an island,
 Lovely and lost, and half the world
 away;
 And there, ’twixt lowland and high-
 land,
 Lies a pool, rich with murmur and
 scent and glimmer,
 And there my friends go all the
 radiant day,
 Each golden-limbed and flower-
 crowned laughing swimmer.”

Within 50 square miles are these mountains ranges, peaks, valleys and plains, with 15 square miles of outlying islands; and within this little world will be found the whole gamut of administrative problems common to government: economic, religious, political, and, finally, international, for Samoa, though artificially divided, is one.

Samoa has been formally annexed and a Commission is to, “as soon as reasonably practicable, recommend to Congress such legislation concerning the Islands of Eastern Samoa as they shall deem necessary or proper.”

It is the intention of this article to sketch in some of the main outlines that will present themselves to this Commission, and to fill in a little of the background of the heritage and structure of Samoan society. If, in doing this, it is necessary to speak of the Samoans as one people, and to ignore at times the somewhat arbitrary division into American Samoa and Western Samoa (Mandatory Territory governed by New Zealand), it is because the Samoans are sufficiently conscious of their own na-

tionality to regard with a certain amount of unconcern whether it is the German, American, British or New Zealand flag that waves over them.

Since 1920, when more or less reliable statistics have been kept, the Samoan population has steadily increased. In American Samoa the increase has been from between 5,000 and 6,000 to nearly 9,000. In Western Samoa the increase would have been as great, had it not been for the disastrous influenza epidemic of 1919 which carried off nearly one-fifth of the population of that portion. American Samoa fortunately escaped this scourge.

The Samoan population is probably no less at this date than it ever was before, while the population generally of Polynesia, Micronesia and Melanesia has declined enormously. This tragic loss of population is shown by the following short tabulation which has been supplied to the writer by the courtesy of the Bishop Museum.

	Population in 1870	Population in 1920
All Polynesia.....	690,675	192,671
All Melanesia.....	3,059,574	1,019,840
All Micronesia.....	272,500	90,800

It is more than likely that the population in 1870 had considerably declined from the figures of say — 1820, but statistics and estimates before that date are too unreliable to use.

As far as Samoa is concerned, an estimate of the population at 46,000 was made by Commodore Wilkes, of the U. S. Navy, who visited Samoa between 1838 and 1842. In 1845 the London Missionary Society took a

rough census, and obtained 40,000, but some of the missionaries considered this total an underestimate, but that the total was certainly not more than 45,000. In 1849 Captain Erskine of the British Navy estimated 32,000. In the Samoan Recorder of January 1854, a paper published under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, the population is given as 29,237. Today the population is about 48,000 Samoans of which nearly 40,000 is in British Samoa. It is to be doubted if at any time the population much exceeded the present day figures.

Samoa has been comparatively free from those terrible tragedies of disease, which, in the course of time, depopulated some of the South Sea Communities, and this immunity continues to this day. In fact, vital statistics taken from health reports of both administrations, show that Samoa compares extraordinarily well with our own communities. The birth rate runs between 50 to 60 per thousand, while the death rate, apart from one or two years of epidemics, runs about 20 to 25 a thousand. Infantile mortality accounts for about one-sixth of the death rate, and this is not high when the improper feeding conditions of Samoan infants are considered. Statistics for infectious diseases are remarkably low. Combining the statistics of both administrations, there are about 20 known cases of leprosy which are all segregated and well cared for. Tuberculosis is comparatively rare, while venereal diseases are almost entirely absent. In American Samoa, where a medical history sheet is kept for every

inhabitant, the health reports for one or two years report absolutely no venereal diseases at all. Pneumonia, enteric fever and meningitis all occur, but the percentage is very small. Dysentery is more common and sometimes reaches serious proportions: which is not surprising, considering the careless habits of the natives.

We have omitted filariasis (elephantiasis) which is very common in Samoa. This most disfiguring disease has little effect on the death rate, but does lower the vitality of the race considerably. It is a mosquito-carried disease, fortunately decreasing as the Samoans learn to combat it.

Statistics of this kind are rather boring, but it is very necessary at the outset to recognize that the Samoans are vigorous in body and in mind and, as this article will attempt to show, have not been betrayed out of that citadel of strength: the Samoans' social order. In considering the structure of Samoan society, it is necessary to generalize a little further on the question of the declining populations of the South Seas.

A more potent agent than disease or war, in the decline in population of other South Sea Islanders, has been that more intangible factor, the destruction of their morale resulting from the mere impact of an overpowering civilization upon the simple structure of their living. With communities so small and isolated, is it to be wondered at, that when the silence of many centuries was broken by our coming, the elusive structure of their corporate life has been destroyed? They could not adapt themselves in time and have become not

a part, but mere hangers-on to our civilization. Faintly traced in the background of the revealed history of mankind are evidences of many peoples and civilizations whose vigor and spirit to survive has been broken: the fate that overtook them, or, at the best, gradual absorption with other races, would seem to await most of the South Sea Islanders.

That the Samoans themselves have so far held their own is not to be taken as proof that they will continue to do so in the future. Apart from careless or unwitting harm that we may do them, they themselves have an ignorant desire to forsake all that they have for the mess of pottage our civilization has to give them. They may fling away a rich heritage for gauds, a science of living for simple arithmetic and how to cheat in trader's stores, free limbs and a Greek torso for trousers, a collar and a tie.

If the Samoans are today the most vigorous of the South Sea Islanders, and have retained, more than any, their social structure and modes of living, they owe this not to the setting up of a peaceful Government by a European Power, but to the bickering and jealousies of the several powers who quarreled for supremacy in Samoa; not to the pursuits of peace, but to constant warfare or threat of warfare amongst themselves. No real kingship or authority over the whole of Samoa was ever really set-up by the Samoans. A certain amount of authority attached principally to five major titles. These titles did not descend by right of primogeniture, but were conferred, generally

after protracted gatherings and negotiations between the chiefs, tula-fales (orators), and matais (heads of families), of the district concerned. In the efforts of ambitious chiefs to obtain one or more of these titles, or a predominance for their title, a great deal of intrigue was employed with an occasional resort to arms.

By 1850 the United States, Germany and Great Britain had established commercial agents in Samoa. Each of these agents, and later the consuls who followed them, sought to ally themselves with one or the other of the contending Samoan parties, in the hope that the party selected would be successful in establishing pre-eminence and a stable government over the others. Only from such a central authority could dependable land titles and trade opportunities be secured. These grants of lands and trade opportunities would come the way of the nationals who had "picked the winner". Merchants, in support of their party, surreptitiously aided with munitions, and sporadic warfare for over half a century was the result. No party secured this pre-eminence for very long, but the intrigues of the period constitute a most exciting story, and throw much light on diplomacy as then interpreted by the minor representatives of the Powers concerned.

It is not intended here to refer to any but the concluding events of this fifty years of intrigue and fighting. In 1899 the U. S. N. flagship "Philadelphia" arrived and an attempt to settle differences was made. The Germans refused to cooperate, while

the British and Americans commenced hostilities jointly against the Samoan party in power; which party, in turn, was "encouraged" by the Germans. The British and American forces were defeated with some loss, in the most important engagement that occurred, and this serious news once more led the home Governments of the three nations to take decisive action. As a result, the British withdrew from Samoa, the major portion was turned over to Germany, while America's interest in the small Eastern group in which the harbor of Paga Pago was situated, was recognized.

It is interesting to recall that the above occasion is the first when the British and American armed forces combined in war; but, of more significance, the last and most important engagement fought in this half century or more of squabbling was won by the Samoans. If the Samoans bear themselves proudly and sometimes independently in their dealings with the papalagi (white man), their past has given them some cause for it.

In such ways does Providence work: the jealousies of the Powers, which found their counterpart in the intermittent warfare which took place between rival Samoan chiefs, had the effect of maintaining the social structure of the Samoans. The tendency under such conditions was to strengthen the hands of the people's leaders (the high chiefs), and to a conservatism which restricted the influence of the new ideas of the white man's civilization. Warfare made it necessary for the Samoans

to remain in constant training, and this training was arduous as anyone knows who has seen the old time martial dances. These dances required a Spartan mode of living. Warfare kept the natives comparatively poor and to a simple mode of living; and away from such luxuries as houses, clothes and tin foods. In which case we need to revise the saying, "the blessings of peace". The 20th century brought a better sympathy and understanding of native races; but had Samoans enjoyed the blessings and practised the arts of peace in the 19th century, by the time the 20th had arrived, they would have had gold in their teeth but little or no land; trousers and shirts, but nothing to speak of in the way of chests.

The influence of the past has continued to this day. On at least three occasions since 1900, the Samoans have combined to oppose white government. In 1906, the "Lauati" rebellion took place against the German Government in Western Samoa. In 1920, in American Samoa there was an organized disturbance against the naval administration which was followed by imprisonments and deportations; while for over a year there has been a powerfully organized passive resistance called the "Mau" against the Mandatory Government established by New Zealand. In the past because of this insecurity, foreign influence, apart from that of the missionaries, barely established itself beyond the port of Apia on the Island of Upolu. In recent years the influence of whites has become much stronger, but never sufficient to break down in any important degree

the structure of Samoan society.

Undoubtedly a further salvation for the Samoans is to be found in the generous and far sighted provisions of the Berlin Treaty of 1889 for the protection of the land of Samoa as the heritage of the Samoans. Under this Treaty, a joint commission of the powers was appointed to review the multitude of claims for lands which foreigners asserted had been sold to them by Samoans.

It was easy enough in the old days for a foreigner to become, in prospect, a large landowner. The obliging Samoan sold you his land and his neighbor's with ease and unconcern.

When the commission commenced hearings, it was found that although Samoa comprises just about 1,000,000 acres all told, claims were submitted by foreigners for 1,691,893 acres. The vast majority of these claims were disallowed. In American Samoa there is not more than 300 or 400 acres of freehold held by foreigners, and a few small leaseholds, mostly to missions. There is no public land, except possibly the 40 acres which the U. S. Government purchased for its naval station on the Pago Pago harbor.

Following the labors of this commission, steps were taken, for which the Germans deserve the most praise, to lay down what is practically a Magna Charter for both Samoas: that is, the land can never be alienated by purchase from the Samoans, nor leased except under strict limitations; nor is it lawful to grant credit to natives: an arrangement which prevents an influence being brought to bear on

the Samoans in the matter of leasing his lands. Doubtless in any Organic Act that it is proposed to write for American Samoa these provisions, as the sheet anchor of Samoan protection and self-respect, will be embodied therein. The Constitutional Act passed by the New Zealand Parliament for the government of Western Samoa has confirmed this protection.

We have seen that a conservatism was forced upon the Samoans during the 19th century. The jealousy of the powers prevented any one power gaining an ascendancy, while the quarrels and intrigues of that time caused the natives to rally round their leaders. Insecurity, prevented the settlement and commercialization of Samoa, and later action, confirmed native habits of living by securing them against deprivation of their lands.

It is now that we have to consider these habits and the structure of Samoan Society itself.

What is native custom? What are those motives which influence him? —influence him as a rule to act in a manner which some times seems inexplicable. What is the true precedent upon which to base present action — this, that or the other? Opinion of the missionary or of the foreigner who has lived his life there will vary in the most perplexing manner. The Samoan generally has a clear knowledge of what is the right thing to do, but will act differently under what appear to us to be the same circumstances. Yet the Administration must take cognizance of native temperament, customs and the organization, or, better, officials with

an anthropological training could be included in the administration.

The family, in its broad sense, is the unit of Samoan Society. The head of the family is known as a Matai. Those who have not acquired the status of Matai are known as Tautelea. These may have families of their own, but are members of a "family" which may spread out among the cousins and even second and third cousins. Many of the Matai have chiefly rank, but usually their authority does not extend beyond the small family unit. A number of these families combined make up a town or small district, being headed again by a chief higher in rank. These units again are part of the bigger political divisions and headed again by a chief of the highest rank. This would seem simple enough, but is crisscrossed by the fact that members of the various families, clans and political divisions are scattered all over the group. It is astonishing to observe where all the members of a clan or political division come from, when summoned together for an important meeting such as the appointment or deposing of a chief, or the marriage of an important personage. If the chiefly position carries with it privileges it also carries responsibilities and is hedged in by numerous limitations and checks. For instance, there is another class known as Tulafale (orators). A member of this class may be extremely influential, corresponding in some degree to the Tribune of the People of the Roman Republic. It is he who carries out negotiations, largely directs policy and even arranges what the chiefs may do and

who they may marry. One of the highest chiefs in the land must go through an adjacent village on his hands and knees. Such instances as this could be multiplied. Notwithstanding the great deference that is paid to the chiefs, who may not even be spoken to except in a language entirely set apart for them, they are not to be thought of as possessing unlimited power over their people.

Property is held in common. The chief normally controls the land, but actually all he has is the pule, the title and dignity that goes with the land. The chief is a sort of trustee and administers the land for the benefit of the whole village or family. He directs the cultivation and sees that everybody gets a proper share of the food produced. Now these chiefly titles do not necessarily go by right of primogeniture, the best man offering or some compromise candidate is elected by the whole division or clan concerned. Similarly, a chief can be deposed, though this is rarely done, for wrong doing and misuse of his power. The pule of the land held by the high chiefs is again held in subdivisions by lesser chiefs, and, again, amongst the small family units. Needless to say, a great many of the quarrels and a good many of the intrigues of Samoa, involving administrative difficulties for the Government, are concerned with these titles and the boundaries of land and spheres of influence.

Despite all this paraphernalia of chiefly titles, Samoan Society is essentially democratic and communistic. In so far as its democracy goes, it is not at all repugnant to the

political ideas of Americans: but as a communistic society it is brought into daily clash with the ideas of white men, and the system of individualism from which no white man can dissociate himself.

The clash is inevitable: It is important to run a successful native policy, and at the same time encourage a policy of commercialization. As long as communism prevails, the Samoan is not interested in the production of wealth. He may be stirred to considerable efforts in the interest of a church which his village wishes to build, or for some other common purpose: but there is no incentive for him to acquire any more property or wealth than he can carry around with him. Yet, whether he desires it or no, he has become a part of the system that prevails throughout the civilized world, and individualism, as a philosophy and a practicable mode of living, is already joined in contest with his communism. The issue should not be forced, or soreness will be provoked: it is better the Samoan should adapt himself at a gait which will not destroy his poise and control of himself. Administration must make laws elastic enough to permit inevitable changes and growth, but must resist the temptation to remedy or reform this, that and the other.

If it is desired to change the whole face of Samoa in two generations, let loose there some of our modern educationalists. They would flourish exceedingly in that virgin soil: for the children respond so readily, and the Samoans desire education for their boys above all things; thinking, as they thought a century before when

Christianity was embraced, that the secret of foreign dominance is to be found therein. Education they must have; for this race will surely decline if it is not helped forward; but unless organized education is wisely applied—Oh! so wisely that it seems beyond our ability to supply—it may with honest intentions and clumsy fingers, tear aside the elaborate network of native customs and habits which have evolved for deep reasons through long generations. An education which seeks to make the native in our own image and likeness, too often means demoralization and the robbing of native life of its vigor for an empty and unsatisfying shell. The educated Samoan who has been to college, develops a superiority complex and steps outside the intricate system which still binds his kin into one people. There is no industrial or commercial life there for him, and, please God, there never will be. Our modern systems of education are of as much use to him as an Esquimaux winter suit.

Individualization of land could probably be accomplished in the course of a generation or so, particularly as many Samoans favor it. The New Zealand Government were led, perhaps mistakenly, into an experiment of this kind under a law enacted in 1926. The Samoans in a district could, if they so desired it, apply to have their land individualized. The land could never pass into the hands of foreigners or be sold or pledged for a loan: it must stay in the family until the family dies out, when it reverts back to the State to be allotted to another family. Noth-

ing was done that could possibly cause the land to pass out of the hands of the Samoans, but the Administration in this instance were tempted out of their depth, true, with the advice of their Samoan advisers. However, the same Samoans guided by another instinct have, by their recent actions, seemed to repudiate the ideas embodied in this law. Individualization would be the death knell of the old order: communism, and the leadership of the chiefs as a great social system would pass.

The argument for individualism is very evident; war and the hard labor necessary to win a sustenance from the soil no longer, in this century, keeps the native in hard training. Individualism may supply him with the incentive of private ambition or gain. Communism submerges the individual and permits the lazy to drag upon the industrious — or the would-be industrious. Economically speaking, Samoa is at a standstill, and the argument for individualization seems unanswerable. But if this paper is not written in vain, you will have sensed the depth and strength of the Samoan social order, its closely knit system with its roots deep, not only in a dim, forgotten past, but entwined in the very soul of each individual Samoan. The dignity and authority of the chief is a growth of this communism, paradoxical as it may seem, for in the last analysis he is the controller of food. Individualize land and his dignity and authority will become a picturesque relic. Tempt the Samoan out of this citadel wherein, in the past, he has found strength and some salvation, and it may be, with

his defences down, he will be undone. As said before, the Samoan is sometimes anxious for these innovations himself. He sees what we have achieved under individualism, but he is not wise enough to recognize what he is sacrificing in turning from the old order to the new.

For this reason, the experience of the administration set up by the New Zealand Government for Western Samoa will be eagerly scanned. The present condition of things in Western Samoa is that the great majority of Samoans are joined together in an organization called the "Mau" (meaning "opinion"), and are passively resisting the Administration by refusals to pay taxes and obey certain laws and regulations. This movement developed almost over night out of a clear sky, and while acts of violence have been eschewed, has been firmly organized and intractable.

On the one hand the New Zealand Government are accused of being Utopian and to have "spoilt" the Samoans by over-indulgence, and to have approached their problem from the point of view of the organizers of a Sunday School picnic: everybody to have buns and a good time, and lots of uplift. On the other hand, at the other extreme, are accusations of their being over-bearing. A Royal Commission appointed in 1927 to enquire into the disturbances proceeded to Samoa and took voluminous evidence from numerous witnesses. From the findings and evidence the following may be said to have been advanced as causes leading to dissatisfaction with the Administration.

The introduction of Prohibition in 1920, the growth of illicit brewing and distilling, and all the difficulties following an attempt to enforce the law.

The ambitions and intrigues of certain interested parties.

Alleged poor administration and extravagance.

Alleged unpopularity of the Governor.

Proposals to individualize land and other acts which it was said were not unanimously acceptable to the Samoans.

The evidence submitted showed that while all these might have had some minor significance as contributory causes or pegs to hang grievances upon, none of them are of sufficient importance, or sufficiently true, to justify such a state of affairs where the great majority of Samoans have been banded together into an organization opposing the Government. The following conclusions are given as the writer's own and for what they are worth:

1. Excess of reforming zeal: a masterly inactivity is the correct policy in many situations.

2. The growing strength of the "Outs". In carrying out these forward policies, there has been a tendency to exclude from those politi-

cal and administrative positions open to Samoans, all who were not well behaved and vouched for, and sympathetic to the Administration. While it is quite true that political appointments of Samoans have always been submitted by the administration to the villages or districts concerned for their approval, yet the fact that the Administration were in favor of so-and-so influenced the appointment. Those Samoans who at any time had earned black marks, had been ignored, and as these "Outs", many of them powerful chiefs and including most of the more ardent and adventurous, have grown in numbers and have gradually come together and reached the point where they have decided to try and tip things over.

3. The influence of happenings elsewhere in the British Empire, in Ireland, Egypt and India, have not entirely escaped the notice of the Samoans.

The question of what form the legislation for American Samoa will be is sub judice, and the writer must resist the temptation to do a little constitution making himself. However, this can not be resisted as a parting shot. If there is to be an ORGANIC ACT, let it be an *organic act*; and if they are to be REFORMS, let them be *reforms*.

THOMAS MANBY

Journal of Vancouver's Voyage to the Pacific Ocean (1791-1793)

MANBY began the voyage as a Master's Mate on the *Discovery* and was on that vessel during Vancouver's first visit to the Sandwich Islands (March, 1792). Between the first and second visits, Manby was transferred to the *Chatham* and was on that vessel during the second visit to Hawaii (February, March, 1793). The journal ends before the return of the expedition to the islands for the third visit (in 1794).

Herewith are given the introduction and the Hawaiian portions of the journal from a negative photostat belonging to Judge F. W. Howay, of New Westminster, British Columbia.

A TRIP TO THE EASTWARD

December 10, 1790.

My dear Friend:

I have just received a very flattering offer from Captain George Vancouver appointed to command an expedition on *Discovery*, to attend him as one of his mates; of course I did not hesitate an instant in my reply, but eagerly embraced a trip so compatible to my disposition, where an active life and a multiplicity of scenes would prove the result of circuitous

voyage, and a certainty of promotion reward my labours on the ships return. Every appearance of war is at an end, the Fleet are fast dismantling, and a long peace likely to ensue. This I trust will prove a sufficient inducement for you to applaud my design.

The services we are to perform will be exploring the northern regions of the Pacific Ocean, in an unknown and unbeaten track: and if luck attends us in three or four years we shall certainly come back.

As I know the regard you and yours bear me, I shall not let slip any opportunity of writing to you my Dearest Friend, kind remembrance to all. Farewell.

Yours ever

Thos. Manby .

To John Lees, Esq.
Dublin

Should anything prevent me returning to Old England, it is my intention to pursue such plans as shall give you an opportunity of tracing me through every creek and corner of the Globe chance may direct us too, we have an immense field to engage the mind and gain professional knowledge in, therefore, my Dear Friend I shall commit every occur-

ance to paper for your inspection and should it tend to assume in a leisure hour my wishes will be perfectly completed. However recollect you are not to expect philosophical transaction and observations, or the works of nature unfolded like a Naturalist, but the scribble of a plain blunt seaman to his Dearest Friend, perhaps your dear boys may give it a polish, and add those decorations and corrections that lay beyond the reach of my abilities, at all events I submit it resting assured it will not go beyond your Walls, where I shall not begrudge mirth and good humour to enjoy and laugh, even at the expence of J. M.

Spithead, Feb. 10th, 91.

To give you a description of the ship fitting out at Deptford, is unnecessary, let it suffice that on the 16th December, 1790, Capt. Vancouver hoist the pendant and in the latter of Jan. 7, 91, we left London river and proceeded to this place in His Majesty's Ship Discovery of three hundred and twenty tons, the Chat-ham Brig of one hundred and twenty tons, is ordered to attend as the command of her given to Lieut. Bob. Broughton. The Discovery was fitted for the purpose of making a voyage to remote parts, previous to the dispute with Spain in the Spring of 1790 was nearly rigged and great part of the provisions on board, at the time Capt. Vancouver took the command of her. On the 7th of Jan. 7, she fell down to L and there took in Ten four pounders, with proper Ordnance stores for the voyage, besides four trap field pieces of three pounds each to protect us on shore against the

Indians. We had been originally ordered to victual for twelve months, but finding the ship capable of stowing a greater quantity, an order was issued from the admiralty to supply vessels with such additional stores and provisions as should be demanded.

The utmost exertions were therefore used in getting on board such further stores and provisions as were judged necessary, together with a quantity of Bark and sundry other articles in the surgeon's department.

Nature to complete the happiness of Utakeita has kept it exempt from those troublesome and poisonous Insects that are the torment of Countries and lie within the Tropic; neither have they snakes or any venomous reptiles to destroy their happiness—Hogs, Goats, Dogs, Cats and Bats are the only quadrupeds they have any knowledge of.

The Cattle left by Capt. Cook are alive on the Island of Eimco, consisting of two Cows and a Bull. Unfortunately the male received a hurt soon after landing that has left him in a state of impotence for many years.

They have fowls in great plenty: it is hard to keep them any time at Sea as they feed chiefly on vegetables. Small Birds are in great variety, but none very remarkable either for beauty or any other quality.

The Ducks I often shot in Trees when started from the swamps. Not any of their Feather'd Tribe have any scarlet intermixt with their clothing, which makes red feathers the most valuable article of barter

you can supply Utahita with. I fortunately did save a few from the New Zealand Paraquets, tho' had I before known it I could have given them an immense supply. It is not uncommon for their double Canoes to visit other Islands situated Sixty or Eighty Leagues on Commercial Expeditons exchanging the productions of Ota-hita for other Commodities. It is rational to suppose that the numerous Islands scattered thru' the South Seas have by this means become inhabited, as boisterous weather must occasionally leave them to the mercy of Sea and Wind.

As a proof of this conjecture we find a great sameness in the language of all the Islands situated in both hemispheres. A few days previous to our sailing a circumstance took place which obliged us again to solicit heard of the Monarch—Toraroo a Native of Owhyee was put on board us in England for the purpose of conveying him to his native Island. This poor fellow who like all other men equally susceptible to the shafts of Love formed an attachment with one of the engagine fair—Our preparations for sailing rent his heart with agony and urged him to the alternative of desertion as the only avenue to attain his happiness by passing his future days with the Women he adored. He had the address to convey all his clothes to his Dulcina and only waited for opportunity to throw his person into the arms of his Mistress. A dark night favored his attempt. At an hour when all on board were lock'd in Love's embrace, by slipping overboard and swimming to the Shore; he tried to carry a Gun

with him, but its weight obliged him to drop it half way, as he had a mile to go, before he gained the shore. Pomarra sent searching parties in every direction who brought in the Miserable and dejected Swaine after two days absence, lost to his Love and destitute of clothes. The unfortunate youth lamented his cruel Torture. Well he might. I ever thought it a harsh ingenerous deed to separate the couple. As what is life unless we share it with those we tenderly esteem.

By the 21st Jan. the Ship was pretty well stowed, the Observatory and Astronomical Instruments were sent on board, and we soon after got orders to break up the encampment. An evident gloom hung on every face at the striking of the Tents that had so long been the Habitation of pleasure and delight we could only trace back in our minds the idea of transports past ever to be remembered. The moment the Tents were removed hundreds rushed in to search the ground for beads and other things; a few nails recompensed some for their trouble.

My Friendly Mappee expressed the deepest sorrow at the thought of our going; his last request was to me begging I would visit his Old Father before we sailed. I consented and attended him about eight miles where I found a most excellent residence in a small grove of Bread fruit Trees, situated on the Banks of a Cool meandering stream. The Old and venerable Proprietor welcomed me to his Mansion of Hospitality by every token of Friendship could devise. The figure was truly striking. His

figure was truly striking by the Majesty of his appearance, his only character of advanced age was a reverend and respectful countenance imprinted in a fine and stately form. His hair white as snow graced his manly head, whilst a Beard as white hung from his honourable chin, without any other Marks that deserve the appellation of decrepitude. His body bore many scars that bespoke Arms the profession of his early days; these added dignity to his deportment, as who demands respect so much as an old Soldier.

The Wives of my Host all saluted me with Tears of benevolence all assuring me, how much they loved and thanked me for the Visit, it added a heartfelt pleasure to my Journey in having created so much in Joy.

We had reason to believe our Ark joined in the general sympathy that prevailed throughout our crew, by the little progress she made since her reluctant anchor was torn from the deeps of Mataiva.

A succession of calms and gentle airs prevented our entering the Northern Hemisphere before the 11th of Feb., on that day we crossed the Line in Longitude 210, 25 E. of Greenwich. If the wind had admitted of our fetching Christmas Island Capt. Vancouver intended to have stopt a day for the purpose of catching Turtle, but unfortunately we were now fifty Leagues to leward of it. Tropic Birds and others of many sorts were daily hovering round us, and when calm we could always kill what number of Sharks we pleased. All Sailors have a natural antipathy to this fish and often hook them for

no other purpose than to practice torments and cruelties on them. Our apparatus for distilling Salt water Fresh was daily used; the quantity yielded in ten hours amounted to thirty five gallons, it retained a slight greasy taste, as the salt provision for the crew was boiling in the Coppers at the time of its working. But when mixt with a Butt of Water it augmented the stock without leaving any unpleasant smell or taste; the contrivance is admirable, as it would obviate the worst of all disasters incident to a Sea life, provided you are furnished with fuel.

On the 12th Feb. 1792, the breeze freshened up from the E.N.E. We pursued our route under a of sail, shaping our course for the Sandwich Islands. In the Latitude of 7 North we met with immense flocks of Birds. Rocks and Islands must be in the vicinity of this situation: we kept a diligent outlook from the Mast head, but were not lucky enough to make any discovery and we had no time to spare to make the search our inclinations prompted us to.

On the 1st of March we had the high land of Owhyee bearing North thirty Leagues, and on the following day the S.E. point of the Island bore E.S.E. 4 Leagues, as we approached the shore Canoes were observed paddling toward us from every part of the Island. We shortned sail and soon entered into a brisk trade for Hogs and Vegetables. Iron was the favorable article the men required, and the Ladies who soon flocked to us made looking glasses the object of their fancy. The girls were by no means equal in beauty to the Otahi-

teans; they are of darker complexion and not so prettily featured. Instead of graceful ringlets to gratify the Eye, the hair is cropt close to the head except in the forepart where it is plastered up with lines which gives it a dirty red color. Some abominable custom has deprived every woman of her foreteeth. The deuce take the inventor of such a fashion.

With a fine breeze we stood along the South part of the Island keeping about 5 miles from the shore. Canoes came off from every village all bringing something to barter. Being anxious to get on we did not stop, and more particularly as no Chief of distinction came off: they informed us the King was on the opposite side of the Island, but that many of the great men were at the royal residence near the south west part of the Island.

In the morning of the 3rd, we arrived off the Bay of Karakakova and brought to about a league from the shore. In this Bay the melancholy even took place which deprived the World of that indefatigable and persevering Navigator Capt. Cook.

Capt. Vancouver had it in agitation to have anchored both Vessels here but now thought proper to alter his plans, tho' for what reason I know not.

Upwards of three hundred canoes were soon alongside of us, and a very brisk traffic took place for Hogs and Vegetables. At Utahita we had expended all our salt; we had an opportunity of procuring what quantity we pleased, as the Natives brought it in large packages nicely stowed in Mats, giving Twenty or thirty pounds for a small piece of iron or two or three

strings of beads. A great many of both sexes swam off to the ship whilst at three miles distance from the shore, and having several hundreds round us in Canoes, we were able to select some prettier fairers than those we had first met with near the Eastern part of the Island; it did not take long to reconcile us to their short hair and want of teeth as being women they were surely entitled to every civility and attention honest Sailors could bestow.

Their eyes are fine, black as jet; and when possessed by youth beamed forth with languishing softness. A slight beckon was a sufficient invitation as they plunged like Sea Nymphs from their Canoes going under every canoe that obstructed their passage to the ship. No incumbrance of clothes impeded their swimming as they were in a state of nature, except a small strip of Cloth applied like Fig leaf worn by our Grandmother Eve.

A towel absorbed the saline particles from the skin and leaves them cool as cucumbers. No bad thing in a tropical country.

In the afternoon a Chief of the name of Tianna came on board in a large double canoe paddled by forty two men, a platform was raised between the canoes which bore his present consisting of ten hogs and other smaller canoes were loaded with sweet potatoes, Cocoanuts, yams, and fruit. The Chief had been carried to China. This chief had been carried to China about 2 years since; after a few months' stay, he was returned again to his Island, but little improved by his excursion. The little

English he had learnt was forgot, except the name of Wine, which he instantly asked for on coming on board.

He was of Herculean Stature, and well proportioned with his hair cut to the fashion of the Country, resembling the Helmets worn by our light horse which gave dignity to an expressive and handsome countenance.

His wives and suit came off in the Evening as he had gained permission to stop the night on board.

The King we learnt was on the Opposite side of the Island in the district of Ahedo. A messenger was sent with a large present of red cloth.

Axes, Knives and Beads to the Monarch whose name we understood to be Tomaha Maha at the same time informing him that our stay would be of short duration, but at the expiration of thirteen moons we should renew our visit to his Island and hoped to find him at his Karakakooa residence.

Capt. Vancouver now determined to settle the Islander we had bro't from England; proposals were made to Tianna who holding the third rank at Owhyee had it in his power to give him consequence and authority as well as habitations and Land in the district of which he was ruler.

Tovavoi with joy agreed to the plan; no doubt happy in the idea of parting with a set of men who had treated him with the utmost barbarity of tearing him from the object of his affection at Otahita. Tianna has promised to make him a Chief, and recommend him to the King for further favors; but whether his promises will be like those too often

made by the Great our visit next year will determine.

The Market had been profusely supplied all the morning, as many Hogs had been taken in and filled our Decks; whilst Fruit and vegetables were equally abundant; they brought us as much water as filled three Puncheons; and had we made longer stay and kept close in shore many Casks might soon have been obtained. At noon Tianna left us with his charge. Many presents were made to the Chief and an apartment of our Trade was given to Tovavoo with two Goats with some other things necessary for furnishing his House at the particular desire of visit my information will be better, and should we anchor, of course I will penetrate to the Inland situations, observing their productions, customs and every other thing worth regarding.

March 6, as soon as the chief left us both vessels pursued their Route for the Island of Mowee which is in sight from Owhyee. A fresh of Wind was experienced between the two Islands, which brought us to double reefed top sails. A few hours afterwards we passed Mowee and before Noon we had run by the Islands Toharooah, Ranai and Moratoi without anything particular taking place; now and then a canoe came alongside with a few trifling things to barter. Our new Shipmate was now found of the utmost utility as he carried on the traffic with expedition and for half what we had originally paid. On the 7th, in the morning we made the Island of Whahoo an hour before daylight, we tacked about 2 miles from

the West point waiting for the day to dawn, the ship was again tacked and we stood alongside of the Island. Some Canoes brought us Coco Nuts and Sweet Potatoes which they readily exchanged for Nails and Beads. At 10 A. M. we anchored in a large Bay called Whiatetee with the Village of the same name bearing N.E. two miles.

But few canoes came off altho' they assured us many would attend us in Vegetables. The idea of replenishing the morning with Hogs, Fruit and our water was the principal inducement. Capt. Vancouver had to stop here; therefore soon after anchoring the Boats were hoisted out and a party armed for the purpose of landing. The Launch was filled with empty casks and smaller vessels were put in each of the other boats. In the afternoon the Captain with some of the Officers and a long train of attendants went on shore. He was pleased to take me with him, but on landing desired me to remain on the beach, keeping the boats and the armed force in readiness in case the Indians should be the Chief: some guns were fired on his quitting the Ship which gratified his pride exceedingly.

After the Ceremony we bore up and in the Evening found ourselves off a Bay called Tockay; we shortened sail to let a Double Canoe who from the number of people in her appeared to be of rank come up. To our surprise a Native stood up when sufficiently near and hailed us in English enquiring from whence we come; his questions were answered and the canoe came alongside. A sound so

new and unexpected brought every one on Deck to receive our Friend who came on board, introduced himself, and then an old Chief of greater distinction whom he called Master. The History of this man excited our first curiosity. He had been carried to Boston in America by a Brig of that Country who touched at the Sandwich Islands and after a stay of eighteen months was brought back by the same Vessel when bound to the North West coast of America on the Fur Trade. The Chief whose name was Kiamoolou begg'd to sleep on board; his wishes were complied with; he took up his lodging in the Cabin expressing a great fondness for Wine was the principal topic of the Old Man, whilst his fictitious Interpreter amused us with many stories in broken English. We soon got as intimate as if our acquaintance had existed for some time. A proposal was made that he should attend us to the coast of America; without hesitation he consented and was taken into the retinue of the Captain. We passed the night standing on and aft the bay. In the Morning the Chief left us after devoting half an hour to grief for the loss of his Domestic; an affecting scene took place at their parting, when he retired to his Canoe with his presents having first obtained the Captain's assurance that he should be honoured with the same salute that had been conferr'd on Tianna.

From the very few days we passed off this Island it will be hardly worth while to give any account of the country. The King of the Island was gone to Mowee, one of those we passed

after leaving Owhee. The Monarch we understood, was assembling a large army in order to invade the S. W. district of Owhee with whom he had been at War two years. The King's name is Teatenee.

The Captain walked round the village meeting with civility from every inhabitant, but could not see any chief of consequence as he was told they were all at War. The reason assigned for the few canoes that came off to us, was, that the day was a Taboubosau, which prevents them from going afloat. This Taboubosau takes place at certain periods of moon, when many religious ceremonies are observed at their Morais or places of Worship. The priests have the sole direction on these days, and I am told they put any one to death that disobeys the Customs of the Taboubosau. The water not being quite so convenient for filling our casks as we expected in the evening we all returned on board without having accomplished our business.

Our wants were made known to the natives, who promised on the following morning to furnish us with a supply in Calabashes with other refreshments. I was a good deal mortified, not taking the walk the Captain's party had gone, as they saw immense flocks of wild Ducks, they killed a few; but had a keen sportsman been there many dozens might have with ease been procured. At the break of day on the 8th upwards of a hundred canoes came off most of them bringing water in different sized Calabashes, some of them holding eight or ten Gallons: they were

given nails in return, and had they gone for a second Cargo, after selling the first our stock by this time would soon have been replenished. Curiosity prevented their Industry, as most of them passed the rest of the day gazing at the ship; they attempted many impositions on us by filling the empty Calabashes with Salt Water; the buyers sometimes paid the nails without tasting, which gave them an opportunity to exult in their roguery as the Cheat would sneak off laughing at the Joke.

By noon we had only filled seven Puncheons of Water and the supply of Hogs, Fruit and Vegetables not being so profuse as we expected Capt. Vancouver determined to proceed to the Island of Atoor which was known to produce a Fresh Water River, that would soon complete us with this essential article. One of the King's Sons was at the north side of the Island, being considered as Regent during the absence of Teatenee.

A message was received from him in the forenoon announcing his intention to visit us on the following day: our time would not admit of delay which was communicated to him by his messenger who carried some Nails, Knives and Looking Glasses as a present to his Royal Highness. I shall be better enabled to give some account of this, as well as the other Islands we run through after we return from the Coast of America. At 3 P.M. we weighed, accompanied by the Chatham, with fine breeze from the E.N.E. and had the South West point of the Island bearing N.E. three leagues by sunset. The wind con-

tinued fresh all Night, and at 4 A.M. the East Point of Atose bore North 4 or 5 miles. We brought to for an hour to wait for daylight and at the expiration of that time made sail to gain the Bay of Wymcoo which was attained by noon.

March 9, by noon the ship was moored in 24 fathoms over a soft grey sandy bottom about 2 miles from the shore, the East point of the Bay bearing S. 67° E. and the west point N. 71° W. with the Village and River N.E. by E. A great many canoes instantly came to us bringing Hogs, Fowls, Yams, Sweet Potatoes, Tarro, Sugar Cane of prodigious size Bananas and many other things; the Barter commenced for Iron and Beads and by evening our decks were well stowed with Coco Nuts and many other good things. The Boats were first hoist out and the Launch equipped for Watering; after Dinner Capt. Vancouver, myself and a party of marines landed at the Village of Wymco. A chief received us with a very friendly salutation; gave us a very high opinion of his authority by dispersing a large crowd that had gathered round us; and afterwards drew a line which no one dare pass for fear of gaining the displeasure of the Chief.

He ordered some of his men to roll our Water Casks to the river, wash them out, and fill them according to our directions. The Evening by this time was pretty well advanced, everything had gone on so favorable to our wishes that Capt. Vancouver determined to leave a party to pass the night on shore, in order that the watering duty might be effectually car-

ried on, and a Market established at day light in the morning. Lieut., Paget and seven men were left to forward this service and our friendly chief allotted two houses for our residence belonging to the King.

His Majesty was not at the Island as he was in alliance with the Monarch of Whashod, and encamped with him on the plains of Mowee with ten thousand Troops. It surely must be the nature of man to glory in the destruction of each other, or how could these people be involved in this horrid State of Warfare. The liberal hand of Nature has poured out abundance on their Island and blest them with the best of climates; they have no squabbling Lawyers to foment animosities; then why do they quarrel? Matts were sent us to repose on and a Hog was barbecued for our supper with a good supply of sweet potatoes and yams. On coming on shore we had taken the precaution to provide some Grog which enabled us to pass a very jolly evening in the midst of many thousand Indians, who our fine gentlemen in England are pleased to denominate Savages. Our Protector collected a group of females under the branches of a spreading Tree, a few yards from our habitation; of course we were not long selecting our favorites; but we were much disappointed to find all our entreaties could not prevail on the Ladies to pass the night with us within our Mansion: they said it was Taboo, not exactly comprehending the scruples of the Girls: A messenger was sent to our Chief, who immediately came, tho' aroused from his slumbers; he informed us that the

Lasses had acted conformably to the Laws of their country which ordains Death to any Female who shall enter a royal Residence unless they are the wives of the King. We were not well pleased with this abominable prohibition; however our friend soon restored good humour by ordering a sung little hut to be erected with a few sticks and mats which excluded the Wind and Dew accommodating at the same time three or four pretty females as the most effectual way of preventing the cold from penetrating: in the middle of four I slept warm and comfortable and only regretted the break of day, thinking it had broke much too soon.

In the morning the empty casks were sent to us and the Launch was employed carrying off those already fitted: A surf roll'd upon the beach which prevented our Boats coming close in. This was of little consequence as the good-natured owners of the canoes were always ready and willing to convey us to and fro. They swam our casks to the Boat through the surf, managing them with wonderful address: to avoid a heavy one they dexterously dive and remain at the bottom until the fury of it is spent. The Market was profusely stocked soon after sunrise with Hogs, Fowls, Sweet potatoes, Yams, Tarro, Sugar-cane, Water Melons, Plantains, Cocoa Nuts, Bananas and a few Musk Melons.

The Gunner and two assistants were the Purchasers and by noon they had bought a large pile of every article. On board the Ship equal trade was going forward as many hundred canoes were along side all

the day long. Iron of all kinds had the preference. Scissors were in high estimation for the purpose of Hair-cutting, as their usual way of trimming their locks was with Shark's teeth; an operation painful and tedious; Beads and looking glasses were much valued, particularly with the Heavenly sex. The urbanity we experienced so pleased Capt. Vancouver that on coming on shore he rewarded the fidelity of our good Chief by a piece of red cloth; axes and nails were presented to others that had given us any assistance in forwarding our work. Our party was strengthened, as we were ordered to remain on shore until the ship was completely watered: firewood was enumerated in our wants; it was made known to the Islanders with our intention of giving nails in return for any that should be brought; in four hours as much was procured as loaded the long boat; almost all the old houses in the Village were pulled down in an instant, as their rafters sold well.

The old man Uncle to the King has the government of Atooi until His Majesty's return from the war; he sent word that he would be with us in a day or two, accompanying his message with a mandate that we should be amply supplied with every thing we stood in need of.

The old Gentleman had his residence on the N.E. side of the Island and we learnt that he had three Americans in his retinue, who were left by a Brig for the purpose of collecting Sandal and other woods supposed to be valuable at a Chinese Market.

The River we filled our Casks at produces most excellent water: in breath it was thirty yards. I traced it to its source, it not being of any great extent being formed by the confluence of many runs about five miles from its mouth. My walk afforded me most excellent diversion: as I killed two couple of wild ducks, soon coots and other birds much resembling our English Herns. The Back Country in the allies as far as I went was un cultivated in a very superior stile of Industry. Well constructed Banks were thrown up in a masterly manner to ward off any inundation from the river, and locks were fitted with much ingenuity to water the low ground, should the season prove too dry. Tarro is the principal object of their culture and as it delights in a moistened soil, it thrives better at this Island and arrives at greater perfection than we any where saw it in the South Sea Ocean.

It forms the principal food of all the lower class of the people; they first bake it, then beat it, with a stone paddle in a wooden bowl mixing it with water or Cocconut milk until it comes to the consistence of hasty pudding, in which state they eat it.

We saw Bread fruit at all the Sandwich Islands; it was very inferior to what we met with at Otahuta: it was neither so large or so well tested: they set little store by it, and dont pay that attention to the growth of the tree the Othutian Farmers so much regarded. The weather serenly beautiful during our stay, and the utmost harmony existed on both sides. Volunteers were innumerable to assist in every operation going on. In wood-

ing, watering, and wading the boats they were essentially necessary, in rescuing our people from many laborious jobs that might have produced sickness and other inconveniences to our crew. I each day extended my rambles into the interior part of the Island, a petty chief attached himself to me, and always attended wherever I chose to go, being in search of sport and a tolerable shot, I become of great consequence in the eyes of the natives from the destruction made among the feathered tribe.

For three mornings running I brought in eight couple of Wild Fowl. The Indians made the best Spaniels ever hunted with as they drove the Ducks from the Swamps and picked them up with delighted eagerness as they fell. To distinguish my party a small piece of red cloth was tied round their necks and after a day or two's practice, they watched my looks, and were obediant to a slight wave of the hand. A Nailalwaya rewarded their diligence on my return from shooting.

Some hundreds would follow me; but they never advanced beyond the distance I was placed to admit them: and if an eminence happened to be near my sporting ground, thither they thronged all expressing a hurra of admiration on the killing of every bird. I always shot with a double barrel'd gun, it was fitted with a sliding Bayonet which they imagined gave the mortal blow. They would not even touch it; and when only look'd at you could observe them view it with awful horror. With this and a Pistol in my belt I wandered through thousands without fear

altho' my shipmates often warned me not to place so much confidence in this uncivilized people. I went on the principal of always being civil to them: and to their credit be it spoken I never found them otherwise to me. The Chief who so faithfully conducted all our business on shore is called Noma le ete; this good fellow knowing we should return in the following year expressed a wish to share our fortune; his request was granted, and very happy he appeared at the idea, until a few hours previous to our sailing: his heart failed and he begged to decline until the next season, making the excuse that his favorite wife was pregnant. The Women at the Sandwich Islands are prohibited from eating Pork; a like restriction is laid on Bananas. I could not learn the reason or origin of this custom. Death is the consequence should they be known to violate this edict: the poor things often censured the severity of this law. When on board the ship a few of them would shut themselves up in a cabin and regale most heartily on the forbidden eatables. Dog is the only animal food they can publicly partake of. Moreover it is only the opulent that enjoy this Luxury; the lower classes being happy to procure Fish: unfortunately they don't cook this diet, but eat it raw. Our situation on shore passed truly pleasant; not a single event took place to destroy the good opinion we had just reason to form of them.

The men were universally friendly, honest and tractable; the Females were kind, pleasing and obliging. In this grateful society we spent four day of uninterrupted joys and de-

light. On the afternoon of the 13th Capt. Vancouver thought proper to torture his mind with illfounded suspicion; on observing a large fire burning on the distant hills, he construed it to be the flaming Signal for War.

The water was hurried off from the shore, and at eight at night his orders came to us instantly to embark with all our things. The night was dark and a heavy surf rolled high on the beach. The boats were obliged to lag off at a grapnel, and had it not been for some of the obliging Indians supplying us with canoes, the utmost difficulty must have attended our getting through the foaming billows; everybody got exceedingly wet, and some of the Canoes with all the dexterity that could be used, turned bottom up. In one of these a Marine's Musket was lost with a Frying Pan, Kettles and some other things. I was so impressed with the goodness of heart of these people that I left my valuable gun and every thing belonging to myself to their protection promising to come for it in the morning; by ten we got on board the ship carrying with us a message that the great Chief of the Island would attend us on the following day. In the morning Lieutenant Paget and myself were sent with the Pinnace on shore to recover the lost articles and invite the Chief to the Discovery. In landing we found him on the beach surrounded by a large crowd. The three Americans before spoken of were with him: it gratified us much to speak to a stranger in our own language: and it was further pleasing to have such good interpreters to assist our conversation with the old Man.

The Regent was upwards of fifty, in his person very disgusting from the quantity of Ava he had swallowed. His eyes inflamed to a violent degree, and his skin sore and scally, which gave him a very loathsome appearance. The King's Son was with him, a very fine boy about eleven years of age. The Regent's name is Enemoo. The youngster is called King George; or as they express it Tinne George.

I found everything I had intrusted to their care untouched; their honesty had exceeded our utmost thoughts; the lost Musket and culinary utensils were dived for and all restored. I fear had these people been wrecked on many parts of our British Coast they would not have experienced equal integrity.

The old Gentleman had it a long time under consideration before he determined on his visit to the ships. All his attendants were consulted and after mature deliberation it was agreed that he should go, take with him half his Wives, and on his return the young King with the other half, should pay their respects to the Discovery, with this stipulation that an officer should be left as an Hostage. Lieutenant Pagett agreed to the terms, directing me to remain on shore while he embarked with the Royal Party. Some apprehension hung heavily on the mind of the Regent, as on taking leave of the young King, he wept for some minutes over him, and assured me before he entered the boat that if anything happened to him, his subjects would retaliate by taking my life. I begg'd him to eradicate fear from his breast by being perfectly at ease, promising

at the same time I would amuse his little charge and divert his Queens to the utmost of my abilities.

Goodnatured souls without reluctance they yielded to the encircling arms of youth, so far superior to the loathsome embrace their situation obliges them to bear from the feeble and infirm Enemoo: Two hours I revilled in extatic enjoyment and was then called off by a summons from the young King to attend him in a neighboring House.

I found him surrounded by his Suit at Breakfast, his repast consisted of four Dogs, three Hogs, many calabashes of pounded tarro, Cocoa Nuts and other fruits.

The animal food was served with great cleanliness on large leaves. No one dared to touch anything but the youngster: he tore everything to pieces with his hands, making his distributions to all around him, only reserving the most delicious morsels for himself. One of the Americans was with him, by whose aid we carried on a very long conversation: many of his questions were exceedingly apt and pertinent; of course some were frivolous. He asked if the King's Sons in Brittanee have as much to eat as he had. If as many wives and how they passed their time; his facetious enquiries created much laughter amongst his retinue, who passed the joke about with as much glee as the most accomplished courtier. Whenever the Son of royalty drank a Priest spoke two or three sentences; everybody then squatted close down, holding up both their hands remaining in the state until the Cocoa nut or Calabash was taken

from his lips: none of his attendants could drink Cocoa Nuts under the same roof with him. A scruple took place whether I might be permitted to drink without going out: after a short altercation it was agreed I might. A portion of the Dog and Hog was given me. The hind leg of Bow-wow made an excellent breakfast; I picked the bone all but the Petty toes; then I made over to my next neighbor who was highly gratified with the delicious bit. After the Meal Calabashes of Water were passed round to wash your hands and clean leaves given in for towels. To oblige the youngster I attended him carrying my gun. We found three ducks all of which I killed; he was highly delighted with the sight, expressing his astonishment that a flying bird being shot at such a distance, he enquired of the men that were accustomed to attend me, if I was always so successful; on their telling him, in general much more so, the eyes of all were on me as a dangerous monster. The Boy walked but little, riding on a man's shoulder he found the easiest mode of travelling.

On returning from our excursion we met old Enemoo just landing from the Pinnacle, who appeared greatly pleased with the reception he had found on board the ship. Liberal presents had been made him of cloth, iron and many other valuables. The female part of the family were finely decorated with ribbons and beads, besides looking glasses and various trinkets: the property was laid out on the beach that the numerous spectators might behold the riches of their reigning Lord. King George

after being tenderly embraced by Enemoo embarked with the rest of the Ladies, staid on board two hours, and returned much pleased with what he had seen. Capt. Vancouver gave him two goats and three geese, at the same time furnishing the Americans with a great many things that would add much to their comfort.

These men belonged to a Boston Brig; they have been on the Island fourteen months and are to remain another year before their vessel comes for them. To collect pearls and Sandal Wood is the purport of their stay; tho' I fear this piece of speculation will best ill repay the expenses of the Owners. The Youngster's landing relieved me from a bondage I could willingly have staid a month longer in. He presented me with some mats of beautiful texture: desiring me to take what cloth I pleased.

The women were profuse in their donations. One of the generous creatures gave me a supply of sixteen fowls and filled a canoe with young Cocoa Nuts ready to go off with me. I remained with these benovelent people to the last moment. The Boy kept his hand in mine to the last and cried at my bidding him farewell. Enemoo took a friendly leave of me, and each of the Royal Family took an affectionate adieu.

We learnt many interesting circumstances relative to the Sandwich Islands from the Americans which shall be related in our next visit.

A piece of treachery came to our ears, practiced by one of the chiefs of Owyhee which a good deal surprised us. A small American schoo-

er about ten months since touched at Owyhee for the purpose of procuring refreshments. They imprudently suffered too many Indians on board her, who had premeditated a plan to get possession of her. Tianna the chief whom we saw at the Island formed this villainous attempt and put it in execution. He pretended to give a feathered Cloak to the Captain of the Vessel, which he had previously fitted with a great weight of stones. The unfortunate man suffered it to be put round him. At that instant the Gigantic Tianna plunged him into the sea, and he was carried to the bottom by this mantle of deception. The Accomplices on this signal of Death rushed on the unsuspecting Crew and butchered every soul but one: the poor wretch was carried on shore as dead, but gave a symptom of life just as they were about to cut him up. A humane Chief observed it, drove off the blood thirsty assassins and bore him to his habitation and restored him to life. We are told he now lives with the King of Owyhee, and that the Vessel is secured in a

small cove on the S. W. part of the Island.

March 14, in the afternoon I got on board and found the ship preparing for sailing. The Decks were full of Hogs and vegetable refreshments. A great many canoes were likewise alongside full of the good-natured Brunettes: they were admitted in the evening, though they were advised to keep their canoes alongside, as most likely we should weight, and run to the Island of Onehow some time in the night.

I was surprised after dark by a canoe paddling under the stern of the ship inquiring for me by the name of Mappee. I happened to be on deck and instantly knew the voice of the stranger to be the Royal Female that I had passed some happy moments with in the early part of the day. She had deserted from the residence of Enemoo to say again farewell bringing me some handsome mats and a few pieces of cloth. After staying with me two hours, she again took a sorrowful adieu and left the Ship with a heavy heart.

(To be Continued)

THE BAMBOO FOREST

By BIM MELGAARD

THE lounge of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel seemed deserted in the afternoon quiet. But at one end of the room, behind the orange and green upholstering, three old men sat deep in their chairs.

Three parrots chained to their perches in the arched door-ways were holding converse, but their raucous voices seemed not to disturb the attention of the two strangers or the low even tone of the grey-eyed man.

"You ask me if there still are kahunas here, if people still are prayed to death. Most folks, perhaps even the kamaainas (old timers) would answer you No, but I," and the lean bronzed man looked challengingly at the two well-groomed tourists before him, "but I say Yes. It is still done on occasion."

"On occasion? What sort of occasion would demand such a method? If anyone commits a crime surely this city is sufficiently up to date to handle the case in the accepted manner?"

"Honolulu is no grass hut town any more" chimed in the second malihini (newcomer). "Look at this hotel! There's nothing to beat it on the North American continent." And he swept his hand in a great semicircle that included the silent ballroom, the lanai where people sat at tea, and the stretch of coral knitted to the sea by the brightly garbed restless humans

forever weaving from shore to ocean and from water to sand.

"Why, this is life; modern life, And the whole of Honolulu is only a step behind this hotel. Jaywalking won't go here any more than in the east, and there's prohibition, after a fashion, and everything else that—"

"You had asked me a question", gently rebuked the thin man, his deep-set eyes taking careful survey of his companions. He was inclined to get up and leave them to their arguments and grand gestures, but that would be denying the courtesy for which Hawaii was known and in which he had unconsciously been schooled.

After all, Wednesday's boat would take them back to the mainland, so he might better make this, one of their last remaining nights here, something to remember as a bit of the old that was passing rather than leave them to absorb too much of the new that had intruded. For the old man loved the island even as an adopted child is sometimes loved more than a child that is given one by birth and in which there has been no choice. And though his child was growing away from him, taking on the sophistication that delighted the tourist and sickened the heart of the resident, still was she the child of his choosing and he but loved more fiercely the lava rock that was the bone and the coral sand that was the flesh of her.

"I'm sorry". The first malihini reached over and touched the old man on the shoulder. "We believe you but won't you tell us just one instance where some one really was prayed to death?"

"There have been several instances during my forty-year stay here", resumed the gray-eyed man. "Several instances, but only one that in any way affected me.

"It was two years ago. I had just made one of my yearly business trips to the east. Returning to San Francisco I stayed at the home of an old friend and at one of his dinners met a young man, about twenty-four I should judge, who seemed a good enough sort but bore the earmarks of an over-indulged son. Richard Richmond was his name; Dick they called him. His fiancée was Alice—Alice somebody—I can't recall.

"During the dinner someone asked me about the Islands, and when Dick learned I was from Honolulu he couldn't take his eyes off me. I could see that even Alice found him inexplicably distraught. When dinner was over he cornered me in the drawing room and asked if he could come and see me on the following day.

"He came five minutes before the hour and within ten more had told me what I already surmised — that he felt he simply must see Honolulu. I suggested it as a delightful place for his honeymoon, but Dick's face darkened at that.

" 'Hell no! he said. 'In the first place Alice wants to honeymoon in Italy and in the second place I want to go to Honolulu alone. That is, what I mean is. . .what I mean is

I want to go with you when you return. You could, if you would, get me in on the inside as a limited stay would prevent my doing were I to go there a stranger. But perhaps you wouldn't care to bother with me?" You see, Dick was a good enough lad, but things had been too easy for him.

"I should be pleased to have you as my guest during your stay, I replied, and I would do as much as I could to make your visit a pleasant one.

" 'I couldn't do that. No, no, I wouldn't thrust myself upon you in that fashion. But I'd like it a lot if you would allow me to travel back with you, and if you would introduce me to the people there, the Hawaiians, you know.'

"I understood, so I suggested to him that it was a bit strange for a man who was betrothed to seek for romance so far from his heart's desire. Dick admitted it, but asked when I was sailing.

"Well, we came back together and Dick went at once to the Moana where he got a room overlooking Waikiki Beach. After all, I did very little for him. Aside from having dinner with me on the night of our arrival, he was in my home but once.

"Two or three times during his first week here, I wandered out to the hotel to see how he was getting along, but he was either in an outrigger canoe with three or four of the beach boys or on a surfboard trying to make the "queen surf" when he should have been attempting only the shore waves.

"The Hawaiian boys on the beach seemed to like him, partly for his

reckless nature, I suppose, and partly because he had sufficient money to guarantee all of them a good time. I called him by phone several evenings but he was always out, so I surmised they were showing him the town.

"I didn't realize to what extent until, one evening, he burst in upon me without giving Hara, my Japanese boy, a chance to announce him. He had a frightened look in his eyes, but his lips were set in a stubborn line.

" 'I've come to ask you about something', he said.

"I shoved a wicker chair close to the lanai railing and waited. Then he asked me the question that you gentlemen have asked me tonight: Was there such a thing as a kahuna and could he really pray one to death.

"He, or she, might, I admitted, if he had reason for doing so and if the victim had faith in his ability to do so.

" 'But how? How is it done?'

"Well, I said, thinking over the cases I had heard of, suppose you incurred the enmity of someone to such a degree that he wished you dead. He might end your life on a nice dark night and be hanged for it a fortnight later or he might consult a kahuna who, all things being propitious, would accomplish the same end in a much more dignified fashion with no one suffering retribution from haole (white man) law.

"The first step would be to procure some garment of clothing you had worn, or a lock of your hair; anything in fact that had been near to, or a part of you. This in the ka-

huna's hands would stand for you, and all his chants, his prayers, his evil incantations would be directed at a shirt, a handkerchief or a lock of hair, or whatever happened to be your special representative.

"The enemy would, in the meantime, see to it that you were informed of the proceeding but would leave you in ignorance of the kahuna's name. All you would know was that someone, somewhere, was praying you to death. And the thought would come into your head and it would stay there like a rat, gnawing and gnawing. In the meantime the kahuna would be squatted on the floor of his shack with something of yours before him, chanting. . . . By the way, you're not mixed up in anything like that?

" 'Of course not, but I don't believe in it' he cried, getting out of his chair and moving restlessly around.

"Some do, others don't," I answered. "Anyway it's of no importance one way or another."

" 'Oh no, no' he mumbled. 'Well, I'd better be running along'.

"But you've just come. Can't you stay a bit and talk to an old man? If what I've said has depressed you—

" 'Not at all, but I can't tonight. There's to be a luau (feast) down in Squattersville and I'm going'.

"I nodded agreement, and the thought of his background in the states came to my mind as a contrast to the clustered dingy shacks on that desolate sweep of coral beach. But I said nothing of it; instead I asked how long it would be before he would give me the pleasure of his company at dinner.

" 'Can't say for sure. I'm leaving

a week from tomorrow and I'm pretty busy, but I'll probably be able to come around the night before sailing. You can plan on me then though I may not be able to stay the whole evening. You know how it is —' And with a hasty goodbye he was gone.

"Well the week passed and Tuesday evening came. The little group I had invited to make enjoyable our farewell dinner arrived, but Dick did not appear.

"Dinner was set for six-thirty and at seven we sat down and did the meal justice without him. I had decided by that time that there probably had been another luau that day and that it was possible Dick had drunk too much oke. If so, about all I could do was to see that he woke up the next morning in sufficient time to make the boat. Then, after piling him into a taxi — my own machine was laid up for repair — and sending him aboard with plumeria and ginger leis about his neck, I could breathe a sigh of relief that what slight responsibility I had had in the matter was over.

"However, after my guests had gone, I began to worry a bit. The night was beautiful but I was uneasy. I lit a pipe and walked through the garden, strolling from flowering bush to flowering tree. There was a young moon in the sky and everything seemed pale and strange. I must have been nervous for the palm frond shadows on the grass were great crawling centipedes and the gardenias on the dark-leaved shrub stared at me with dead faces.

"I went inside and called the Moana but the clerk said Mr. Richmond

was out. So I took a drink — no not whiskey, just a glass of Hilo wine — then turned in and slept until morning.

"I awoke at six and my first thought was of Dick, but I realized it would be foolish to call him at that hour, so I took a shower, dressed and breakfasted before again ringing the hotel. He was out, the clerk informed me, and he didn't know when he had gone. That news wasn't too good, but I couldn't believe he would remain away the night before sailing unless he already had done his packing, so I drove out to the Moana and asked if I might go into his room. I explained that Mr. Richmond was due to leave that morning and that I thought best to see about his bags, in case he turned up a few minutes before sailing. The clerk, knowing me by sight, nodded indifferently and handed me a key and I went up to the room.

"The bed was made and the room in order, but nothing had been packed! And hanging over the bedside light was a gardenia lei, long since wilted but still giving forth a sweet heady odor.

"I left at once, took the elevator down to the lobby and returned the key to the clerk, telling him I had decided to look for Mr. Richmond before going ahead with his packing.

"I hurried across the back lanai, passed under the great banyan and around to where the beach boys were grouped on the sand. Walking up to them I said in a casual manner that I was looking for a friend and wondered if they had seen him around the beach that morning.

"'Who is he?' they asked.

"I told them Richard Richmond was the man I was anxious to see. But they turned blank brown faces up to me and shook their heads.

"Of course you know him — I was getting exasperated — you boys have been surfing and canoeing with him nearly every day for the past month.

"'Oh-h' they cried, their faces lighting up, 'Rich Dick you mean; that's what we call him.' But no, they hadn't seen him that morning.

"Did you see him yesterday?

"'No-o not yesterday either; not since — not since — not for several days', one of them finished in confusion.

"I thought quickly, then sat down on the sand among them. You see, I began confidentially, Dick was supposed to leave this morning and if he doesn't get off there are people back in the States who are going to worry a great deal about him. Now if one of you boys could tell me where the girl lives. . .

"One of the lads, darker-skinned than the others, looked at me quickly, his teeth gleaming in an understanding grin.

"I know, but she's not there now. Ilima works down town. Comes back about kau-kau (meal) time. Her grandmother stop there too, but she wont talk.

"But the boat leave at ten.

"'No pilikia (trouble); every week one boat', piped up another; 'anyhow, look!' and he pointed to the great beach clock by the Outrigger Club pavilion.

"It was nine thirty-five and he was

right. What was one boat more or less? At any rate it would be impossible to locate the girl's home and find Dick and get him packed and off in less than a half hour. In Honolulu one would be lucky to accomplish that in a day.

"You're right, I said, but anyway I should be grateful if you would tell me where she lives. There was silence in the group for a moment then the dark Hawaiian lad spoke,

"'You're his friend so I'll tell you, but I can't show you because byn-by I give surfboard lesson to momona wahine' (fat woman). At that they all laughed and I joined them, reverting to my question after the general outburst had subsided.

"Said the dark boy, 'You know Ala Moana (Road by the Sea)? Well, you know Squattersville too?'

"I can find my way around there if necessary I think.

"'Well, if you think that you'd better go when the sun goes down. Ilima comes at that time and maybe she knows. Maybe she doesn't know anything. Maybe she knows and won't tell. I think you hoomalimali (flatter) her and she will tell you.'

"Old man hoomalimali no good, I replied, reverting to their careless speech. This delighted them and they rolled over on the sand. 'Sure good; any haole (white man) hoomalimali Ilima and she think all right.'

"And which house is it? I asked the now friendly group.

"'Sea side Ala Moana, next to little hau tree.'

"Thanks; I think I'll be able to find it.

"I left them then and went out on the end of the pier. Dick, I thought, might return to the hotel at any time so for my own peace of mind it seemed best to remain in the neighborhood.

"Over the water a kona wind was blowing, and those few who had ventured out on their surfboards were finding difficulty in controlling them before the downward rush and plunge of the breakers. Bodies flashed brown and were lost to view. Wet boards gleamed in the diluted sunlight, cut down through the water and struck bottom. They rebounded their length into the air then fell into the trough and idled until their masters swam up to reclaim them and turn them again to the open sea. It was a fascinating sight but not one calculated to soothe a worried mind. So I left and went back to the hotel to make further inquiry, but Mr. Richmond, the clerk said, had not returned.

"At noon I ate lunch at a beach inn and, finding a casual acquaintance there, held him in conversation an hour or more — as long as I could — for I was tired of my thoughts, my conjectures and my fears. Then I returned to the hotel and, receiving the same information, bought a paper and retraced my way to the pier.

"The water now was a graying green and the sky had lost color. The surfers had gone and through the long afternoon nothing crossed the sea before me but a tiny sampan that clung to the horizon line and struggled toward the west. But the thought of Dick came and went through my mind and I cursed him for a reckless fool and myself for allowing him to come back with me.

"When the weatherbeaten beach clock showed five minutes to six I went again to the clerk. He shook his head so I hurried out and ordered a car. In a few minutes we were at the edge of Squattersville where I dismissed the machine.

"I walked slowly down the coral road with my eyes turned always to the left lest I should miss the shack set near a small hau tree, for other direction or description I had none. Trees being a novelty on that barren stretch by the great flat, I found it without difficulty. It was a small leanto affair compounded of many things. A drygoods box formed the kitchen, while the remainder of the house was a pattern of many colors. Grey boards there were of weather-beaten wood; blue boards taken, I judge, from some bright-hulled fishing boat too old for further service, and red boards and green boards too, from God knew where.

"There is something pathetic, yet amusing, about such an abode for humans. I was pondering this as I went around to the door, which was on the sea side of the house. It was open and I stepped to the threshold. To my left was the tiny kitchen, and at the far end of the room another door, half open, led to a darkened interior. Dick was in there, I decided, sleeping off the effect of too much oke. I took a step forward, then halted and listened!

"A mumbling — a chanting — covered the silence. It came from that room into which I could not see but from where I might easily be watched. The first thought that went through my mind was that it was not Dick's voice; the next, that per-

haps Dick was not there. I had so taken it for granted that this was where I should find him, that no other solution had occurred to me. Infatuation and drink; therefore — Ilima!

“‘Pehea Oe’ (Good day)

“I whirled. Ilima herself was at my elbow. At least I thought it was she.

“‘Pehea Oe. You are Ilima?

“She nodded; then, ‘What you want, why you come; who you are?’

“I am a friend of the young haole and I have come to find him.

“‘You pupule (insane) I think; no young haole here.’

“She was staring at me sullenly, evidently on guard, so I ceased speaking and looked at her. She was a pretty thing in a ripe, abundant way with her dark hair pinned on her neck. I noted the single gardenia blossom held in its coils and, remembering, took a long chance.

“You grow gardenias by this house?

“‘No’, shortly.

“Yet you gave Dick a gardenia lei. Did you not make it for him? You won’t speak? Then I shall. Ilima, you show me tonight where Dick is, or tomorrow morning I go to the Police Station. You are a young girl and pretty, much too pretty to be locked up inside the jail. The walls are high there and you will have no beach and no young men that you may speak to. This malihini has many friends in the states, and if Dick does not go back soon they will see that Ilima goes to jail.

“‘How I know where Deek is? Deek, Deek, Deek! The whole world

move for Deek. He say he go back to states to his wahine (woman). Why you not ask her?’

“Dick was to have gone back this morning but he did not go. Where is he Ilima? Where is he?

“Where is he? I tell you. He is in the Bamboo Forest, this Deek that love no one but Deek.’

“At this point the chanting nearby ceased. Like mixed voices weaving their rich pattern of sound over the low monotonous tick of an old clock that suddenly stops, causing the animated flow of words to hesitate and pause, so were we startled into silence. I felt that now there were ears for us as well as eyes in the next room, dark sunbitten ears under gray wisps of hair, and ancient malevolent eyes. But I turned resolutely toward Ilima and echoed her words,

“In the Bamboo Forest? How did Dick get into the Bamboo Forest?

“She seemed not to have heard me. She was staring through the open doorway at the gray sea and sky, her young lips forming angry muttered words. I caught some of them:

“‘This Deek! Why he come here; why he make love to me; why he not stay in states with his wahine; why he come to luau; why. . . Since luau last month every night, all the time, he come see me. Last week we go to my friend’s place. I make lei for him and say I love him too. Then he say he go back to states. He say one week more and he go back to his wahine. All the time my friend say this haole making fool of me. So I tell him if he go I get kahuna to pule anaana. I tell him I pray too until he die. I tell him if he go back we pray

him to die before he go. . He laugh. He say if nobody poison him he like come to luau that night. I say nobody poison but I get kahuna to pray hard.

"Many beach boy come. Deek come too. He drink and all time want talk, want kiss me, want more okolehao. So I say if he so brave maybe he like go to Bamboo Forest. I tell him beeg still there, plenty oke. But maybe he too brave; he like better to stay at hotel, eh? He say where I go he go, so —'

"Ilima, when did you take Dick to the Forest? Think hard now. What night was it?

"One week last night', she answered slowly.

"My God, we've got to find him.

"Why? Deek *make* (dead) now. For five night', pointing to the inner room, 'she pray him to die. Deek make now.'

"If we don't find him they will put you in jail and you will be make. Mai wikiwiki!' I commanded, and with surprising docility she moved forward and preceded me through the doorway.

"We walked down Ala Moana in the twilight with the fingers of the kona stroking our faces. It piled the thin water into rebellious waves and pushed them toward us over the flats. We hurried faster. Soon we reached a small taxi stand. Jumping into a machine we directed the Japanese driver mauka, toward Manoa Valley.

"When we reached the end of the road I urged him further, until there was not even a trail to follow. The rest of the journey would have to be

made on foot. I knew it would be a treacherous and wearisome hike even for Ilima, in her youth and strength, but there was no alternative. So I turned to the driver:

"Wait here. By and by, maybe one hour, maybe two hour, we come back.

"Yes, yes' nodded the man; but we hadn't gone very far when I heard his motor start up and realized he preferred returning home without pay to waiting there in that deserted spot.

"No moon had as yet scaled the low range of mountains, but a green grey light in the sky reminded us of the kona following silently at our heels. So we felt our way cautiously through the dark. It led past a few tiny shacks huddled under great kamani trees and then through an endless grove of bananas. Sometimes we found the semblance of a path, but most of the time we struggled along as best we could up toward the valley's head. Loose lava stones rolled away beneath our feet and the shiny sharp edged leaves of the young bananas cut our faces. After an hour or so the clouds parted and a moon showed above the gashed hillside. Our progress then was less difficult.

"Ilima had said no word since leaving the machine, and I was in no mood for talking either. I was thinking a man of my years should have had the good sense to bring some food, a flash light and a doctor. But it was too late to think of that, so I followed as best I could in the way she led me. Once the thought came that perhaps she would try to lose me also in that forest, but this I dis-

missed, for I realized Ilima's thoughts were not for me.

"We emerged suddenly from the field of bananas. The Bamboo Forest stood before us, black and impenetrable. Like an army of spears halted in its march down the mountain it stood, and the moon shone brightly on the grasses of the ground and on the jointed bodies of the outer line, but in the forest itself only a faint light penetrated. I'll admit it was then I cursed myself for not bringing a doctor. Even the taxi man would have eased matters a bit. Yes, I was afraid!

"Ilima was darting here and there, looking for something. She returned shortly and said, 'This way we go', and I noticed she had whispered her command and that my reply had been a whisper also.

"Around a clump of bamboo she led me, down a way that was not a path but a weaving around and between the close growing trees. The moon shone whitely in narrow slits of light at the outer edge of the forest and above me it gleamed palely on the pointed leaves. But all about me there was no sound but the sound of the bamboo rubbing thin fingers against a sleek body; a silken paper sound that was like dry whisper.

"Ilima came back to my side. 'Where' I shall take you? I do not know where is best. This way the forest goes', stretching dark arms before her, 'and this way and that way. For many miles to the mountain top. Only here are we close to the outside.'

"Take me to where you left him. Perhaps he may be near there, or we may find trace of him there.

"Silently she moved ahead of me and I followed cautiously, keeping her white dress, a dim blur in the darkness, always before me. Sometimes the close growing trees would intervene and then she was as a patch of moonlight where no light penetrated. At first the ground was hard, with dead bamboo leaves cracking underfoot. Then the way led on softer ground with the feet sinking into the wet earth.

"Ilima came back to my side. 'It is soon here, where I leave him. We stay on that rock and Deek — after while Deek hiamoe. (sleep) I find his knife and cut small piece of hair—'

"We reached the rock but Dick was not asleep there now. I sat upon it and lit my pipe. A low gurgling sound made me jump, but Ilima said briefly 'water', and I sat down again a trifle ashamed of being so nervous. I realized we were sitting above an underground river and I also realized I was tired. So as I rested I attempted to collect my thoughts. But they wandered away after Dick. . .

"Dick at the luau making great adventure of the roast pig, poi and sweet potatoes; wondering perhaps if there were poison in the food or the drink but in no way neglecting either — Dick turning to Ilima, desiring her, and hearing her taunt him on his bravery — Dick drunken, stumbling after her through the banana grove and into the depths of the forest, bravado forgotten now; desire for the girl urging his uncertain footsteps. . . Dick awaking; becoming aware of countless slender trees crowded about him; trying to gather

his thoughts in the green twilight that was morning; remembering Ilima and her prophecy; calling to her; raising a hand carefully to his hair and finding a short tuft where a long lock had grown; calling again but hearing no echo, no bird note; laughing in a rueful way and hearing in reply the dark gurgle of the river that ran below the ground — Dick, leaving the great rock and striding forward; finding no forest's edge; retracing his steps and finding no great rock, calling out as he zig-zagged back and forth through the hours, with the wearing away and the darkness sifting down. . . and all the time the tall upreaching trees whispering to each other through their fingers. . .

"A crash brought me to my feet in the midst of the most demoniac sounds I have ever heard. The moon had gone and on all sides and above me was a clacking and a chattering that froze my blood and filled my thoughts with agile monkey forms suddenly let loose about me.

"Then I realized what it was. The kona had come; the sick wind that had reached tentative fingers toward us had gathered her dread forces in tardy pursuit. The bamboo swayed toward me and away, jibbering in fear, and Ilima clutched me from the darkness in which she had crouched, and cried out her terror.

"To gain control of myself I raised her to her feet and shook her, as I bellowed a command through the din —

"Stand on this rock. We will call for him together. One, two, three. Now: Dick! Again, Dick!

"But though we called his name over and over, our cries only added another note to the confusion of sound. And then the rain came. A few large drops gave hissing warning before the sky ripped open and the water fell. We were drenched and half blinded, and when Ilima grasped my hand and began threading her way between the trees I followed without protest.

"And so we retraced our torturous way. But when we had left the forest behind and were ploughing through the mud of the banana grove, I found my voice —

"Tonight we go for the police. If you have killed him they will make you die also.

"Ilima's voice was satin in the dark, 'And his wahine; she will like *me* to die for Deek?'

"There, that was a question! If I took Ilima back to face trial for murder or manslaughter, if her crime proved to be, the newspapers would feature it both here and on the mainland and the facts in the case would come out, dishonoring his family and shaming his fiancée. Dick was a good enough lad but he had been spoiled, and to what degree that had been accomplished would shortly be known.

"Listen! I said at length, There is only one thing to do. When we get back to the city you will go home and I shall do the same. In a few hours it will be morning. I shall go then to Police Headquarters and tell them that Dick Richmond is missing and that I think a search had best be made. They will ask me where to look for him and I will tell them

that he spoke of a luau the last time I saw him. I will suggest they get in touch with the girl who was his partner to see if she can tell anything. We will come, then, to your house and you will be there to tell us that you last saw Dick on the night of the luau a week ago. You will say that he drank okolehao, plenty okolehao. We will ask you what he did when he left there and you will say he said someone told him there was a still in the middle of the Bamboo Forest and that he said he was going there for some more oke. You will say you didn't really believe he intended going but that you had not seen him since, so perhaps he did go.

"Well, gentlemen, that was the way we framed it. If I implicated the girl I would, of necessity, have implicated Dick. So we told that story and a search was begun early the following day. The storm had spent itself and the banana grove through which we passed showed a clean vivid green in the morning sunlight. We took natives with us to guide us out of the clear open day into that gloom where the shadow of other worlds seemed to lie across the sun. We all felt it, so we went in groups of four, carefully searching the wet brown earth for track of his feet and each bamboo trunk before us for scratch or mark of his knife. Though we knew them to be of little use in such a place, before noon we had aeroplanes on the job; great droning buzzards that circled and swooped above the dark forest, their wings flashing in the lavish sunlight that came down to us so reluctantly

through the thin fingered leaves.

"It was not until the next day that we found him, lying prone with one arm stretched across his face. I never knew whether, in his last hours of consciousness he was trying to shut out the rattle of the black night and the slender moon ghosts that walked the open places, or to protect his inner vision from the remembrance of two girls for the light regard of whose love he was paying with his life. I never knew. Perhaps it was all of a piece to his tormented mind.

"He was in the mauka end of the forest, half a mile from where the bamboo thins to make way for the jungle of barbarous lantana that girds the upper slopes, and about two miles above the spot where Ilima and I had stood on the lava rock over the underground river and called out his name in the storm.

"He was dead! The doctors believed he had passed out about forty-eight hours before, or the night I waited dinner for him.

"The native police here are a good sort. When I told them of his fiancée back in the states they agreed it might be best to tell the press that Dick Richmond was interested in hiking, rather than drinking, and that he had gone off on a tramp alone the day of the luau. The reporters accepted the story and wrote detailed accounts of how this foolhardy young malihini had set off alone to explore the Bamboo Forest; of how he had wandered and circled in that maze of tall slim-bodied trees until, after hideous nights and hopeless days, he had sunk exhausted at their feet and died — of exposure and starvation.

"That was what killed him they said, and everyone agreed. But somewhere in Honolulu; not in Squattersville — that's gone now and the squatters are scattered throughout the city — no, not in Squattersville, but somewhere in a dark house in a poor section of Honolulu there is an ancient and wrinkled woman and a dark hot-eyed girl who believe otherwise and — Well gentlemen, I have lived here a long time and I believe

with them."

A silence fell upon the group and lengthened and spread through the long room. It was broken by the gaudy birds on their high stands retailing their complaints of a strange land; croaking in nostalgic tones of Bahia, of a blue bay on the South American coast where bright roofed houses clustered among the trees, and where they and their kind once screamed and flew in freedom.

UNEMPLOYMENT IN HONOLULU

By PETER ENTAU CHU

AS Honolulu becomes more metropolitan as the one urban center in the Hawaiian Islands, one of the problems, with which it is wrestling, is its employment situation. This situation is the consequence of the education which is the right of every child born under the American flag and which Honolulu is faithfully giving to the children of the thousands who have labored in her cane fields, when the prosperity of the present was in the making.

Through the sheer preponderance of population, the dominant factor in this employment is and is going to be necessarily Oriental. In connection with the level of the wage scale and the prevalence of unemployment, the social training of the Orientals has had the effect of setting up what virtually amounts to an economic law in the islands. Their habit of pooling their earnings in the family purse renders their ability to compete for jobs sharp enough to give them a distinct edge on the employment situation, because employers, whether individuals or corporations, cannot afford to pay substantially more for labor than it would cost them to replace that labor.

What employers can afford to pay has little relation to return on capital or the rate of dividend that the managers or their employers, the stock-

holders, desire to have paid in the way of dividends.

It is for this replacement wage that the workers must compete and the variation in the level of this wage is controlled somewhat by the excess or shortage of the supply of labor, always remembering that there is a figure, below which a worker will see no advantage to himself or family in his working.

It is not astonishing that the Oriental family with its habits of co-operation will find it easier to work for wages that keep money in circulation in the business community.

In Honolulu proper, exclusive of the rest of the Island of Oahu, it is estimated today that there are about 113,000 persons, of whom scarcely forty per cent are of wage-earning ages. This population may be divided into about 24,800 Japanese, 6000 Filipinos and 3,200 Chinese, as compared with 22,500 Hawaiians and part-Hawaiians, 5,200 Americans of mainland stock, British, Germans and Russians, and 4,000 Portuguese.

Orientals and native islanders who have little or no way to earn a living elsewhere fix the basic wage scale in their effort to support their families within the limits of what industries, mainly agricultural, can afford to pay for labor.

The writer has arrived at the fol-

lowing schedule of wages or salaries by studying more than 2,000 application cards from persons who are looking for employment in the city, and 500 employers' request cards from those who actually do the hiring and paying of workers.

In the commercial field, such positions as bookkeeping, general clerical or clerk, etc., the salaries paid are as follows: bookkeeper, \$65.00 per month; general clerical or clerk, \$60.00; stenographer, \$60.00; office boy, \$45.00. A salesclerk receives \$60.00. Service station help gets \$50.00 but mechanics receive the normal 50 cents to 90 cents per hour rate. General laborers who work for a contracting firm are paid at the rate of 40 cents an hour, working eight hours a day. Cooks (restaurants) are paid from \$60.00 to \$125.00 a month, while waiters get from \$40.00 to \$60.00. Waitresses are paid at the rate of \$7.00 a week and up, \$15.00 being top wages. Girls in doctor's offices are getting from \$8.00 to \$15.00 a week and an ordinary salesgirl receives the same rate of pay. Most Honolulu employees work eight hours a day at least and very often nine, ten and even fifteen hours. A truck driver in the commercial firm gets from \$40.00 to \$85.00 a month, unless he is an old employee, which compares with the \$5.00 a day man who works for contractors. Housemaids receive from \$7.00 a week and up including room and board. The average is about \$10.00 a week although \$15.00 is common. Chauffeurs get \$50.00 and up and a house cook gets \$60.00 while the houseboy receives from \$40.00 to

\$55.00 a month. A yardman gets \$60.00 and the day workers who go from house to house, get from \$2.50 to \$3.00 a day. I can go on to enumerate the rate of pay for scores of other occupations, but those I have presented will give an idea what Honolulu workers, the more common class, and especially those who have been out of school two or three years, are receiving. Should the reader feel it necessary to add \$10.00 or \$15.00 to any of the above listed monthly salaries, such an alteration in the figures would not change the general trend of basic wages in Honolulu.

Assuming the correctness of these figures, I can, therefore, reach the conclusion that workers who have received an education equivalent to a high school standard are compensated at a lower rate than their fellow workers in the city who have not been through even the grade schools. But in the long run, the educated worker should come out ahead.

Our largest market for labor lies in the hands of about one dozen contracting firms. These companies, with the amount of work, federal, territorial, municipal and private, to be done in the city and the immediate county, hold the purse strings of a large percentage of the unemployed.

There are enough brawny men in town who are only too willing to get 40 cents an hour or even 35 cents, if there is work with a reasonable assurance of steady employment.

Honolulu has an over-supply of labor. It will take many months to adjust local conditions, even if the laborers are put to work at once. Take a trip to the water front, Aala Park,

the various pool halls, or run to the few centers of building contractors. You will find hundreds of good strong men sitting and waiting for something to do and for the foremen to give them a "lift". I have spoken to many of these so-called "idlers" and every one seems to have a story to tell, but, invariably they will say that there's no work.

Of 50 laborers registered for work in one particular employment bureau, the average working time for these men was 18 months for the last three full years, 1926, 1927 and 1928. Most of these men have worked for at least four contracting firms serving from one to nine months in each. Six months of continuous service seem to be the average. There is always a slack period for a worker between contracts, ranging from two weeks to six months. This period depends upon how fortunate he may be in finding another job. An ordinary contract of any consequence will keep some busy for about one year. These men are generally full-time employees of the firm. Still there is a period, because of the over supply of

labor, during which they are asked to wait. This group usually stays with the same firm for a number of years.

What Honolulu needs is less pussy-footing as to the undeniable existence of unemployment and more efficient effort to bring in new industries. If the spirit and ability, with which the islands have been so remarkably developed, are applied to this problem, the result will set at rest all anxiety as to the present employment situation.

It is an understood fact that the Orientals in the islands are adopting Western training and modes of living rather rapidly in their effort to approximate Anglo-Saxon standards of living as fast as they understand them. This progress so far has been conditioned by the adherence of many Orientals to the preservation of the family as an economic unit. When the day comes that this condition is seriously weakened or partly eliminated, the competition for jobs will be almost intolerable, unless in the meantime new industries have been established.

TOMIKO-SAN

A Sketch of the Picture Bride Period

By LEONIE ELDER

NEVER in all Hiroshima had a maiden possessed such a wonderful wedding outfit. Tomiko-san was sure of that. Each obi was a delight to her girlish heart, for the color contrasts were most artistic, the designs strikingly original, and the richness of the material all that could be desired. Dearly she loved the dainty kimonos, with their soft silken folds that so prettily framed the graceful curves of her smooth neck; but most fascinating of all were the hair ornaments. How adorably they would sparkle from the background of her sleek black coiffure!

Fortunate indeed was the man in far off Hawaii who awaited her coming for surely a fairer bride could not be found. So said the admiring friends of Tomiko-san, and well she knew that their words were true, for her mirror told her always that even before she dipped into the little paint and powder boxes that stood before it, her face was more delicately beautiful than the white girls.

Sakamoto-san, who had lived in Honolulu, he who had negotiated the match, said that a good home was prepared for the bride; that Nojima-san was a hard working carpenter, and of kindly disposition. The family councils had decided that the mar-

riage was a wise one; and all were glad that it could be arranged before the enforcement of queer new laws that would ban picture brides from Hawaii.

Happy in her own attractiveness, the girl did not ask that her husband should be handsome. His picture showed him to be young and strong. He would love her for her beauty, her domestic virtues, her docile obedience. She looked forward to the new life with romantic anticipation. In time there would be dear little children—sturdy boys, to be loved, fed sweetmeats, cared for, sacrificed for. What brighter future could a woman ask?

A ship is the abode of torture. Quarters are crowded, uncomfortable, dirty; utterly distasteful to one accustomed to orderliness and spotless matting. Children whine; their parents quarrel; food is unpalatable; tea cold. Worst of all, the whole world rolls, rolls, rolls, until one's head seems about to burst with never ceasing pain.

Weak with days of illness, Tomiko lay with her eyes closed, thinking longingly of majestic Fujiyama, of the pale green rice patches of Hiroshima, of her own dear home and loved ones; and the tears came, as

they had come on that sad day of parting, when the last Sayonaras were said.

Suddenly she felt upon her arm the clinging touch of a heavy hand. Startled, she opened her eyes, and beheld a strange man looking down at her with that in his eyes that frightened her.

"Maiden," he said, "one so beautiful should not suffer. You need help. I will take care of you."

With all her strength, Tomiko thrust him away from her.

"Leave me!" she cried. "I need no help. Do not come near me again." It was her angry desire to strike him in the face, but since he was a man, and many years her senior, that would have been unduly rude.

At last she was able to sit up; to listlessly dress her hair; to chat with fellow travellers; to listen to Watanabe-san's descriptions of the land that was to be her home. Perhaps it was his handsome face that made this young man so fascinating; perhaps it was the wonderful American clothes that he wore; perhaps it was his interesting conversation. Gradually Tomiko realized that his tales were told to her, no matter how large the group of listeners, and that at all times it was his wish to be very near to her.

Much he knew of the clever, queer Americans, for he had been born among them and educated in their schools, and was now returning from his first visit to the home of his parents. Strange indeed were the things he told of American ways; stranger his flippant praise of ideas wholly alien to all that is established and proper. It was hard to hear one with so winning a nature recklessly

denounce rules of conduct laid down by the venerated ancestors of his race—rules that were meant to be, and must be everlasting. Tomiko tried to believe that he did not truly mean all that he said so boastfully.

When they were quite alone one day, Watanabe's manner was very different.

"Tomiko-san," he said, "your laughter is like the jingle of the glass furin, that pleases the eye, and gives forth sweet music at the touch of the wind. You, like the furin, were meant only to please those who see you and hear your voice. Do not marry Nojima and work to bring him money. Marry me, and be as a pleasing ornament."

"Do not speak so wickedly!" cried Tomiko, thrilled in spite of herself. "You do a wrong to your countryman, for you know that by registration and public declaration, I have already been made his wife. You know that I am his forever, and that even though he should die, I belong now not to my own family, but to his. No, Watanabe-san. Speak not such words again."

Watanabe laughed.

"You are going to the land of the Americans," he said. "You will not be the wife of Nojima until you are made so as their laws prescribe. I will take you away and make you my wife. Then he cannot claim you."

"It cannot be," argued the girl. "Papers were signed. Only to be his wife will the Americans permit me to enter the country."

"I will deceive them," bragged Watanabe; "I will say that I married you in Japan."

And bravely though Tomiko strug-

gled against it, she found herself swayed by a great desire to risk the anger of the Americans, the revenge of Nojima, the disgrace that would forever prevent a happy return to the homeland—to risk all these, and surrender to the torrent of love that had engulfed her.

But the heart of a maid is timid, and oftentimes ruled by fear, and to the troubled girl came not courage to make the promise that Watanabe clamored for at every opportunity. More than once, dreaming that she had yielded, she awoke in terror, clutching her breast, where it seemed that she already felt the thrust of Nojima's murderous knife—the thrust that all would say was justified.

Often she was approached by the man who had frightened her, but she always turned away in anger, refusing to listen to him.

"Do not let that man hear our conversation," said Watanabe one day, seeing the fellow standing near; "he is my father's enemy, and would make trouble for me if he could. He has large interest in a newspaper in Honolulu, and his power makes him dangerous."

Tomiko shuddered. "I am glad you live on another island," she said; "I do not want him to harm you."

At last the day of landing came. Tomiko, even then, consented not to Watanabe's plan, though secretly she knew every moment was weakening her determination. Nearer and nearer they came to the land that at dawn had seemed but a distant cloud, and keener and keener grew Tomiko's pain at the thought of giving up the one she had learned to love so dearly.

After the anchor was cast there was much delay, and the waiting passengers were growing weary and discouraged. Tomiko's heart beat wildly as she saw Watanabe approaching her, but before he could reach her side, a playful spirit among the men challenged him to wrestle and amuse the crowd. Tomiko was glad that he accepted, for to come to her then would have attracted attention.

Laughingly the wrestlers clutched, swaying and struggling with but little space to move in, until at last one of them stumbled. Watanabe went down under his opponent's weight, striking heavily upon his head and when he was lifted, his eyes were closed as though he were dead.

The trembling Tomiko dared not join the crowd that surrounded him, and before she knew where he had been carried, the order was given to go ashore.

Then came noise; crowding; confusion; terrifying officials; speech in strange tongue; gathering in a great building; waiting; waiting; waiting.

Other picture brides also waited. Kimiyo-san was taken away by a fine young man, and she smiled blithely as she bowed her farewells to the friends she had met on the ship. To meet Matsu-san came one in the garb of a priest, whose speech and manner seemed not priestly. The bridegroom was ill, he explained, and had entrusted him to care for the girl; and officials had consented after he had been properly identified. Matsu-san's face was troubled as she reluctantly walked after him; and to the mind of Tomiko came recollections of ugly

stories she had heard of picture brides being stolen by imposters.

At last came the call for her. There approached an old man—a man whose cheek and forehead were gnarled by a hideous scar that crossed a drooping eyelid, and a whitish, unseeing eye. In spite of the disfigurement, and the great difference in age, Tomiko could see in his face a certain resemblance to her bridegroom's picture. The explanation seemed clear.

"Are you the father of Nojima-san?" she asked with sweet politeness, after her greeting.

The creature grinned, and showed that he had lost several teeth.

"I am Nojima," he said. "The picture was taken in my young time. I had no later one to send."

Dumbly, dizzily, she followed him away. What else was there to do?

Tomiko lay sobbing on the little wooden platform that was her bed. It was one of the empty, lifeless days, when after morning work there was nothing to do but dress her hair in the various ways shown in her fashion papers and then to wonder why she done it.

The round of parties, with necessity for pretending to be happy was over. Nojima had been drinking ever since the newspaper persecution began. When not quarrelsome, he was silent and surly; but he had not struck her since that dreadful evening when he first read that fellow-passengers had all been scandalized by the attentions his wife had so willingly received from Watanabe.

The writer had of course refrained from using names. Watanabe was re-

ferred to as the Mud-wasp, and Tomiko was the Cabbage Butterfly, pretty and mischievous; but references were so pointed that there could be no mistaking who was meant. Every detail of some of their conversations was reported.

And these papers would be sent to Tomiko's home! There was not the slightest doubt about that. This was the thought that had sent the lonely girl sobbing to her bed, though her causes for grief were many.

She did not hear the knock at the door; and the Pretty Stranger's touch upon her shoulder was her first intimation that she was not alone. The Pretty Stranger wore a badge of white ribbon, lettered with blue, and she carried a bag with a similar design.

Tomiko sprang up, bowed courteously, and laughed the musical laugh with which the women of her country strive to hide their heart-breaks.

Finding that her words were not understood, the Pretty Stranger departed, but soon returned, bringing with her a girl who though Japanese, was not at all like the women of Hiroshima, nor those that Tomiko had met at the Honolulu parties. She was dressed in American style, and there was much assurance in her manner.

She explained that the Pretty Stranger was one of many who were going from house to house in quest of contributions for the city's organizations—some of them Japanese—that carried on good works. She had now returned not for money, but to ask if she could help Tomiko, who seemed to be in trouble. Tomiko insisted upon making a small donation,

laughing and bowing graciously as she did so. Then she told her story.

It was met with comments more reckless than Watanabe's most extravagant vagaries.

Kazu—for that was the girl's name—was an orphan who had been brought up in an American boarding school, and she had defied her relatives when they selected a husband for her. Although Hawaiian-born himself, the man had said that if Island-born girls were as saucy as Kazu he did not want one; and had forthwith begun negotiations for a picture bride. Now Kazu lived at the home of the Pretty Stranger's mother, who was always ill.

The lady desired to see Tomiko-san, and Kazu offered to conduct her thither while the Pretty Stranger went on her way.

Gratefully the little bride donned her prettiest party raiment, and, full of wonder and delight, she was ushered into the presence of the Kind-Eyed-san.

The lady wore a kimono of the sort that is manufactured for foreign trade, and it was thrown on with laughable awkwardness; but she clasped Tomiko's hands kindly, and kissed her soft rouged cheek! Then she bade Kazu-san say that the visitor's costume was the loveliest she had ever seen, and to invite her to look around the house.

Many and wonderful were the things to be examined, and Kazu-san explained them all. To show her gratitude, Tomiko, who knew something of the art of massage, offered to sooth with her touch the lady's aching head. Noticing as she worked

the daintiness of the Kind-Eyed-san's hands, she measured them with hers, laughing joyfully when her own proved the smaller. It was delightfully easy to become friendly with Americans.

The lady suggested a treatment every day, insisting that it be a business arrangement, though Tomiko would have been glad to have it other wise. Payments were to be deposited in a queer little box, and kept at the house of the Americans, out of Nojima's reach.

The visits became the bright spots in Tomiko's days. She began to learn words in the new language. There was interest in life, after all.

Then the newspaper broke forth again:

"The Cabbage Butterfly flits often to the house of strangers, where dwells the Moth, who once brought disgrace upon herself by defying those she should obey. Why does the Butterfly go there? Perhaps letters from the Mud-wasp fly also to that house."

That put an end to it all.

Nojima drank more and more; and because the Americans have strange laws that forbid the sale of sake, he drank the sort of liquor that is made unlawfully, and is very harmful to the health. He gambled continually, and many were the night hours that Tomiko spent waiting for him at the gate, dodging into the house when stragglers passed, and returning to her vigil, only to be roughly rebuked when her husband reeled in.

The visits of creditors were many, and sometimes resulted in violent quarreling. Work was neglected.

Often the boss carpenter came, and scolded, scolded, scolded.

Nojima talked ramblingly of renewing dwindling funds by manufacturing the unlawful sake. Much money was to be made by selling it to soldiers and sailors, he said. A soda-water stand could be procured, and Tomiko's beauty would be a great attraction. Meanwhile she must go out and do washing, for many debts were due. When she objected because of her ignorance of the strange language and ways, he replied that she must not forget that it would be possible to sell her if he wished. That would be a most profitable transaction, and he was clever and would not be caught.

Were the tales of such baseness then really true?

Tomiko decided to try the washing.

It was not easy, for Americans, alas, are not all so gentle as the Kind-Eyed-san. Hardest to please was the Eye-Glass-san, who lived in the great house on the hill. When because of inexperience, Tomiko made the slight mistake of excessively starching the bath towels, this lady spoke furious words, heeding not at all the many amiable repetitions of "Excuse me" that would have readily appeased any reasonable person.

In time there came to the young wife a happiness that out-balanced all her trials. Memories were renewed of her childhood, when because she was the youngest born, and there was no baby for her to carry, she had insisted upon having her slant-eyed dolly strapped on her little back. Now the joys of those days were to return a hundred fold.

As Tomiko prepared for the coming of her son, a change came over Nojima. He was kind and gentle again, as he had been that first week, when Tomiko had longed to flee from his kindness. It was different now, and together they planned happily for the future of their baby.

"It is a girl."

To Tomiko in her weakness the words of the midwife seemed to come as a finishing blow. She heard Nojima's angrily snarled exclamation: next there was a slam of the door.

By and by the woman came to her side with a swathed little bundle that wriggled. Almost hidden in the wrappings, Tomiko saw a small contorting pink face;—and the love that surged into her being was greater than she had known that a love could be.

"My baby—my little daughter," she murmured, all disappointment forgotten.

Nojima's anger was very great for a few days, and he frequently reproached and taunted the little mother; but as the weeks went by, he became fonder of the bright-eyed, doll-like baby, and found much pleasure in her.

Yet his interest was not sufficient to turn him away from old habits, and his drinking continued, growing constantly worse.

Often at night, in the tightly closed room, always heavy with the odor of the bad sake, Tomiko lay awake, her troubled thoughts upon the future.

Bred in the precepts of her ancestors, she spurned Kazu-san's advice to take the opportunities in American courts to free herself from unhappiness, and begin a new life.

Such a course was unthinkable, of course—but there was the little Hanayo to consider now. Was her life to be like Tomiko's?

By the grace of kind spirits, possibly not; but custom must rule, being what it might.

To Hanayo only tears?

What could prevent?

Gradually a plan was formed. When the child was old enough she should go to the boarding school that Kazu-san had attended. The Kind-Eyed-san would manage it all, and see that she was protected from Nojima's interference by the magic laws, whatever they were. Tomiko was willing to suffer the consequences. It would matter but little what they proved to be. Hanayo's welfare was worth any sacrifice.

True, Kazu-san knew girls who even after boarding school training, had chosen the ways of their people; but that was perhaps because of the influence of their parents.

At present the only possible preparation was the saving of money, a difficult undertaking.

Delicate from the first, in the fourth month the baby fell ill. The medicine that Nojima brought home did not seem to help; and one afternoon the fever was so great that Tomiko eagerly awaited her husband's coming, hoping to gain his permission to call a doctor.

But Nojima was very late, and hopelessly affected by sake. He immediately demanded the day's wash money, and when Tomiko explained that because of little Hanayo's illness she had not been out, his rage was beyond control.

With harsh words he seized the child, wrapped as it was in warm coverings, and before Tomiko could interfere, he held the bundle high above his head, shaking it viciously. His grasp was unsteady, and the baby fell heavily to the floor, leaving only a little blanket in his upraised hands.

Swelling and bruises appeared, and for hours the weeping of the little sufferer could not be quieted. Anxiety sobered Nojima, but fearing blame, he forbade a doctor's coming. In the morning he insisted that Tomiko should go to work as usual.

Her heart was heavy as she strapped the little bundle upon her back. She longed to go to the Kind-Eyed-san for advice, but feared that if she did so Nojima might find out, and vent his anger upon the baby again. As she trudged up the hill, Tomiko's steps were very slow; and she held her parasol with much care.

The baby cried a great deal, so annoying the Eye-Glass-san that she finally told Tomiko to leave the work and take the noisy child home.

The next day brought less anxiety. Little Hanayo seemed better, and Tomiko's work was at a place nearer home. Great was her relief, for as she bent over the tubs the little one slept quietly on her back, crying not at all.

The work was not finished, but it was time, perhaps, that the baby should be fed. Gently the mother unstrapped the precious bundle; but the little sleeper awakened not, and her head moved strangely.

Almost fearing to do so, Tomiko felt the tiny hands. She found that they were very cold.

The street that led to the cemetery was planted on both sides with the trees of the swinging lanterns, that Tomiko loved so well. It was there that the funeral procession stopped, and the mourners alighted from their automobiles to be photographed, carefully managing that all the flowers and paper ornaments that they carried should show in the picture.

A street car passed, clanging its bell warningly. The passengers seemed to consider a funeral an amusing show, for they all stared and smiled, and a rosy cheeked boy who wore a fuzzy woolen cap, took a picture of the scene.

Near the waiting grave was one of the pretty trees, and its bloom was more profuse than that of any other. Showing scarcely a leaf, it was a mass of swaying yellow clusters, a more beautiful decoration, Tomiko thought, than all the gaudy paper flowers that her friends set up so stiffly in the ground.

Nojima snored in a drunken stupor, but Tomiko did not sleep.

Knowing well that no slight noise would arouse him, she calmly set about her preparations.

Her prettiest trinkets, family photographs, and a little bag of money were carefully encased in her favorite wrapping cloth—the one that was diagonally halved with vivid purple and gay peacock blue, with dashes of black, and a ragged spray of white flowers where the colors met. She wrote a note and placed it in the money bag.

"This," it read, "with what is in my little box, will amount to eighteen dollars and thirty-five cents. Please ask the Pretty-san to present it as

a small gift to the societies that care for the friendless and unfortunate."

Then she dressed, not in the kimono that she had worn to the funeral, but in the prettiest of those that she had brought from Japan.

The memory of Watanabe had long been like a far off dream, and she seldom thought of him, but tonight she tied on the obi that he had liked best.

The silence was broken by twelve strokes from the clock with the rasping voice. Street cars, then, had stopped running.

With a swift glance around the room to see that nothing was forgotten Tomiko stole out of the door into the moonlight.

She went first to the home of the Kind-Eyed-san, and on the side steps that led to the room of Kazu-san, she left her little package.

Then she found her way to the street of the swinging lantern flowers. It was very still, and the clink of her wooden shoes on the smooth road echoed strangely.

In the cemetery, she plucked a few sprays of yellow bloom from the low end of an extending branch, and placed them upon the grave of the little Hanayo. For a long time she stood silently beside the tiny mound. When at last she left it, she went back to the tree.

Beneath the extending branch there happened to be a large stone. It had perhaps been left there by the grave diggers, for it was not embedded in the ground, but could be moved aside with but little effort. Tomiko shook it to satisfy herself of that. Then she stood upon the stone.

After a few moments she began to slowly unwind her obi.

MANHATTAN ISLAND BEDTIME STORIES

By CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER'S AUNT.

I. JACKIE HAGGERTY.

IN the days when the Waldorf Astoria was one of the last words in hotels on little old Manhattan Island, Jackie Haggerty resided in Cherry Hill, more or less under the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge. He lived with his mother, or rather, she lived with him. He was a good son even if he did not work for a living. Everybody in the neighborhood knew that he read the newspaper to her every morning, even if he seldom got beyond the obituary column.

Jackie was a character, in the sense that he had a character,—that is, there were things to be said about Jackie that truthfully described him and set him apart from his neighbors.

Every afternoon he used to sweep out the floor of Denny Sullivan's saloon and spread a new supply of sawdust. In payment for this service he received as a honorarium, rather than as wages, the right to drink as much stale beer as his system seemed to require for the day. There was one condition—the sweeping out had to be done each day before the honorarium was collected. As a further perquisite Jackie was allowed to take home the remains of the previous day's free lunch counter, when there were any. Sometimes this perquisite would amount to a full meal.

Jackie's title to fame came about this way. When Steve Brodie was alleged to have jumped from the Brooklyn Bridge and put up a sign to that effect in his Bowery "store", Jackie listened to the arguments in front of Denny Sullivan's bar as to whether Steve actually did it or had a dummy dropped from the bridge just before a launch picked him up in the East River.

Jackie declared that Steve did it on the level and that anybody else could do it. He added that he could do it himself.

Hannah Bright Eyes O'Neil, who kept company with the counterpart of Bismarck, Denny Whalen's bartender, heard about Jackie's boast that he could jump from the bridge himself. She walked into Sullivan's in front of the crowd and bet Jackie a can of stale beer that he couldn't do it.

Just before daybreak the next morning when the milk trucks were rumbling over the bridge, Jackie walked out to the middle of the big span, crossed the roadway, climbed through the wire ropes and dropped off.

A police launch in the East River saw this human package strike the water, and picked it up. Jackie was somewhat stunned for a few minutes,

but otherwise unhurt. To his surprise the police took him over to the Oak street station and then to court, where he was arraigned on a charge of attempted suicide. He put in ten days on the island before he got a crack at the can of stale beer, which, however, he collected immediately thereafter.

The very next morning Jackie was up and about and read the obituary column to his mother as usual. Jackie was a good son.

II. SIM COLLINS.

DOWN in the Greek cafe in Oliver Street not far from the birthplace of the Honorable Alfred Emanuel Smith, there used to be a daily foregathering of kindred souls. They did not think much about their souls. Their chief occupation was to drink steam together. At these foregatherings Sim Collins was always present and he often presided. They settled a great many questions of national import, such as whether New Jersey should be allowed to enter the Union without ceding Hoboken to Germany.

One day when a crowd was discussing whether Admiral Dewey was a bigger man than Bob Fitzsimmons, Sim broke in with the remark that old Constantinople was not such a bad guy. Then he beat it and probably it was about time.

Another day Sim led the gang out of Oliver Street up through Mulberry Bend to the old Cafe Manhattan in lower Second Avenue, where they sat around little tables on the brick sidewalk, ate pretzels and drank real Culmbacher beer, instead of their

usual Oliver Street steam. Parenthetically, steam was the endearing term which they applied to stale beer, because it had no bead.

The gang never went up to Second Avenue again, because they found that part of the town too polite and too slow. And then their systems were more or less adjusted to steam and the effect of real beer upon their health was not as good as it might be.

Wiltshire, who used to take personal charge of the bottle-fed pig for the three weeks preceding a pig roast in Oliver Street has been heard to say that there never was any such guy as Sim Collins. It may be that Wiltshire was jealous.

III. PETE'S CURB MARKET.

THERE was a time when the curb market was a curb market—when the curb brokers did their trading in Broad Street almost outside the building of the New York Stock Exchange. Curb brokers, at that time, did not have to be elected to membership, but Pete was not even a curb broker. He never sold stock, for which he was unwilling to find a buyer later. He never promoted a copper mine, regardless of whether it contained too much sulphur. Neither did he deal in acreage half a mile away from a big oil strike in Oklahoma or Louisiana. In fact, he did nothing as a producer or promoter to develop the national wealth or to transfer more actual cash from the public's pockets to his own. He knew nothing about "legitimate" wash sales.

Pete was only a vendor of merchandise and fruit. Sometimes he sold jumping-jacks and sometimes

popcorn. The song, "Yes We Have No Bananas" was written to commemorate what happened to Pete's stock of goods the day he showed up unexpectedly with a load of bananas in that bunch of curb brokers. Not everybody knows this to be a fact.

Pete's market was a cash market and no deliveries were cleared on credit. His customers were mostly the runners and messenger boys who served the curb brokers. They often had more loose change in their pockets than some of the brokers, which is why Pete preferred messenger boys to brokers as his customers.

It was a sad day for Pete when the curb market acquired respectability and a building at the expense of its freedom. Old-timers who used to hang out after the market at Fred Eberlin's in New Street, across from the Stock Exchange, still remember Pete as the one man who always ran a cash market successfully in the days of the old curb.

IV. THE HORSES WERE WHITE.

THE human side of Wall Street does not date from the advent of the motor car. Time was when a precarious stock manipulator revealed his occasional run of good luck by riding uptown on the afternoons of those days in an open victoria, instead of traveling homeward on Uncle Russell Sage's elevated railroad or in one of Thomas F. Ryan's Broadway cars.

George Richman belonged to this class of persons and most of his acquaintances would agree that by the time he was through he had been quite a person. The only peculiar thing about the victoria, in which he

rode up to the Waldorf on prosperous days, was that the one he selected was the victoria which was drawn by two white horses. He considered the white horses to be advertising, while he regarded the victoria itself as his proper background.

They say that George was born in Richmond, Virginia, and that he was the son of poor parents, but nobody remembers having seen anybody who ever saw George before he was about thirteen years old. At that time he was the caretaker of one of the larger livery stables and his chief occupations were tobacco chewing and shooting crap with the negro drivers who met Chesapeake and Ohio trains. He lived up over the stable and never spent an unnecessary nickel. He generally won at crap and had no other extravagance.

When he became a little older, he began selling diamonds on memorandum as a side-line. Whenever the livery stable owner needed a little cash, George had it to lend and took a note for fifty per cent more than the amount of the loan. The day came when the livery stable was his and he was a partner of the man from whom he obtained his small supply of diamonds.

About the time George turned 21, he cashed in by selling the stable and his jewelry partnership. Going down the James River on the night boat to Norfolk, he sailed the following evening for New York. He had time to do this and considered the extra cost of railroad transportation to be extravagant. In the next few years George was a sandwich man for a Union Square clothing house, recently up from Baxter Street, and a dishwasher at the old Fifth Avenue

Hotel. In a crap game at the nearby Hoffman House he settled with his unfortunate debtor by taking a certificate for several thousand shares of a mining stock, the property back of which in one of the southern states had so far turned out badly. Throwing up his job, George went south to find out about it. He returned to New York on his thirtieth birthday with \$30 cash in his pocket, the mining shares intact and unhypothecated, and a great idea. George never explained the idea, but perhaps it may be inferred from what happened to George.

Within three months George's stock, which had kicking around the curb at an asking price of 37 cents a share with no bid, jumped mysteriously to about \$2 a share. The dear public began to watch it. By the time it had reached \$8 a share longheaded persons could be found who would tell you confidentially that they believed it would reach 16 in another month. When it crossed 19, the public definitely believed in it and, of course, in George. He began to reap the fruits of the course he had followed, beginning with the day he returned to New York and spent his last \$30 for three loud \$10 suits of clothes, which he wore in succession, one day at a time.

The day George's stock crossed 24 he took his first ride up town in the Victoria drawn by the white horses. For three months without a break he rode uptown on the afternoon of each trading day behind the same white horses.

On these trips uptown George was usually accompanied by his proud but none too beautiful, and yet gorgeously upholstered wife.

There came a rainy day when the wife did not come down to meet him, and when Issy Cohen hired the white horse menage ahead of George, who was compelled to ride uptown behind a pair of mean-looking brown horses.

The next morning everybody who had been making paper profits on George's stock tried to cash in at the same time, George disappeared and the stock fell to 87½ cents a share. It was two months before the stock sold as high as \$3 a share again. By that time nobody wanted it as a gift, and George was able suddenly to advance the market quotation to \$18 a share.

Once more his silk hat was well-ironed, his clothes creased, his patent leather shoes free from cracks and his grey spats fully provided with pearl buttons. The victoria with the white horses and the gorgeously upholstered wife resumed their places in the picture.

By the time the stock had reached 30, George had completely sold out without sharing the knowledge of that fact even with his wife, whose boy friend bought some that day on her advice.

George sailed alone on board a freighter bound for Europe the following morning, leaving his unsuspecting but complicated domestic menage luxuriously undisturbed in a Waldorf suite.

That was more than twenty-five years ago. The last anybody ever heard of George was a rumor toward the end of the World War that he had been seen wearing the uniform of the French Foreign Legion in Algiers. The two white horses died some time ago.

WEALTH

By ANNE MONTGOMERY YOUNG

When I have heaped up hoards of gold
I'll live in perfect luxury,
Possessed of all the things I want:
And this is what they're going to be—

A little brown half-timbered house
Among dark sighing fragrant pines.
The travelled wind will come to call,
And praise my honeysuckle vines.

I shall be very proud, because
Along my path between the rocks
Tall stately gentlefolk will bow—
My gracious friends the hollyhocks.

And I shall have the restful rain
To murmur me to sleep. And know
The quiet strength of hills beneath
Their wintry bitterness of snow.

Gay frilly chintz round frosty panes
Will frame the world for cozy me.
I'll have a shelf of old, old books,
A big log fire for company.

And if I've any money left
I'll buy a yellow candle too,
And light it on my windowsill.
And that, my dear, will be for you.

THE MERCY OF THE KING

By L. W. de VIS-NORTON

HAWAII: that mid-Pacific archipelago so aptly described by Mark Twain, as "the loveliest fleet of islands that lies anchored in any ocean", is rich beyond measure in priceless folk-lore. So rich indeed, that he who delves into the mystery of the origin of the Hawaiian race, must needs sift so plenteous a store of myths and legends that he is apt to become confused, by reason that he cannot easily distinguish between the fairy-tale and the story that possibly is founded upon fact.

But, as he delves, it is borne in upon him that the evolution of a fascinating people out of sheer barbarism into a high standard of civilization, is compact of incidents that, trifling in themselves, had a far-reaching influence upon a race that, alas, has passed its zenith and is slowly but surely disappearing under the domination of the all-conquering white man.

And of these incidents that helped to change the customs of a great people, there is one that has come to me full strangely, and is now set down in our English tongue that those who read may understand.

Visitors to the world-famed volcano of Kilauea in Hawaii, may have noticed a tall cocoanut palm that stands, aloof and prideful, upon the sea-shore hard by the railroad depot at Hilo, the chief town of the island.

The march of progress has surrounded it upon three sides with modern buildings, but, because it is believed to have had some close connection with past Hawaiian days, it has been saved from the axe of the destroyer, so that its graceful crown of feathery fronds still sways gently over the housetops in the sweep of the ever-blowing trade winds.

And now, there has come to light the story concerning it, and it is here set forth.

In the days when first Kamehameha was king, he waged war throughout all the land of Hawaii, recruiting his armies from Kohala where the men were of great stature and mighty in battle. And with them he ravaged the western coast and fought many fights with great good fortune, even winning the favor of the fire-goddess, Pele, thereby. For the goddess did ever love a brave man and a warrior.

It was in those days that he waged war upon Keoua, King of Ka-u, and did assemble an army to go up against him. And having come to the district of Kona he did encamp, sending messengers to Keoua, to bid him surrender and lay down his arms.

But Keoua, abiding in security at Hilo, received the messengers with scorn and did send back brave words to Kamehameha, saying:

"Go ye to this boaster who calleth

himself the king, and say to him that I have no fear of him, neither will I lay down mine arms at his bidding. Rather will I gather my warriors together and will leave this my stronghold, and will come up into Kona against him and will utterly destroy him, so that his boasting shall cease for ever in this land. Go then, and warn Kamehameha that at the full of the moon I will advance against him, and that in peace he may abide until that time, for none shall molest him."

So, when the moon drew near unto its time of fullness, Keoua did summon his captains, and bidding them gather together the warriors, did set forth with them by way of Puna, advancing until they did reach the summit of the great volcano, Kilauea, wherein did dwell Pele, the fire-goddess.

Which, when they had reached, they did encamp, being nigh to the crater, the home of Pele. For near-by was another crater, Keanakakoi, meaning "the Cave where the axes are made", wherein was found stone of exceeding hardness and valuable in the fashioning of spear-heads and weapons of warfare.

But certain of the soldiers of Keoua, growing bold, did take their stand upon the rim of the abode of Pele, taunting her with mockings and even hurling stones into her molten lake of fire, defying her to harm them. For men are ever bold when many together and have the courage of foolishness which is without wisdom or understanding.

And Pele, hearing them, did heave herself upward within her dwelling

and did send forth smoke and darkness and much cloud of fume with noxious gases, so that the soldiers returned in haste unto their fellows in the camp, saying nothing of their grievous fault and sin.

Wherefore the army abode there all the next day, the while their priests did pray to Pele to abate her wrath and harm them not. But the soldiers who had defied her owned not their fault, hiding themselves among their fellows and saying nothing of their evil deed.

And upon the following day, when the wrath of Pele seemed to have abated, the priests counselled that the army should go forward, for no harm would come upon it. And the first division crossed the sloping desert near to Pele's abode in safety, and Pele moved not to harm them. And the second division did likewise set forth, having in its ranks the soldiers who had sinned against the power of the goddess and had forborne to own their fault.

But when they had advanced for the space of some three leagues, behold, Pele arose in her wrath and with torrents of flaming ashes and with red-hot rocks and boulders of lava, and with fiery gases did overwhelm them with a lightning-rent darkness and great terror. And did utterly destroy them so that not one man of all that great company remained alive though men may find the bones of those warriors unto this day.

So, the third division, coming after, did find these dead men, and fearing very greatly the wrath of Pele, did send forward runners to

recall the first division for parley.

But Keoua, reasoning within himself, did order the whole army to return to Hilo. For he said "Of what use to fight against Kamehameha the king when even Pele arrayed herself upon his side and giveth him the victory or ever the battle be joined?"

And so the army returned whence it had set out, and for many days abode in safety, albeit that Kamehameha did come from Kona with his mighty army and did encamp not far from Hilo to lay siege unto Keoua the king.

But an adventure befell Kamehameha and was like to cost him his life. For, when he had been to fish and did land from his canoe, he walked for a space alone, communing in his mind how he should take the stronghold of Keoua. And, being deep in thought and careless of his going, he did set his foot in a cleft of the rock, and falling, did wedge his leg tightly within the crevice so that he could in no wise withdraw it, none of his captains being nigh to aid him.

So, calling for help while they heard him not, Kamehameha saw two men coming from the tangled growth of the forest by the sea-marge, and raised his arm so that they perceived him and did hasten toward him.

And the king, deeming them to be warriors from his own army, and not knowing that they were spies sent out from Hilo to search out the plan for the attack, commanded them to help him and to release him from the cleft wherein he was caught.

But the two men, seeing the mantle of rare feathers in which the king was decked, said to one another, "Be-

hold the cloak that decks his shoulders and the helm of scarlet and yellow feathers upon his brow! Surely this is a great chief of Kamehameha's army and we will kill him, thereby gaining for ourselves much praise and great reward."

And one of the men, drawing apart a few paces, did raise his arm and did hurl a heavy spear at Kamehameha with intent to slay him. But the king, with swift movement, did throw himself flat upon the rock so that the spear passed over him and harmed him not.

And while the second man made ready to hurl his spear, certain of Kamehameha's captains drew nigh: and, seeing the danger of their king, did run forward swiftly, calling upon him to be of good cheer. The which hearing, the two fishermen, who were spies, made swift retreat, coming afterwards in safety to their homes at Hilo where they related their adventure in trembling and fear of the vengeance of the great king.

But later, when Kamehameha had taken the stronghold of Hilo, he did build great storehouses upon the beach and did fill them with all manner of things for his armies and for the people. For he was ever careful of his troops and wrought much for their comfort.

And, sitting under the tall palm-tree upon the beach nigh unto the storehouses, he did hold court daily, dispensing justice wisely and with equity before all the chiefs and the warriors there gathered, so that all men marvelled greatly at his wisdom and power.

And it befell that, one morning, the day being hot and the rays of the sun beating down with exceeding fierceness, Kamehameha did come to the palm-tree whereunder was grateful shade and cool, to hold the daily court of justice. But, while he was hearing a charge against one of his soldiers, an outcry arose among the people, so that the king was vexed and cried out for silence.

And they brought unto him two prisoners, fast bound so that they could not escape, and did set them before the king, the while one of the captains did bear witness against them.

"Greetings to thee, O King. Behold these twain evil-doers are in very truth the malefactors who did attempt to slay thee what time thy foot was caught in the cleft at Papae. Long time have we sought them, and found them not until this day, when a woman, wed to one of thy soldiers, did tell of a cave where they were hid. So straightway we did send men and did enter the cavern, finding them therein and so bringing them captive before thee. And now, O King, we pray thee deliver them to us that we may kill them here upon the beach before thee. So may all the King's enemies perish miserably."

But the king rested for a space with his hand before his eyes, deep in thought, for he was a wise and most noble king and loved not to kill in cold blood but in the heat of battle only. And presently he arose with his great cloak of yellow feathers around him, very beautiful to see, and upon his head his helm of yellow and scarlet, and, turning his back

upon the people, did lay his hand upon the palm-tree and bowed him low before it.

Then, swiftly, he turned again and lifted up his voice, and spake:

"Hearken, O my people and give ear unto the wisdom of the king. Full many years have I led mine armies, now in this battle and in that: and the victory hath come in full measure so that now am I king of all the great island of Hawaii.

"With justice have I ruled, and I have punished the evil-doers until I am weary of the punishing. Now therefore, hearken unto me, for this day have the high-gods spoken unto me, and mine eyes have been turned inward so that much have I learned of their wisdom. Behold! as I came hither this day the sun did beat upon mine head and did sore vex me so that it could no longer be borne. And when I had reached this tall palm-tree and had come under the shadow of its crest, it did cast its mantle of shade over me so that I was cooled and refreshed withal, and my heart did well up within me in gratitude for its mercy and kindness.

"Now, therefore, from this tree have I learned the wisdom and mercy of the gods, so that I will be merciful even as they are merciful. This then, is my decree: that ye do take these two men who sought to slay me, and do loose their bonds and set them free. And do take them to my storehouse and do give them the where-withal they need so that they may again go down to the sea and fish. So shall they tell their fellows of the king's mercy and judgment, and shall come no more to fight against me,

but shall henceforth abide at peace with me and with these my people."

Now, as the king spake these words, a grey dove came flying and did light full upon the king's shoulder, sitting there and fearing not. So that the people wondered greatly and thought that the gods communed with Kamehameha before them all in the guise of a dove that feared not.

The which Kamehameha perceiving, a light shone from his countenance and, putting forth his hand he took the dove from his shoulder, holding it full gently so that it came to no hurt.

And, holding forth the dove, the king spake yet again:

"Behold this bird, O my people. It cometh to the King and feareth not, even though it be small and weak and young. Let this be a sign unto you of the further mercy of the king, for now do I proclaim unto you a law which shall be called Ma-ma-la-ho-a, and which shall be observed by my people for all time to come. I do charge ye now that, by my royal decree, the young and the aged, the old men and the children and the young women shall no more have fear among the people, for none shall come nigh them to do them wrong. And henceforth the young women may lie down to sleep by the pathways in safety, and the children shall play whithersoever they list, and the aged

men and women shall dwell in peace and none shall make war upon them in all this land.

"For I, Kamehameha the King have spoken, and this palm-tree shall bear me witness that this day, under its shadow have I made this my Mamelahoa law which none shall dare disobey. See to it then, ye captains, that the story of the king's mercy is spread abroad throughout the land, and send forth my messengers that they may bear the tidings to every part thereof. So be it."

And as the king's messengers, running very swiftly, did depart upon their errand to every part of the great island of Hawaii, the king did lift his hand, and gently stroking the grey dove, did place it against his lips for a moment and did set it free so that it flew away right joyfully and did come to no hurt from the king.

This then, is the story of the mercy of the king and of the wise and good law given by him under the tall coconut palm on the beach at Hilo, and, as the tale was told to me, so have I set it down. And all who care for such matters may go and stand beneath its shadow this day, hard by the railroad depot, for the tree indeed still stands, and none have ventured to destroy it, though they know not why.

SUN YAT-SEN

By HENRY B. RESTARICK

CHAPTER I

His Birthplace, His Boyhood and His Boy-name.

FOR a number of years China has attracted the attention of the world in a remarkable degree. The aspiration of many of its people for enlightenment, the growth of national consciousness, and the struggle of a party for constitutional government, have elicited the interest, and to a large extent, the sympathy of Americans and Europeans.

The man who was largely instrumental in originating and promoting the movement for the modernizing of China was Sun Yat-sen. The lack of authentic information about his early life is due to two causes. One is that he was extremely reticent about himself, even to his intimate associates. The other is that those who knew the facts refused to communicate them as they did not know what use would be made of them. A third may be added, and that is, as readily shown, he sometimes told misleading stories in regard to his life, when he considered there was sufficient reason for so doing.

When the author was urged by friends of Sun Yat-sen to write about him, he wrote to Sun Fo, the son of the revolutionist, and he received the following letter:

"I am pleased that you are so much interested in the life of my father as to make special effort to secure true facts relating thereto.

"It is generally felt by authors, foreign as well as Chinese, that there is great difficulty in getting reliable sources of information to write an accurate biography of my father, as the existing books dealing with his life are most unsatisfactory. You are, however, fortunate in having secured persons right in Honolulu who can give you true accounts of his boyhood and career.

"I shall be glad to answer as fully as I can any questions you may ask me."

Yours truly,
(Signed) Sun Fo."

Sun Fo knew well the men who were ready to give me information and was aware that they had intimate personal knowledge of the early life of his father both in China and Hawaii.

Of the five Chinese who have given the writer information about Sun Yat-sen, one was born in the same village and knew him intimately from boyhood until his death; another went to school with him and was his ardent supporter; the third was his sworn blood-brother and was with him in two of his escapes; the fourth was his agent in Honolulu; the fifth

was baptized at the same time with him and was a staunch friend. All of them are highly respected men in Honolulu, two of them are wealthy, two others were employed by large wholesale firms for over thirty years; the last is a notary public and often acts as interpreter in the courts. There have been other sources of information equally reliable.

It is always important to know something of the early life of men who become prominent in the world's affairs. Their place of birth, parentage, environment and education are factors in their future development.

Sun Yat-sen, who may certainly be styled the Revolutionist, was born in the village of Choy Hung, in the Province of Kwangtung, China. It is situated about forty miles from Canton, a short distance from the estuary of the Pearl River. The date of his birth is variously given, but it was in 1866, and the day was November second.

The different dates given for his birth no doubt arise from the fact that he generally gave his age according to Chinese reckoning, which is not the same as ours. At whatever time of the year a child is born, on the first day of the Chinese New Year, he is said to be one year old. This is the case even if he were born the day before the festival. If an old Chinese gives his age, it is well to ask whether he is counting in the Chinese or foreign way for the difference may be one or even two years, as New Year's Day varies according to the moon.

Since different dates are given in publications, it may be well to know

what he himself said. On the last anniversary of his birth, which he spent in Canton shortly before his death, Dr. Sun had a few friends at dinner. Among them was Eugene Chen, who was his personal secretary during the last three years of his life. He wrote: "At this dinner, in answer to a question, Dr. Sun made the statement that he was that day fifty-eight years old, calculating in the foreign style, having been born in Choy Hung, Province of Kwangtung, on November 2, 1866, which corresponds to the 25th day of the ninth moon, in the fifth year of the Emperor Tung Chi."

His father's name was Sun Tatsung, Sun being the family name, which Chinese custom places first. He was a rice farmer, but did not own the land which he cultivated. He rented it paying for it about one-half of the crop. His house, like most in the village, was built of rice straw mixed with mud and lime, which made quite a substantial dwelling. The roof and floors were of tiles. Light and air were admitted through openings which were closed with wooden shutters when it was cold or windy. The furniture was simple, consisting of a table, chairs and beds.

In this house was born the boy who was to grow to be a man whose name would be known all over the world, as the chief instrument in arousing his people from the lethargy of the ages.

His mother was a little-footed woman for she was a Punti, and as such looked down upon the Hakka women who did not, as a rule, have their feet bound. Hakka means

stranger, and many centuries ago these people came from the north and occupied land in Kwangtung. They spoke a different dialect.

When she gave birth to a son on November 2, 1866, a baby-name was soon given him, according to custom. This name usually expressed some wish for the future of the child, or was taken from some incident connected with his birth, or of the time immediately preceding it. Several names were suggested, but the mother insisted that he be called Tai Cheong, and by this name the future Sun Yat-sen was known during his entire boyhood, both at home and at school.

The reason she chose this name she told in Honolulu in 1896, when she had gone there after the failure of Sun's first attempt at insurrection in 1895. She, with Dr. Sun's wife and her three children, had fled to Hong Kong, fearful lest the authorities would wreak vengeance on the family of the rebel. She was now a widow and wanted to go to Hawaii where her oldest son, Ah Mi, was prosperous. At this time Luke Chan, an old friend of the family had gone to China from Honolulu to get a wife, and in his care the Sun family reached the Hawaiian Islands.

On landing the women and children went to the house of friends named Chau, where they were cared for until they could go to the Island of Maui, where Ah Mi lived. The widow was in great distress because of her exile from her old home, and often in her Punti dialect would give vent to her feelings and say: "Oh Tai Cheong! Why did you bring this

trouble on your family? Why did you not live peaceably in Choy Hung, instead of making all this disturbance?"

Hearing this often repeated, Chang Chau, one of the household, asked her why she kept calling her son Tai Cheong, a name he had not heard before. Her answer was this story:

"About a month before Yat-sen was born I had a dream which greatly troubled me. There came to me the great god Buck Dai. He had his hair hanging down like our people wear it in time of sorrow. He was weeping and looked at me as if he were much worried. When I woke the thought came to me that the god was afraid the child which I was soon to bring into the world would cause him some injury.

"When the child was born I chose the name Tai Cheong, and I have always called him that, and if he had lived up to its meaning he would never have brought this trouble upon his family. Oh Tai Cheong! Why did you take up with the ways of the foreign people?"

To understand the reason of the widow's lament, an explanation is necessary. To know the meaning of the words a Chinese would have to see the characters representing the idea. Seeing the characters on the family scroll in Choy Hung, a Chinese scholar would at once perceive their significance. Tai (or Dai) is god, and Cheong, used in this connection, conveys the idea of one who serves.

The god who appeared to the mother in her dream was the central one of the three in the village temple, whose name was Buck Dai. He had

long hair, which in the dream was hanging about his face. In giving her son the name she was dedicating him to the service of this god. When he grew up, he repudiated it by a remarkable act, as we shall see.

The boyhood of Tai Cheong was like that of millions of boys in China. Choy Hung was a typical Chinese village containing about five hundred inhabitants. The people of this place were singularly progressive, for all the boys attended the school supported by the villagers. In a country where ninety per cent are illiterate, this is remarkable. But stranger still was the fact that, contrary to the general custom, girls attended the school as well as the boys, if their parents desired it.

When Tai Cheong went to this school the teacher was an accomplished Chinese scholar. Of course the teaching was carried on in the old way, the pupils studying out loud and reciting one by one with backs turned to the teacher. They learned the names of the characters, but did not know their meaning until later. They learned nothing of the outside world nor anything of modern knowledge. School began at about 6 A. M. in summer and continued until 5 P. M., and there were few holidays, except a few days at the beginning of the new year.

When Tai Cheong left this school he was about thirteen years old, and he knew about 3,000 characters. He never attended any other Chinese school, and was not an advanced Chinese scholar, though he was very studious and acquired a knowledge of many more characters as he grew older.

At that time there was no Christian mission at Choy Hung, so that the boy had no opportunity to learn any English there. The people were without exception Confucians, they worshipped in the temple and honored the shades of their ancestors on memorial days. It is necessary to state these facts because it has been widely reported in publications that the boy's father was an agent for the London Missionary Society, and that Tai Cheong learned English in his native village. Sun Tat-sung was an earnest Confucian and was greatly disturbed when his son expressed his desire to be baptized, a few years after he left China.

It is often asked where Sun Yat-sen got his revolutionary ideas. It certainly was not in his native village. But there were some things which the boy must have heard. The Cantonese hated the Manchu rulers, holding them to be usurpers and not of the Chinese race. The village folk were afraid to talk on such matters openly, and the older men warned the younger of the danger of expressing their opinions, as there were spies abroad. But he must have heard of the Tai Ping rebellion which had come to an end only a short time before he was born, and in which many Cantonese were implicated.

It was when Tai Cheong was about thirteen years old that his brother, Ah Mi, who was doing well in the Hawaiian Islands, went to his father urging him to send the younger son to Honolulu. Ah Mi was an enterprising man and saw the advantage of a modern education, which he promised his younger brother should have, if he came. As many Chinese were go-

ing to Hawaii at that time there was no difficulty in sending him. Glowing accounts had come from those who had gone to the Hawaiian Islands, and Sun Tat-sung, with others, looked upon Hawaii as the land of opportunity. It was arranged that Tai Cheong should be sent to join his brother.

The record would not be complete unless notice were taken of the oft-repeated story, in books and papers, that Sun Yat-sen was born in Hawaii and, therefore, was a citizen of the United States.

At the time the United States annexed the Republic of Hawaii by treaty, an Organic Act was passed by Congress in 1898; under its provisions all who had been born in Hawaii prior to that date were recognized as citizens of the United States of America.

In view of the facts already given, how did the story originate that Sun Yat-sen was born in Hawaii? The answer is plain. In 1904 Sun Yat-sen obtained a certificate that he was born in the Hawaiian Islands. The older Chinese in Honolulu knew at the time that it was obtained by fraud, but out of sympathy for Dr. Sun, and knowing that in traveling about he was in danger of his life, they kept quiet.

A copy of the birth certificate is here given.

DEPOSITION OF HAWAIIAN
BIRTH
SUN YAT-SEN

Adult No. 25.)
Territory of Hawaii)
Island of Oahu)

I, Sun Yat-sen, being first duly

sworn, depose and say that to the best of my knowledge and belief, I was born at Waimanu, Ewa, Oahu, on the 24th day of November 1870; that I am a physician, practicing at present at Kula, Island of Maui; that I make my home at said Kula; that my father, Sun Tat-sung, went to China in 1874, and died there about eight years later; and this affidavit is made for the purpose of identifying myself; and as a further proof of my Hawaiian birth; that the photograph attached is a good likeness of me at this time.

(Signed) Sun Yat sen.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this ninth day of March, A. D., 1904. (SEAL) (Signed) Kate Kelly.
Notary Public, First Judicial Circuit, Territory of Hawaii.

This is to certify that I have made a thorough examination of the statements made here and am satisfied as to their accuracy, and that the photograph attached is a good likeness and that the signature was made by the applicant.

(Signed) A. L. C. Atkinson,
Secretary of Hawaii.

Adult No. 25.)
Territory of Hawaii) ss.
Office of the Secretary)

TO ALL TO WHOM THESE
PRESENTS SHALL COME
GREETING.

This is to certify that Sun Yat-sen, now residing at Kula, Maui, T. H., whose signature is attached, has made application No. 25 for a certificate of birth.

And that it appears from his affi-

davit and the evidence submitted by witnesses, that he was born in the Hawaiian Islands, on the 24th day of November, A. D., 1870, and that the photograph attached is a good likeness of him at this time.

In testimony whereof the Secretary of the Territory has hereunto subscribed his name and caused the Seal of the Territory of Hawaii to be affixed.

(Signed) A. L. C. Atkinson.

Done in Honolulu this 14th day of March 1904.

Signature of Sun Yat-sen,

(Signed) Sun Yat-sen.

Mr. Atkinson used every effort to ascertain the facts of birth of Sun Yat-sen, but he was deceived. Shortly before his death in 1926 he wrote: "What you say about Dr. Sun interests me considerably.

When I was Secretary I issued to him a birth certificate. I went to a great deal of trouble in getting evidence of his birth. The evidence recorded in the Secretary's office when the certificate was issued is not by any means all the evidence that I took concerning his birth. I went thoroughly into the matter at the time and I was satisfied from the evidence and issued the certificate."

In connection with the foregoing it should be borne in mind that at the time the certificate was obtained, Sun Yat-sen was a refugee from China, and there was a reward of a half million dollars upon his head. He was visiting his brother on Maui and was preparing to go to the United States. There were spies everywhere, and several attempts were made to kidnap him. He wanted to travel un-

molested in order to promote the interests of the revolution and to secure funds to carry on the propaganda for it. This he could do more freely as an American citizen than as a subject of the Chinese Empire. It was on Dr. Sun's part a war measure. Whether his conduct was in any essential point different from that of diplomats who have often deceived to gain their ends, or any worse than the lies for propaganda told during the Great War, it is for the reader to judge.

I suppose in getting the birth certificate, he and his friends who swore falsely reasoned somewhat as Lieutenant O'Brien did, in his advice to Peter Simple, in the novel by Captain Marryat, when he said:

"I know but one point on which a lie is excusable, and that is when you wish to deceive the enemy. Then your duty to your country warrants your lying till you're black in the face, and for the very reason that it goes against your grain, it becomes, as it were, a sort of virtue."

At the time the certificate was obtained a story was put in circulation that Sun Tat-sung had been in Hawaii, but it was untrue, and Dr. Sun's mother never saw Hawaii until she came in 1896.

As far as can be ascertained Sun Yat-sen never used the birth certificate but once, and that was at Bangkok, Siam, when he was in danger and appealed to the American Consul. In his conversation he freely said that he was born in China. Once in Shanghai, his friend Paul M. Linebarger said to him: "Doctor, what about this report that you were born

in Honolulu?" The reply was: "It is true that the report was circulated. You see some of my over-zealous followers thought that I could obtain protection from the American Government by claiming to have been born in Honolulu. So of their own accord they circulated the report, but no, Choy Hung is the hamlet of my birth, and the birthplace of my immediate forebears. The village of our ancestral temple is at Kung Lung on the East River."

Whatever excuse one may advance for his conduct, in his struggle with an unscrupulous and cruel foe, in the shape of the Manchu government, yet it is well to keep his contradictory statements in mind. It will lead us to be careful in accepting statements which he made at other times, when he thought that deceit would serve his purpose.

CHAPTER II.

Sun Yat-sen in Hawaii. His School Days There. He Embraces the Christian Religion.

The Sandwich Islands, as the Hawaiian group was called for many years after their discovery by Captain Cook in 1778, were soon known to the Chinese. Due to his discovery, the fur trade soon began between Canton and the Northwest Coast of America, in which Americans and English engaged.

The vessels employed in this trade usually called at the Sandwich Islands, and when sandal wood was found there, traders began to carry

that wood to Canton. After 1800 this business assumed large proportions and the Chinese called the Hawaiian group the Sandal Wood Islands which name they bear in China to this day.

In the first half of the last century a number of Chinese had become residents of the Islands, but it was not until 1876 that they came in large numbers. It was then that the reciprocity treaty was signed between the United States and Hawaii which led to the rapid development of the sugar industry. This led to a demand for labor and the Hawaiian Government sent agents to Canton to bring over laborers under contract. Some paid their own passages and these were free to engage in business. Among these was Ah Mi, the brother of Sun Yat-sen, who, soon after his arrival, engaged in rice planting on the Island of Maui.

The elder brother is called in Chinese, Da Ko, and he has an authority next to the father. Ah Mi, was the Da Ko, of Sun Yat-sen, and, on the arrival of his younger brother in Honolulu, he determined to place him in some school where he could learn English, for he saw the important business of Hawaii was done in that language. A boarding school would be the best, for there he would learn English more rapidly.

At this time there was a boarding school which was admitting a limited number of Chinese. It was conducted by the Rt. Rev. Alfred Willis of the Anglican Church, and was originally intended for the better class of Hawaiian and part Hawaiian boys. The name of the school, Iolani, had been

given to it by King Kamehameha V, who was interested in the work of the Church which his brother Kamehameha IV had been instrumental in bringing to Hawaii in 1862.

Ah Mi had an interview with the Bishop and the boy Tai Cheong entered Iolani School as a boarder after the summer vacation of 1879. He knew no English at that time, so those who were his schoolmates positively assert. He was one of five Chinese boys at Iolani, all of whom wore their cues, and most of them retained them while they remained in the institution.

The man who taught Tai Cheong the rudiments of English was a Hawaiian, Solomon Meheule, who had been educated in the school, and was well known to the writer. All the teachers, except this Hawaiian, were Englishmen whom Bishop Willis had brought over to assist him in his work. In this school Tai Cheong spent about six years during the formative period of his life.

In the endeavor to show that some republican ideas came to the boy while living in Hawaii, it has been said that his teachers were Americans, and that he was under American influence. Nothing could be further from the facts. The whole atmosphere of Iolani School was intensely British. Bishop Willis and the teachers were British by birth, education, and sympathy. English history was taught, but no American history. In fact, so English was the school that all the text books were English, even the arithmetic did not deal with dollars but with pounds, shillings, and pence. The ordinary

English branches were taught and in the higher classes a little Latin.

As a boarder, Tai Cheong, was able to see few people outside the school, so that his contact with Americans was very small. Hawaii was a monarchy and the teachers, as well as the Hawaiians who constituted the great majority of the pupils, were loyal to the kingdom.

It is true that American influence was strong in the Islands, which had steadily grown from the time when the American Congregational missionaries had come in 1820. But in the days when Tai Cheong was at Iolani there was a strong British element, due to the fact that there were many British in business in the Islands. There was a British faction even among the Hawaiians, who, with the British, opposed every measure which they thought would lead in time to annexation to the United States. The English bishop was the spokesman for those who opposed American aggression, and Iolani was the center of British influence.

The foregoing statement has occupied some space, and has been emphasized because it has often been asserted, or assumed, that Sun Yat-sen was indoctrinated with Republican principles during his residence in Hawaii. When Dr. Sun became well known, Bishop Willis wrote on this point in his diocesan magazine in 1896: "As far as can be remembered, Tai Cheong's school days gave no indication of his future career. He has left no tradition of hatching plots against magisterial authority. Nor will any one suppose that he was indoctrinated at Iolani with the love

of a republican form of government, much less with the desire of revolutionizing the Celestial Kingdom after the model of the Hawaiian Republic, which was then unborn."

The last portion of the quotation will be understood when it is remembered that the Hawaiian Republic was inaugurated on July 4, 1894, and that Bishop Willis bitterly opposed it by speech and written word. He strenuously maintained that Liliuokalani was the rightful sovereign, and by this attitude incurred the dislike of Americans.

However, if this Chinese youth did not gain a knowledge of Republican principles at Iolani, he must have learned something of constitutional government, for Hawaii had enjoyed that blessing since 1839. He must have absorbed something of Anglo-Saxon ideals of liberty and justice, for Americans and British had been the advisors of the Hawaiian government for many years. He must have learned something from his brother and others of the way in which justice was administered by the really excellent judiciary of Hawaii. He must have seen that the working man had a chance to improve his condition, and that he would not be robbed by officials of the proceeds of his labor. He must have had impressed upon his young mind the blessings of living in a country where life and property were safe, and where men were not in constant fear of a government which was merciless towards those who dared to advance ideas which they hoped would improve conditions. After living in Hawaii for some six years he must have

noticed the difference between Hawaii and China when he returned home in 1885. No doubt his life at Iolani greatly influenced his mind in the matters indicated.

Those who were students at Iolani while Sun Yat-sen was there do not remember anything remarkable about him. They say he was very studious, but that is a characteristic of the Chinese who attend American or English schools. They say he was very good at such mathematics as were taught there. One said: "If Sun Yat-sen got any ideas of the struggle for liberty when at Iolani, he must have obtained it from reading English history, the wresting of Magna Charta from King John or the struggle of Cromwell against the autocracy of Charles I, and the development of constitutional government in Great Britain."

All agree that he acquired a correct knowledge of English very rapidly. He heard no other language because the Hawaiian boys were not permitted to speak in their native tongue in order that they might learn English quickly. Hawaiians who had a good knowledge of English were sure of employment and many of the students became prominent in the service of the Government.

So rapid was the progress of Sun in English that on July 27, 1882, he received the second prize in English grammar. It was given to him by King Kalakaua, who was present at the closing exercises of the school, as were also his sister, Princess Liliuokalani, and the Dowager Queen Emma, the widow of Kamehameha IV, all of whom took an interest in

the institution. This was very good for a boy who, three years before, could not speak a word of English.

While none of his companions ever heard him talk about government in China, during his school life, still, he did get into his heart and mind a spirit of revolt in one important particular, which undoubtedly had much to do with his future revolutionary career. From daily contact with earnest Christian people, and from the definite religious instruction which he received with all the other pupils, he became convinced of the folly of idolatry. He came to believe that much of the backwardness of China was due to superstition and the dread of evil spirits, which entered into every phase of the life of the people from the time of their birth, and continued until their death, and then to the ceremonies connected with their burials.

Besides the religious teaching, the boys at Iolani were obliged to attend daily morning and evening prayers in the school chapel, and on Sundays all were taken to St. Andrew's Cathedral. Bishop and Mrs. Willis took a deep interest in students, and they ate with them in the same dining room. The Bishop himself taught classes in Christian doctrine. In daily close contact with the teachers and matron, Tai Cheong could not but be impressed with the kindness and fairness of those who cared for the welfare of his body, mind, and soul.

It is no wonder, therefore, that he imbibed a spirit of contempt for the superstitions of idolatry and gained a belief in one God the Father. It

is interesting to note that all of the Chinese who attended Iolani at this time became Christians, and some of them in time became leaders in churches in Honolulu and elsewhere. When Tai Cheong saw his school-mates being prepared for baptism, it was natural for him to desire to enter the Christian church with them.

He told his brother frankly that he had become a Christian in belief and wanted to be baptized. He said he was convinced of the folly of idolatry, and ridiculed the household god of his brother, which he, like other Chinese, had in a shrine in his house. Ah Mi was very angry, became violent and threatened the boy. He blamed himself for sending his brother to a Christian school, and said he would take him out of Iolani and send him home.

Bishop Willis referring to this in his diocesan magazine said: "He (Tai Cheong) learned the truths of Christianity at Iolani, but was not permitted by his heathen relatives to be baptized."

Ah Mi wrote to his father telling him what had occurred, and word came back that the boy must be sent home to China at once. The letter said: "I will take this Jesus nonsense out of him when he gets home. I will see whether he will abandon the religion and customs of his ancestors and take up with the superstitions of the foreign devils." So it was that Tai Cheong left Iolani and arrangements were made for his return to China.

It appears necessary in this place to comment upon an article which appeared in the Strand Magazine in

1912. It is said to be a statement made by Sun Yat-sen when in London in 1911, and has been widely quoted. It is so entirely at variance with facts given in the foregoing chapter, that it is hard to imagine that it could have emanated from him, and yet it is said he authorized it. If we did not know that when there was an important object to be gained he made false statements, we should brand it as fraud perpetrated by others.

The first part of the article reads: "Up to the year 1885, when I was eighteen years of age, I led the life of any Chinese boy, except that from my fathers' conversion to Christianity, and his employment by the London Missionary Society, I had greater opportunity of coming in contact with English and American missionaries in Canton. An English lady became interested in me, and I learnt eventually to speak English."

The testimony of the Chinese who knew Sun Yat-sen from boyhood until his death, and the positive statements of his fellow students at Iolani, the foregoing story is absolutely false. C. K. Ai who entered the school with Tai Cheong, says the boy

did not know a word of English at that time. The one who was his first teacher made the same assertion.

His friends say that he could not have authorized the statement made in the Strand article. It will be noticed no mention is made of the years he spent in Honolulu. If Dr. Sun did authorize the article, it must have been in order to deceive the English people as to his youth, and to enlist the sympathy of English Christians. He must have wished the public of Great Britain to believe that his early life was influenced by their missionaries, and so gain support for his revolutionary projects. That he did try to enlist public opinion in his favor is evident throughout his remarkable career. That he was a past-master in the art of propaganda is acknowledged.

It must be remembered also that Chinese generally are extremely reticent about their lives, and often mislead in order to put an end to curiosity. A man who could, as a war measure, swear that he was born in Hawaii, would not hesitate to deceive if he thought he could gain sympathy for his cause.

(To be Continued)

UNDER A COCONUT PALM

By JIMMY AKAMOKU

I.—A POWDER MONKEY'S PARADISE

HE was a powder monkey in the British forces before the gates of Alexandria in the Egyptian war which brought about the relief of Khartum too late to save Chinese Gordon from the Mahdi.

Later he worked his way through the basin of the Niger River to the Guinea coast and every now and then a slight spell of fever returns to remind him on the shore of Kaneohe Bay on windward Oahu that he once roamed in ivory jungles of Equatorial Africa.

Fishing in his coral bay and farming his acres almost under the shadow of the Pali, where the first and nearly legendary Kamehameha completed his union of the Hawaiian Islands by driving the Oahu natives over the cliff, the one-time British soldier, who fought for the "Widder of Windsor" long before the poet of Simla and Rangoon builded the fame of Fuzzy Wuzzy and Gungha Din, sits on his lanai, watching his boy who has never been 300 miles from Diamond Head and the boy's mother in whose generous veins runs the blood of a chiefess of the Kona coast of the Big Island.

"Not for all the money on this island", said he between puffs on his priceless briar, "would I live over in Honolulu the way I would have to live, if I were to go there for my

home, nor in London. They would not understand London and I suppose London would not understand them. And the snows and the cold would be their deadly enemies, and maybe mine too by this time.

"Here I am on my own land, surrounded by my own in the heart of their little world and mine. Contentment is mine and from far-flung ports sometimes comes a friend of other years,—the years before I found my paradise to the windward of the Koolau mountains. Here are happiness and quiet and contentment with my wife, my boy, my dog, my pigs, my cattle and my chickens, my pipe, my oke and my books.

"From my lanai I see the vessels from the mainland round Diamond Head and those from the Orient, Australia and the South Seas straighten out for the run to California. They are all in a hurry, but I am not. The land of Aloha is my land."

II.—NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

FOR years and years Wu Long Koo worked all day and half the night—he and his faithful wife—conducting the Yangtse Chop Sui Restaurant near the waterfront and within a stone's throw of Nuuanu stream in the heart of the Oriental quarter of Honolulu. During the thrifty years they never lost sight of their ambition to return in their old age to the banks of the Pearl

River a hundred miles or so from Hong Kong to be gathered to their ancestors not far from the borders of the South China Sea.

There came a day, when Wu, counting his dollars and reckoning them in taels, saw his way open to return to his home land, free from the fight for a competence. The restaurant was sold, and Wu and his wife sailed for their Oriental village.

Arriving in the home land, Wu and his wife found that, while he and his wife struggled and slaved in Honolulu, China too had been turning over in turmoil. The Canton district, filled with emissaries from Red Moscow, had dreamed dreams of Utopia, which, instead of invigorating the ancient land, had brought war and pestilence and the breaking up of thousands of family ties—among them the home associations of Wu's family.

Wu at home at last in China could find nobody who knew him—nobody with whom to trade old memories and the experiences of his life in the crossroads of the Pacific.

Silently Wu and his wife started back for Oahu, in order to live with people who knew there was such a person as Wu.

With the restaurant in new hands and much of the savings of a lifetime dissipated in the child-like trip to Cathay, Wu found himself in need of a job.

Today Wu is head waiter in his old restaurant employed by the business man who bought him out. But Wu is happy once more. He lives in a smaller house but his wife is there, and in his spare hours he has friends who share his memories, his passing fancies and his hopes.

III.—LILIHA'S MOTHER.

CLAD in a long calico holoku or missionary wrapper and straw sandals was Liliha's mother the day I first saw her, while giving myself what I chose to call a hothouse education in Hawaiian antiquities.

Liliha herself in a Kalakaua edition of a Paris frock, silk stockings and high heels had been my evening-long dance partner in the moonlight on a broad hotel lanai more times than Lancelot ever saw Elaine, but I had never seen her family.

Her father was Scotch and the sugar plantation partner of three sons of a Yankee missionary. They rather negatively disliked to have the world think of Hawaii as the home of the pagan hula dance, but they had stockholding interests in hotel properties near Waikiki Beach, and tourists, who try to use surf boards, ride in outrigger canoes and watch at least one hula in a hectic week between steamers from the mainland, spell dividends.

Liliha in modern frock dancing with me on the lanai and Liliha, garbed in the traditional straw skirt, wreathed with leis of carnations and ilima and weaving the weird spell of the ancient hula were the two Lilihas I saw, and I did not know which Liliha was the more subtle enchantress. I had not seen her at a family luau, barefooted, gowned in a holoku, feasting on raw fish, roast pork and the baked delicacy of poi-fed dog, and drinking the native oke.

My mentor, an oldtimer on the islands whose ancestry, peculiarly, was neither Scotch nor missionary, told me that in the days of the merry monarch, Kalakaua Rex, one of the maids-in-waiting at the old Hawaiian

palace had been a brown beauty, who nearly made him forget the rose gardens of Southern England. His Scotch rival, however, had borne away the prize, and this prize beauty of King Kalakaua's court was Liliha's mother.

For some time I have been musing on the rival appeals of The Queen of Sheba and the lily maid of Astolat down through the centuries of headstrong men and beautiful women. Maybe, after all I shall have to see Diamond Head disappear on a distant horizon, as I sail for some less fascinating land, in order to foresee Liliha in her later years, clad in a holoku and straw sandals, eating raw opihi and joining in native wails for dead souls.

IV.—MONA AND HER KILO.

IN the latter days of the merry court of Kalakaua Rex the loveliest native rival of the mainland ballet dancers, whose portraits adorned the walls of the monarch's retreat at Kailua on the Big Island, was Mona, who was said to be the offspring of a scion of one of the alii or noble families and whose mother was known to have been a daughter of the garden island of Kauai.

For a cycle of gayety no luau or native feast on the fringe of the court circle of the tropic kingdom was soul-satisfying without a hula danced by Mona as only she could interpret the rhythmic tribute of the ancient Hawaiians to the principle of life.

In her wake at various times were princes, foreign naval officers and nearly every other personable sort of men, who had entree to the court,

except Scotch traders and missionaries,—and these exceptions did not include the sons of either traders or missionaries, other than those who were content to marry their first cousins.

Mona's brilliant butterfly time led most everybody, except philosophers, to expect that Mona, with a red hibiscus in her hair and a love song in her heart, would contract a gorgeous, half-barbaric marriage with some wealthy foreigner or planter amid the favoring smiles of the royal court.

Kalakaua died and two short years later the Hawaiian throne was overthrown. Feather cloaks of warrior kings were superseded by the black frock coats of sober republicans. Dancers were no longer ladies-in-waiting to his majesty, but just dancers who entertained at cottages near the hotels on the nights of the days when new steamerloads of tourists would arrive.

Trippers who wish to see a bit of tropic life without venturing beyond the pale of American plumbing are not a spectacular substitute for royal smiles, even when royalty is brown.

Two decades later casual travelers learned that for nearly twenty years Mona had been mending fishnets, making poi or keeping order in the tent of her husband, Kuhio, the kilo.

In his youth Kuhio was a wonderful netmaker and all his life a kilo, which is the native Hawaiian designation for a man who can stand far up on the Oahu Pali, search the windward depths with his eyes and signal to the fishermen where the mullet are.

With the hano or bottom net and

the kupo or all-night wall net Kuhio was an artist. And he considered his profession an art. When he died, it was by his wish that the death certificate bore the legend, "Occupation of deceased—None—Never worked in his life."

He would dive into shark holes, scare out the moku and go back after the ulu, which he would pull out with his hands. No spear for him.

Kuhio died in a makeshift tent on the sands of Waikiki,—on the beach where his wife Mona died and where his mother, a woman from the Kona coast of the volcano island, had passed away. He died, as he had wished, in the glory of the early morning sun on the sands below Diamond Head, surrounded by a motley group of fishermen—Hawaiians, haoles and Orientals, who had in common their love for Kuhio and their memory of Mona.

V.—TWO WANDERERS.

I MET them both in the course of an otherwise uneventful week—one on top of the extinct crater of Punchbowl overlooking leeward Oahu and the other on the silver sands of Waikiki. All they seemed to have in common were their status as wanderers, their apparent lack of any wish to go home and their delight in telling me here and there something about themselves.

Standing on the rim of Punchbowl 4,500 miles from Panama, 4,600 miles from Manila, 4,000 miles from Wellington, New Zealand, 3,300 miles from Tokyo and 2,200 miles from

Pago in American Samoa, I turned and found I was not alone.

At my elbow stood an oldish man, who, like myself, had astonished the Portuguese settlers on the mountain side by trudging on foot past the doors of their cabins and bungalows up the road leading to the peak of the rim of the dead crater, within the bowl of which the Hawaiian National Guard trains its marksmen sharpshooters and expert riflemen.

Mr. Rainbow of London was the name as I caught it. His tweed suit was crumpled, but not worn shabby, and his old felt hat did duty in place of a sun helmet. I saw him again two nights later in Thomas Square, Honolulu, while listening to the old and ever new island melodies sung by the Hawaiian Band to the accompaniment of strains that included those of the ukulele and the steel guitar.

"I sail tomorrow night," he suddenly said, "for Pago, and then to Suva in the Fijis, and then—"

"And then," I prompted.

"And then to Rarotonga."

"Why," asked I, "should any one go to Rarotonga?"

"Because," he answered slowly, "in Rarotonga one has to wait but one or two fortnights to board a steamer that will take him in two days to Papeete, the heart of Tahiti."

"But why Tahiti?", I queried again.

"To live a while where all the charm of the South Seas may be found, while eating the entrees of a chef who knows when to use Bearnaise sauce and sipping champagne on sale at a French price."

"But, when are you going home?" I finally hazarded.

"When I have seen the world and am ready to immure myself in memories. For seventeen years I have been acquiring memories of the isles of the seas and of the lands between them and a little cigar store in Vernor street between Picadilly and Pall Mall, but there is still so much more to see.

"Come with me to Tahiti and see whether the East and the West meet under the Southern Cross between the Line and Capricorn any more than they do here, where one goes west to the Orient and sails east to California."

I saw him sail out over the horizon midway between Barber's Point and Diamond Head. Sometimes I stop to wonder for a moment whether at the end of his rainbow my wanderer was sheltered under the palm trees of Tahiti, exposed to the fury of a typhoon or cuddled in quarters within the sound of Bow Bells.

Quite another personality was that of a chap, whom I encountered on the beach, while watching casually the surfboard riders and outrigger canoes. Let his name be Ainslee. He was swarthy as a Kanaka, except for his loins which were kept white by the protection of his swimming trunks.

It was some time—an hour or so—before he told me a little about himself in this land, where incomplete stories are so readily volunteered among those who are neither tourists nor oldtimers.

Grand Rapids furniture had made his financial nest egg; a California

fruit ranch, developed and later sold at a wide profit, enhanced his worldly estate, and the death of his mother, leaving him her sole heir, rounded out his assurance of a competence for the remainder of his days. Without a stake in the coming generation and destitute of near and agreeable kin, he bought an annuity, and like Columbus, sailed west to go east.

He left his steamer at Honolulu, —for a change of linen, it was said, and with the intention to re-embark for Kobe a week later. That was nine years ago. Waikiki is still holding him with invisible chains.

"There is always the surf," he said. "Then there is the regimental parade at Schofield Barracks. And also twice a week a long late afternoon drive over the Pali to the windward side of the island with Zena," —with exotic, fascinating Zena, in whose veins mingle the blood of Portugal and that of the garden island of Kauai with more than a splash of Nippon.

In his Indian summer Ainslee was caught in a gossamer web. He and I still dine now and then in the restaurant, where they advertise, "Eggs from Contented Hens Used Here. Two Served Any Style 35 cents."

VI.—A MANHATTAN MIRAGE IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

THERE seems to be just one way a man can learn the essential things of life and that is by living them himself. Sidelights may be absorbed vicariously and even background may be inherited or assimilated from education or environment

or both. But the main factors of a person's life are really understood and accepted by him only out of his own experience.

We are prone to believe or at least suspect that the lessons of another's experience do not necessarily apply to us, because either our circumstances do not exactly duplicate those of the example set before us or that in point of ability to rise above and dictate to our circumstances is superior to that of our exemplar. And many times this is so.

John Macadam Orear had to be an itinerant newspaper man and non-descript magazine editor in the American Southwest and the variously exotic isles of the Pacific for a three-year period of quasi-Babylonian exile to acquire the suspicion that two of the first constituents of a comfortable existence for him should be reckoned to be funds for steamship fare to New York and the equivalent of an editorial job of some kind in the heart of Manhattan Island.

The three years have elapsed, but the exile is not over, because on the most careful budget of expenses that would not reduce his scale of living to a rice and kimono level, he figures that it will be at least eleven months more before his surplus cash will suffice to take him to the mainland, if no more of his clothes or shoes need to be replaced in the meantime.

The wages of the editor are in proportion to the market and Polynesian journalistic advertising pages often have limited value for tropical planters, steamship companies and tourist hotel men.

Economies that, if practised even

in New Orleans or San Francisco, would have laid the basis for a munificent annuity in a few years, became a necessity for Orear in order to provide white man's food and shelter south of the Line and now and then yield a few dollars to the homeland fund.

If you have just been a tourist in what the steamship folders call the golden islands of the South Pacific, you have no conception of what is in front of a copyreader, who has the nerve to go looking for any kind of a job in Papeete or Suva. The job may come soon or may require some waiting, and there is the problem of existence in the meantime. And, when the job comes, its income, as likely as not, will simply stop the deficit, if still greater economy is practised.

One great stage in Orear's mental anabasis to California on his way east will be accomplished, when he can walk aboard a vessel bound for Honolulu without risk of being classed as a stowaway. He will need another ad interim job there, and jobs in the crossroads of the Pacific are open every little while, but candidates are wanted who live and intend to live in Hawaii. Orear, if he is frank, will interfere with his own further progress towards Times Square by saying that he only wants a chance to earn his bare living and the cost of a first class steamship ticket to San Francisco.

When it comes to investment, Hawaii, which sells to the mainland more than \$120,000,000 of produce, largely sugar cane and pineapples, has an annual export credit balance of fully \$35,000,000. This balance

can go back into the islands to strengthen them industrially or be placed in mainland securities. This balance is a factor in the minds and plans of the planters and also the educators who are giving an American school training to thousands and a local college course to hundreds of Oriental or hapa-haole children, born under the Stars and Stripes and through education unfitted to compete with newly arrived Filipinos in the cane fields.

When it comes to employment, the kamaainas or oldtimers want the good places in business first for their own children and the surplus naturally is open preferably to malihinis or newcomers who wish to become kamaainas in time.

The problem for homeward bound Orear will not be insoluble by any means, but he may have to spend a few months watching the sunsets in the Pacific between Diamond Head and Barber's Point until the longing for asphalt pavements, Delmonico steaks and a cold brace in the air may

forever ruin for him the glories of surfriding and the romance of hula dancers at Waikiki Beach.

If during this exile Orear had had in his jeans a reserve fund to take him home when he willed it, he might have found paradise for a while under the cocoanut palms, the silk oaks and the monkey pods. But in the years of wanderlust he travelled from place to place on one-way tickets.

He suspects, however, that sooner or later Freud would have gotten in his work, and Orear might have had to decide between what might be little better than permanent beachcombing on coral or volcanic islands or face the problem of how to go home with babies that are brown or whose eyelids are oblique.

Orear is no one man. He is to be found in many odd nooks from Rarotonga to Sumatra and beyond,—wherever there is a slowly aging stubborn Yankee, whose ideal of home comfort continues to be a Manhattan mirage.

THE THREAD OF LIFE

BY JOY GOLDEN CAROSSIO

ALL dressed up and no place to go," laughed Frank McGrew as he and his pal stepped out of their San Francisco hotel.

"Oh, I dunno," countered Nevin as he hailed a taxi. "Say, Driver, we want wine, women and song. Lead us to it."

For answer the chauffeur opened the door of the cab and motioned them inside. A short ride, a long walk through mysterious alleys, up rickety stairs, down dark hallways and, at last, the driver, knocked at a door. A head was thrust out and after a few whispered words the pair were admitted into a place that the driver said was called "The Oasis." It was a typical pre-prohibition cafe.

Nevin and McGrew proceeded to enjoy themselves to the uttermost. They had just come back from a prosperous year in the oil fields. They were tired and wanted to play.

"Not so bad," declared McGrew after a time.

"And yet, not so good," replied Nevin. "The booze is vile and the entertainment cheap." Then he saw Linda! . . . Linda, the beautiful. The exotic! A singer of "blue" songs. A peacock in a barnyard of scrawny hens and dowdy old cocks. Linda!

Nevin sent for her to come to their table, and when she strutted over to them his heart gave a strange flop that he blamed on the bad booze. Until early morning he listened to her senseless chatter, drinking in her

beauty. Then dawn was just breaking when he walked uncertainly to the door with his arms about Linda.

"You are as beautiful as the dawn," he muttered thickly.

The girl laughed. "Well, come again," she invited. "Come again, when there's moonshine instead of sunshine."

Nevin did go back, again and again. After a time he was surprised to find himself sincerely in love with Linda. He was disgusted with himself, for while he knew that many cabaret girls have sterling characters, he knew that Linda was untalented, unprincipled and merely capitalizing her beauty. He had been taking his boss's daughter out quite a good deal, which seemed to please the old man; but since Nevin had met Linda, Daphne seemed almost insipid. Daphne was the girl for him; sweet, pure and they had much in common, but there was a fascination about the blatant Linda which Nevin seemed unable to resist.

When, at length, Nevin did stay away from the Oasis for over a week the other girls razed Linda. "Where's your sugar Daddy? He don't come around so often."

"Oh, he's away," Linda replied nonchalantly. "He had to take a trip south," she lied, and wondered where he was.

When Nevin did drop in at the Oasis again he was casual, indifferent. Linda laughingly asked him

what was the matter and was surprised when he told her. "I love you, but you don't give a damn."

"Yes, I do, Big Boy."

"No you don't, or you'd get out of here and be decent."

The girl looked at him from under her long, mascaraed lashes. "Oh, forget it. Let's have another drink."

"Can't you ever think of anything but drink?" asked Nevin as he motioned for the waiter.

Linda shrugged her beautiful shoulders and when the drink was served reached for the change. She COULD think of something else—money. And this was the girl he loved.

Before he left that night Nevin told Linda that he doubted if she would ever see him again. "I want to make a success of my work and I can't when I'm groggy from bad booze," he flatly declared.

"Aw, don't be a piker," Linda teased. "You're an honest to God he-man. You can stand anything."

"Maybe, but why should I? You don't care—"

"I'm crazy about you."

"Yeah, but not crazy enough." Nevin dismissed the subject to order more wine.

Linda, for once, was at a loss just what to do or say. She wanted to eat her cake and keep it, too. A few minutes later she excused herself and went to the dressing room. She was surprised how upset she was over his declaration that she would never see him again.

Zelda, another entertainer, was in the dressing room, too. She had cut her hand and was just disinfecting the wound with iodine.

"Hello, Cleopatra. How's Anthony tonight?" she bantered Linda.

"Hm, Miss Jealous Cat. Last time he was here he asked me to marry him," retorted Linda. The worst of it was that she spoke the truth, but she knew the girl didn't believe her.

Zelda laughed sarcastically and left the room. Linda bit her lips and uttered an oath under her breath. She sank into a chair and lit a cigarette. The bottle of iodine still stood on the dressing table. It suggested a wild scheme to Linda. She would pretend to kill herself and Joe Nevin would be overwhelmed with love and desire for her. She took the bottle and went back to the table where he was waiting.

"I'll drink your health, Boy," she said in a melo-dramatic voice and raised the bottle to her lips.

"Linda! My God! What are you doing? Nevin knocked the bottle from her hand but not before she had swallowed enough to make her very sick. Her crimson lips and soft, white skin were discolored and burned.

People crowded around. Someone telephoned to the Emergency Hospital. Various drinks were pressed to her lips. Linda pushed them all away and fought everyone but Nevin. The shriek of a siren sounded from outside. A man in white bent over her. They were taking her away. Linda struggled and kicked until she felt Nevin's strong warm hand close over her icy fingers.

"Come on, Linda. You're going to the hospital and I'm going with you. They'll fix you up. You'll be all right in no time."

The girl leaned back against the

cushions of the ambulance and she felt a thrill of satisfaction in spite of her misery. Nevin loved her. She was sure of that.

* * * * *

Two weeks later Linda was back in the Oasis again. Zelda had just sung a song and received but scanty applause. There were two ball-room dances with the people swaying and sweating together as they tried to dance on the postage stamp floor. The music stopped and the floor was cleared. It was Linda's turn now. She took the center of the dance floor with the air of a queen. The orchestra struck up a blue song and Linda sang, giving the words of the song added meaning by exotic movements of her beautiful body. A raw-boned, red-faced man who fairly reeked of the "sticks" sat at a table on the edge of the floor and sang with her. His voice was terrible but Linda didn't care. He had been spending money right and left all evening. Linda's hands itched and her throat was dry for wine—real champagne. She flirted with him while she sang. At the end of her song he showered her with money and motioned for her to come to his table.

* * * * *

Nevin called that night to take Linda home.

"She's gone," one of the girls told him.

"Thanks. I'll run up to the apartment."

Someone laughed. Nevin flushed and left the cabaret. Hailing a taxi he gave the address of Linda's apartment. He was mad! Hurt! He'd been a fool! Why did he care for

her? The taxi drew up in front of the apartment house. He could see the lights in her apartment from the street. He hoped, and knew that he was a fool for hoping. Up the stairs he hurried, two at a time, without waiting for the elevator. He'd find out the truth and face it. Everything was quiet. Perhaps he was mistaken—

A man's laugh broke the silence. Then a woman's voice. Her voice—soft and purring. Nevin opened the door and stepped into Linda's apartment.

The girl gave a little embarrassed cry when she saw him and got off the man's lap.

"So that's your game." Nevin accused scornfully. "I should have expected it," he added and turned to leave.

"Don't be cross, Big Boy. Come on an' have a little drink. It's the real stuff. Champagne. A million dollars a quart." Linda held her glass to Nevin's lips but he knocked it out of her hand.

"You're drunk!" he snapped. "You make me sick! I'm through," and turning on his heel left the apartment.

Linda giggled foolishly. Her companion took her clumsily in his arms, but she pushed him away. She wanted Joe.

The man looked at her in blank amazement. "Yuh let me kiss yuh all right until he come. I paid high for them kisses an' I'm gonna have all I want."

Linda's only reply was an angry shove that sent him reeling backwards.

"So yuh don' want me, huh? Wall, mebbe I don' want yuh," the lanky six footer picked up his hat and walked swiftly from the room.

When he had gone everything seemed strangely quiet to Linda. She had been having such a hilarious time and now she felt strangely depressed. What a mess she'd made of things. Joe had left and now her sucker. She didn't care about the fool hillbilly, but she did care about Joe. She had disgusted Joe. She might never see him again. Linda began to cry. What would she do without Joe? If only he were there to pet her and beg her not to cry. She dried her tears angrily. There was no satisfaction in crying without someone to sympathize.

"I'm going to kill myself!" Linda shrieked hysterically as though someone were listening. She walked uncertainly into the bathroom. Yes, honest to God, she'd kill herself this time. She'd always gotten everything she wanted so easily—everything but Joe. She cursed him because she loved him. Linda opened the medicine chest and hastily glanced over the bottles there. Not a thing that she wanted—Yes, that bottle of ammonia would do. She took out the cork and pressed it to her lips. Nausea Darkness Oblivion. . . .

* * * * *

Voices. . . . She was alive. . . . Why didn't they let her alone?

"She musta laid heah six hours before I found huh when I come in dis mo'nin'." It was Myrtle, her negro maid speaking.

"Poor thing." It was Joe. He was near and sorry for her.

* * * * *

Hours—days—of awful sickness in a hospital. The world outside seemed strange and far away. Linda began to feel better. The girls from the Oasis flocked to see her even though she had ritized them all.

"Gee, kid, I hope you haven't lost your voice so you can't sing again," declared one, crudely sympathetic. Linda hadn't thought much about her singing until then; and later, when she questioned the doctor he told her that quite likely she would be able to sing all right.

"That's more than I could before." Linda replied with a pitiful attempt at comedy.

But the throat seemed to get worse instead of better. Linda was hungry yet had difficulty eating. Her soft curves were changed to scrawny lines. Joe Nevin came often to see her but seldom stayed long. Her face grew pale and haggard. Her ability to swallow grew less and less. The doctor confessed that he could do nothing to help her. He finally told her she was faced by Death;—Death by starvation. He suggested calling in a surgeon. Linda panic stricken, bade him summon the best, at once.

When Dr. Thomas, the surgeon, came he shook his head. There was only one chance in a thousand that he could save her. If she could swallow a long, fine thread; he might, with the aid of the thread to guide an instrument down the crooked channel, be able to dilate the throat. He gave Linda the thread but after several attempts she found, to her horror, that she could not get it down.

Even the hardened surgeon felt sorry for the beautiful girl. He tried to comfort and reassure her, but he

generally left the sobbing women to nurses and there was little he could say; for if, after all possible endeavor, she should be unable to swallow the thread she was doomed to a hazardous and, at best, most unsatisfactory, operation with the probability that she would only survive this a short time.

The next day Linda tried again to get the thread down, but without success. It was attempted again and again under various conditions but it seemed that there was no use trying. Every day she grew weaker. She made heroic efforts to swallow the thread, only to fail each time. Myrtle, her faithful maid, came to be near her and do what she could.

One morning Linda wakened from a fitful sleep. Myrtle was bending over her.

"Heah's some broff, Miss Linda. I'se made it special to see if you all kaint get down that there litta thread."

The thread. That horrid thing that wouldn't go down.

"Come, now, Missey. Open your mouff." Myrtle urged.

"What's the use?" she whispered.

"Please, Miss Linda. Open your mouff," Myrtle persisted.

Linda meekly obeyed. This was the final effort. She knew it. It must go down. . . . Oh, God! Could it be possible? "Myrtle. Look!" she gasped weakly. "I feel it going down. Myrtle! Myrtle! Thank the Lord IT IS DOWN!" And so it was.

* * * * *

A pale, trembling girl was taken into an operating room of the St. Louis Hospital. A frightened negress

slipped into a surgical gown to be near her. The room with all its cruel looking instruments filled Linda with horror. Where was Dr. Warren?

A moment later he came in and with a brief, "I'm glad we got it down," turned his attention to his instruments. The nurse brought a tiny glass filled with some white fluid that she placed on the stand saying:—"Here's the cocaine."

The doctor told Linda to open her mouth and then began the disagreeable process of swabbing her throat with the cocaine. The membrane was sensitive and she coughed and gagged.

"Does it feel easier now?" the doctor asked after a few minutes.

"Yes," answered Linda briefly. The cocaine was beginning to take effect but it was a disagreeable process at best.

Dr. Warren took the end of the thread which hung from her mouth and passed it through the end of the long rod-like instrument. Linda winced away.

"Come. Lie down. I'll be as easy as I can," he promised.

Whe she was stretched out on the table he moved her until her head hung below her body. "Open your mouth and stick your tongue way out." The doctor was about to insert the instrument in her throat when he remembered the negress. If that fool girl should faint now! He glanced swiftly in her direction. She was all right, leaning against the door. The doctor turned his attention back to Linda and skillfully thrust the dilator into her mouth and down her throat.

Such pain! He was killing her. Linda groaned deep with the agonized groans of a tortured animal. She beat her feet up and down on the table in her agony.

"Just a minute more and it'll be all over," the doctor said.

He was pulling at his instrument. He must be pulling her inside out. Torture! It was out. She tore at her gown. She was suffocating. Sick. But it was over. Such a relief.

"You'll be back singing soon now," the doctor said by way of consolation.

"I don't give a damn!" gasped Linda. "I just want to live."

When the doctor left the operating room he was met by Joe Nevin.

"It's done? She's all right?" he asked excitedly.

"She stood it fine and will get along nicely for the next two weeks, providing something unforeseen does not cause her throat to close again."

"Then there's danger?"

"Unfortunately, yes. The operation must be repeated all the rest of her life, on the average of once a month, but she'll get stronger and gain a fair state of health."

* * * * *

As the doctor had said she would, Linda improved rapidly. In a short time she was able to leave the hospital. Joe sent her gorgeous flowers but seldom came to see her. As she got better Linda tried to sing and found that her husky contralto had in no way been injured by the trying experience. It wasn't long before she was back at the Oasis singing her

blue songs and flaunting her beauty as though nothing had ever happened. But always she was looking and waiting for Joe, who never came to the cafe any more.

One night she saw Frank, Joe's old pal, come in through the door. She called out a greeting to him and he came to her table. Eager questions about Joe trembled on the tip of her tongue but she kept them back. She chatted for some time on other things before she dropped a casual inquiry for him.

"He's fine," Frank told her. "I just came from his house."

"Why didn't you bring him along with you?" challenged Linda.

"Bring him along? Why I couldn't drag Joe out with a derrick. It's the home and fireside for him now. I don't blame him either. He sure married a peach of a girl. Why Daphne—" and Frank rambled on extolling the charming Daphne.

Linda only half heard what he said. She was thinking of Joe and wishing for him.

"Come on, let's have a drink," she suggested.

Frank ordered and they drank to Joe.

"I loved him," Linda murmured hoarsely.

"What? You?" Frank laughed before he knew it.

"Lies—booze. He hated them,—and I do now." Her beautiful face was drawn and distorted by real sorrow. "But I've got to go on, my life depending on a piece of thread."

EDITORIAL

MERCURY was the messenger of gods and his winged feet sped the dissemination of that which was entertaining and informing.

In his name there have been many mediums of entertainment and information since the days of ancient Greece and Rome. And in this modern day in London and Paris and, more latterly, in New York the name has spelled and does spell successful conscientious effort of editors to give readers what the readers wish to read themselves, rather than what the editors might wish to have others read. No two publications, edited under this aegis, are or would be likely to be alike, except in their self-determination.

With this initial number of THE HONOLULU MERCURY, it is hoped that the English language world of monthly magazine readers will find it well to reckon with Honolulu as well as New York and London.

Growing communities thrive on light. Our judgment is no better than our information. Expert discussion of what everybody thinks about is a first aid to sound, constructive growth that involves the sober opinions of the communities concerned.

A society which needs to have its mental horizon quarantined is invalid, and sunlight is a great aid to convalescence as well as an invaluable conserver of health, mental, physical or economic. And light is something

that every one nursed on self-reliant American traditions understands. Partial or perverted light is prejudicial and equivocal.

The Latin phrase on the front cover of THE HONOLULU MERCURY sets forth simply that nothing human is alien to us, and anything short of freedom, implied by that phrase, would fail to reflect the strength and breadth of character that have made the American people what they are. What people seek is to know things as they are, as nearly as that is humanly possible. An open forum should always be a distinct constructive asset. Blindness or poor vision is weakness, and blindness or poor vision may be due to lack of light.

In the conduct of an open forum we believe that it should be evident from the contents of THE HONOLULU MERCURY that the opinions expressed in the individual articles are the opinions of the signers of those articles. The availability of an article for publication should depend upon its individual value, regardless of the opinions of the editors regarding the subject, with which it deals.

The frontispiece which appears in this number of THE HONOLULU MERCURY was reproduced from the painting by Mr. Charles W. Bartlett of Honolulu, which he entitled, "Woman and Child — Hawaii", and

which was purchased by the magazine from him for that purpose.

What may prove to be one of the most fascinating cycles in the story of the human race is developing what may be called the Pacific area. Not so long ago American school children were taught to distinguish between the Old World of Europe and the New World of America. In those days it was easy to say that Asia was old in comparison with the so-called Old World of Europe. It also was easy to say that the Hawaiian Islands and the isles of the South Seas were new in comparison with the New World of America.

Today Japan is young and China is a fighting infant of tremendous potential force. The Spanish mission civilization of the western coast of America has been submerged by what has happened since the gold rush of less than a century ago, while in southern California Babbitt has established his New Jerusalem.

In the South Seas one may find in the islands controlled by France a combination of coconut palms, Polynesian charm and champagne at a French price, equivalent to five pre-war francs a bottle. In the Fijis the British are wrestling with the problems growing out of the presence of a large Hindu population imported to work in the cane fields and no longer disposed to do so. In Samoa may be witnessed the beginnings of an effort to adapt American institutions to primitive social conditions, without destroying the genius of native Polynesian society.

In the Hawaiian Islands under Anglo-Saxon guidance, shorn of many Anglo-Saxon prejudices, a great human experiment has so definitely entered a successful phase that the previous colonial wisdom of many peoples has been rendered far less valuable and, to some extent, absurd. In the Hawaiian group matters affecting the Chinese Nationalist government at Nanking, the intense desire of a numerous generation of island-born citizens of Japanese descent for everything that smacks of Americanization, and the revolutionary improvement in the transplanted Filipino, as compared with his conditions of life and his mental outlook before he left his native provinces in Luzon have become domestic problems because they concern such large groups of the population of the Federal Territory of Hawaii.

For the first time Yankee civilization is working out its destiny under tropical conditions. Many factors which until the last half century have been supposed by Europeans and Americans alike to be distinctly alien to their ways of doing things, are proving to be anything but heterogeneous. The Hawaiian development which cannot be adequately called an experiment any longer, has already proved that nothing human is necessarily alien to America.

President Hoover has been credited with saying that the true Californian thanks God, when crossing the State line. The last time we saw this quotation it contained no reference that would show in which direction the

State line had to be crossed in order to inspire the remark. Nobody has to be told in which direction a vessel is steaming around Diamond Head to provoke a similar remark.

A man by the name of Noah Webster, or one of his heirs or assigns, is credited with having defined a beachcomber as an unclassified white living an idle or vagrant life on one of the isles of the Pacific. This definition is rather rough, because everybody knows that there are a good many rather interesting persons, who are not altogether alien to some phases of beachcombing inactivity. This even applies in the course of a year in Honolulu to many thousands of visitors who do not stay long enough in the islands on any one trip to rid their systems of tourist folder pictures of fronded palms, the lacy kiawe and the silver surf at Waikiki.

Sometimes beachcombing is an intellectual occupation, sometimes physical and occasionally economic. Only when beachcombing deserves an economic label, does it invite the lifting of an eyebrow. The ability to relax may become a fine art, and the progress of Hawaii belies the mainland fear of relaxation as a possible menace to either prosperity or morale.

Along with the ability to relax come a friendliness and a disposition

to smile simply and sincerely that go a long way toward explaining the white islander and his racially cosmopolitan milieu to the far more inelastic inhabitants of the great open spaces somewhere east of the Rockies and the denizens of effete localities like Long Island who would not be accused out here of knowing how to spell the word ecstasy.

This does not mean that in the sugar islands of the Pacific there are no problems. People need to see things for themselves here just as much as anywhere else in the world. And there is perhaps a keener interest in human beings as such, as well as business units, than may be found in parts of Cuba, Louisiana and the Philippines. For example, the curbstone opinion of an Oahu sugar farmer as to how much red tape may be permitted, when a cane field laborer needs medical attention for himself or family, is sure of a sympathetic audience. Business here is often not too impersonal to discuss such things.

Furthermore, in a land where one's kimono-clad housemaid takes out of the library books by Jane Austen, George Eliot and Mark Twain, nobody has ever been known to refer to George Washington as the Kamehameha of the Atlantic colonies.

D. E.

HAWAII PAST AND PRESENT

By ALBERT PIERCE TAYLOR

THE artist's most finished painting, if he has thrown the foreground into emphatic prominence and neglected the background, fails to present to the beholder the complete picture. The portrait lacks the essential vista, the grouping of coloring, the massing of sylvan attributes, which go far toward making the foreground a clear representation.

No presentation of a nation's greatness—if only the present is thrust boldly into the foreground—reflects its real position in earthly affairs unless the past is ingeniously blocked in as a background.

Hawaii reveals an impressive foreground of an exceptionally progressive Present.

Hawaii has a superb background of a rarely brilliant and adventurous Past.

Its history, especially that which records the ancient and so-called barbaric Hawaiians, challenges and parallels that of nations which, contemporaneously, were called civilized.

Hawaiians, prior to Captain Cook's discovery of the Pacific archipelago in 1778, were, and are, the superiors of all the other Polynesian races. They were not savages, nor barbarians in the sense that they were a fierce, cruel race, for though they fought and destroyed—even as do

civilized races—yet they had codes by which single combats or general battles were fought.

Their religion was akin to those of the modern world, and though idols stood sentinel-like about their temples, they prayed beyond mere carven images that represented gods, to that Being that could not be seen. They were a feudal race, with all class lines of distinction tightly drawn.

They were in the stone age when discovered in 1778; they were prepared for the religion of civilization when missionaries reached Hawaii in 1820—they who brought not only religion but education, agriculture, maritime commerce. Within a generation the Hawaiians had advanced so far in modern government, industry, commerce and other factors of civilization that they had been given a seat in the family of nations — a permanent seat — and to be undisturbed in its possession, for Daniel Webster in 1850 pointed a warning finger at the Powers across the Atlantic, and adjured them to keep their hands off Hawaii, which they did!

With this background, presented by THE HONOLULU MERCURY, its readers will have a clearly defined conception of the literary foreground within its pages and realize the rare treasury of history and achievement

which is possessed by Hawaii. In some form or other panels of history and present progress will be presented in each issue of THE HONOLULU MERCURY.

HAWAII'S HISTORY IN TABLOID

- 1527—November. Arrival of shipwrecked Spaniards at Keeli, S. Kona, Hawaii, in the time of Kealiiohaloa. Probably survivors from one of the three vessels under the command of Don Alvaso de Saavedra, bound from New Spain, to the Molucca Islands.
- 1555—The Hawaiian Islands discovered by Juan de Gaytan, on a voyage from New Spain to the Moluccas. The islands were called in Spanish, "Los Majos."
- 1736—November. Kekaulike, King of Maui, died and was succeeded by his son, Kamehameha-nui.
- " —November. Kamehameha I, afterwards the famous consolidator of the Hawaiian group under one government, was born at Kokoike, N. Kohala, Hawaii.
- 1737—Early in the year the battle at Kawela, Molokai, between Alapai-nui, King of Hawaii, and Kapiiohokalani, King of Oahu, in which the latter was defeated and slain.
- " —After the battle of Kawela Alapai-nui invaded Oahu, but towards the end of the summer concluded peace with Peleioholani, then King of Oahu, at Naone-a-Laa, in Kaneohe, Koolaupoko, Oahu.
- 1737—Rebellion on Maui by Kauhiai-moku-a-Kama, against his brother, Kamehameha-nui.
- 1738—Battle of Keawawa (between Black Rock and Lahaina), between Alapai-nui and Kamehameha-nui on the one side, and Peleioholani and Kauhiai-moku-a-Kama on the other side. Kauhiai-moku was killed. Kamehameha-nui assumed the government of Maui and Alapai-nui, returned to Hawaii.
- 1752—Keoua Kalanikupua-paikalani-nui, the father of Kamehameha I, and nephew of Alapai-nui, died at Piopio, Hilo.
- " —Revolt of Kalaniopuu, son of Kalaninui-amamao against Alapai-nui.
- 1754—Alapai-nui died at Kikiakoi, S. Kohala, Hawaii.
- 1754—Battle (between Keeli and Honaunau, S. Kona, Hawaii), between Keaweopala, the son and successor of Alapai-nui and Kalaniopuu. Keaweopala was defeated and killed and Kalaniopuu assumed the sovereignty of Hawaii.
- 1759—Kalaniopuu invades Maui and occupies the districts of Hana and Kipahulu.
- 1765—Kamehameha-nui, King of Maui, died and was succeeded by his brother Kahekili.
- 1768—Kaahumanu, daughter of Keaumokupapaiaahehe and Namahana, was born at Kauwiki, Hana, Maui.
- 1770—Peleioholani, King of Oahu, died.

- 1773—Kumahana, son and successor of Peleioholani, deposed from the sovereignty of Oahu and Kahahana elected King in his place.
- 1775—War renewed between Hawaii and Maui. Kalaniopuu was defeated at the battle called "Kalaehohoa" and at "Kala-lae-a-Kailio," in Kaupo.
- 1776—Battle called "Ahulau ka piipii i Kakanilua" fought near Waikapu sand hills, Maui, between Kalaniopuu and Kahekili. Kalaniopuu's famous regiment Alapa, comprising 800 picked men of the Hawaiian nobility, annihilated with the exception of two.
- 1777—Kalaniopuu again invades Maui. Repulsed at Lahaina, he invades Lanai; successful at Lanai, he invades Hamakualoa, Maui; defeated there, he retreats to Koolau, Maui.
- 1778—January 18. Capt. J. Cook, in command of H. B. M. ships "Resolution" and "Discovery", sights the islands of Oahu and Kauai.
- " —January 20. Cook landed at Waimea, Kauai.
- " —January 29. Cook anchored off west point of Niihau.
- " —February 2. Cook leaves Niihau and proceeds to the N. W. coast of America and Behring's Straits.
- 1778—November 26. On his return from the North, Cook sights Maui. On November 30, Cook being off Wailua, Koolau, Maui, Kalaniopuu, Kamehameha, and other chiefs came on board of Cook's ships.
- 1779—January 17. Cook anchored at Kealahakua Bay, Kona, Hawaii.
- " —January 24. Kalaniopuu returns to Kealahakua from Maui.
- " —February 4. Cook left Kealahakua Bay, but returned on February 11th, to repair damages sustained in a gale of wind on the 8th.
- " —February 14. Capt. Cook killed in an affray with the natives at Kealahakua.
- 1781—Kahekili reconquers the East Maui districts and the fort at Kauwika, at Hana. This was called the war of "Kau-mupikao."
- 1782—January. Kalaniopuu, King of Hawaii, died at Kailikii, in Waioahukini, Kau, Hawaii.
- " —July. Battle of "Mokuohai," between Kamehameha I and Kiwalao, son and successor of Kalaniopuu. Kiwalao slain.
- 1783—January. Kehekili invades Oahu; conquers Kahahana in the battle at Kaheiki and assumes the sovereignty of Oahu.

- 1783—War between Kamehameha I and Keawemauhili, of Hilo, at Puaaloa, near Panaewa. Kamehameha I defeated and retreats to Laupahoe. The war called "Kaua-awa."
- 1784—Kekuhaupio, the famous warrior chief of Keei, died at Napoopoo, Kona, Hawaii.
- 1785—Kahahana betrayed by his brother-in-law, Kekuamano-ha, and killed.
- " —The conspiracy and revolt against Kahekili, on Oahu, called "Waipio - Kimopo," suppressed.
- " —War between Kamehameha I and Keawemauhili and Keoua Kuahuula, of Kau. Desultory fighting; no result. Kamehameha I returns to Kohala. This war was called "Hapuu."
- 1786—Kamehameha I sends his brother Kalanimalokuloku-Keliimaikai to retake the districts of Hana and Kipahulu, on Maui. At the battle of Maulili, in Kipahulu, the Hawaiian expedition was defeated and driven out of island.
- 1786—The first foreign vessels since Capt. Cook's death arrive at the Hawaiian Islands. On May 26th, the "King George" and "Queen Charlotte" from London, under Capts. Portlock and Dixon, touched at Kealakekua Bay.
- " —May 28. La Perouse, commanding a French exploring expedition, anchored near Lahaina, Maui.
- 1787—August. Capt. Meares, in the English ship "Nootka," and Capt. Douglas in the "Iphigenia" arrived at the Hawaiian Islands. Kaiana-Ahuula goes with Capt. Meares from Kauai to China.
- 1788—Kaiana-a-Ahuula returns in the "Iphigenia" from Canton, China, to Kauai, and
- 1789—January, arrives at Kealakekua, Hawaii, and is received by Kamehameha I.
- 1790—February. Massacre of natives at Olowalu, Maui, by American ship "Eleanor," Capt. Metcalf.
- 1790—March 17. The "Fair America," tender to the ship "Eleanor" was cut off at Kaupulehu, N. Kona, Hawaii, by Kameeiamoku, and all the crew was killed except Isaac Davis, an Englishman.
- " —March 17. John Young, an Englishman, boatswain of the ship "Eleanor," was kidnapped by order of Kamehameha I, and detained.
- " —In the summer months Kamehameha I invades Maui, lands at Hana; proceeds through the Koolau District to Hamakualoa, and between Halehaku and Kokomo a battle was fought against the Maui forces. Kamehameha I victorious.

- 1790—Battle of "Iao" or "Kepaniwai" fought between Kamehameha I and Kalanikupule, the son of Kahekili. Kalanikupule beaten and fled to Oahu.
- " —Kalola, widow of Kalaniopuu and mother of Kiwalao, died at Kalamaula, Molokai.
- 1790—Keoua Kahuuula invades Hilo. The battle of Alae is fought, in which Keawemauhili is slain. Keoua carried the war into Hamakua and Waimea. Kamehameha I returns from Molokai, and the battles at Paauliau and at Koapapa in Hamakua were fought between Kamehameha and Keoua, the latter retreating to Hilo, and Kamehameha stopping to recruit at Waipio.
- " —November. Great eruption from the crater Kilauea. A portion of Keoua's army passing by destroyed by showers of heated sand and cinders.
- 1791—Battle of "Ke-pu-waha-ula" or "Kawai" fought by the combined forces of Kahekili and his brother Kaeo, king of Kauai, against Kamehameha I, at the Pali-Hulaana, near Waimanu, Hamakua, Hawaii. It was a sea-fight. Kamehameha I victorious.
- 1791—The Heiau of Puukohola, at Kawaihae, built by order of Kamehameha I.
- 1791—Keoua Kuahuuula treacherously killed at Kawaihae Bay by Keeaumoku-pa-paiaahe, latter part of the year. Kamehameha I supreme on Hawaii.
- 1792—March 3. Capt. Vancouver, with H. B. M. ships "Discovery" and "Chatham," arrives at Kealakekua bay.
- " —May 11. Massacre of Lieutenant Hergest and McGooch of the English store-ship "Daedalus," by the natives at Waimea, Oahu.
- 1793—February 13—Second visit of Capt. Vancouver. Anchors at Kawaihae and lands the first bull and cow on Hawaii.
- 1794—January 9. Third visit of Capt. Vancouver.
- " —July. Kahekili dies at Ulukou, Waikiki, Oahu.
- " —English vessels "Jackal" and "Prince Leboo" first to enter the harbor of Honolulu.
- 1795—January 1. Captain Brown of the "Jackal" and Capt. Gardner of the "Prince Leboo" with most of their crews massacred by Kalanikupule and his chiefs in Honolulu harbor.
- " —April and May. Invasion of Oahu, by Kamehameha I. Battle of Nuuanu; defeat and death of Kalanikupule. All the islands subject to Kamehameha except Kauai and Niihau.

- 1795—Latter Part. Kamehameha I, starts with his fleet to invade Kauai. Encountered a gale of wind in the channel, many canoes lost, returns to Oahu. The expedition called "Teiewaho."
- 1796—Rebellion of Namakeha in Hamakua, Hawaii, Kamehameha goes to Hawaii in August, battle of Kaipalaoa in Hilo. Namakeha killed.
- 1797—Liholiho afterwards Kamehameha II, is born to Kamehameha and his wife Keopuolani.
- 1801—The fleet of canoes called "Pe-leleu," built by Kamehameha I, muster at Kawaihae, and
- 1802—Kamehameha goes with said fleet to Lahaina.
- " —Kameeiamoku, father of Hoapilikane and of Kepookalani, dies at Lahaina.
- 1803—January 23. The first horse landed in Honolulu from a Boston ship.
- " —Kamehameha I goes to Oahu to prepare again for the invasion of Kauai.
- 1804—The pestilence, or plague, called "Ahulau" and "Okuu" is raging over the islands. Keeaumoku - pa - paiaaheahe dies this year.
- 1809—Kaumualii, King of Kauai, goes to Oahu and negotiates with Kamehameha I for the cession of Kauai at the death of Kaumualii.
- 1810—Isaac Davis died.
- 1812—Kamehameha I returns to Hawaii. The voyage is called "Kaniaukani."
- 1813—Kauikeaouli, afterwards Kamehameha III, was born on August 11th, to Kamehameha I and Keopuolani. The day of his birth, however, was in after years conventionally fixed for March 17th, but the above date is the testimony of his nurse Emilia Keaweamahi, wife of Kaikeoewa, Governor of Kauai. Kauikeaouli was born at Keauhou, N. Kona, Hawaii.
- 1815—Nahienaena (the Princess) born to Kamehameha I and Keopuolani.
- " —Russians, under a Doctor Scheffer, build the redoubts at Hanalei, and the fort at Waimea, Kauai.
- 1816—The Russians leave Kauai. Building of the fort at Honolulu commenced by Kalaimoku.
- " —Pauli Kaoleioku, first-born son of Kamehameha I, died in Honolulu, aged about 60 years.
- " —November 21. Capt. Kotzebue, in the Russian corvette "Rurik," arrived at Kealahakua, Hawaii; proceeds to Oahu and is the first man-of-war that entered the harbor of Honolulu and exchanged salutes with the battery there. The "Rurik" left Honolulu December 14th.
- " —The present Hawaiian flag adopted as the national flag.
- 1819—May 8. Kamehameha I died at Kailua, Kona, Hawaii. His son Liholiho succeeded him as Kamehameha II.

- 1819—During the balance of this year the Kapu in regard to eating was frequently and openly broken by Liholiho, Kaahumanu, Keopuolani, and most of the highest chiefs. In October the abolition of the Kapu, the "Ainoa," was formally proclaimed from Hawaii to Kauai.
- " —August. French Corvette "L'Uranie" Capt. Freycinct arrives at Kawaihae, Hawaii, Kalaimoku and Boki baptised by the ship's chaplain.
- " —In November revolt of Kekuaokalani, son of Keliimaikai, and cousin of Liholiho, in defense of the Kapu. Insurrection in Hamakua; Liholiho's troops defeated by the insurgents.
- 1820—January. Battle at Kuamoo, N. Kona, Hawaii, between the forces of Liholiho and Kekuaokalani. The latter defeated, and he and his wife Manono killed.
- " —General destruction and burning of Heiaus and Idols.
- " —March 30. American Brig "Thaddeus," Capt. Hunnewell, from Boston, arrives at Hawaii, and on April 5th anchors at Kailua, Kona, having on board the first missionaries of the A. B. C. F. M. This first party consisted of Rev. Asa Thurston and Rev. Hiram Bingham, ordained Missionaries, with their wives; Dan'l Chamberlain, Tho. Holmes, Sam'l Whitney, Samuel Ruggles, Elisha Loomis and four Hawaiians, Honolii, Hopu and Kanui who had received some education at Cornwall Institute, and George Hume-hume, the son of Kaumualii the King of Kauai.
- 1820—First Whaleship "Mary" Capt. Allen, enters Honolulu harbor.
- " —December. Liholiho visits Maui.
- 1821—February 4. Liholiho visits Oahu.
- " —July 21. Liholiho starts from Honolulu in an open boat and arrives at Kauai on the 22nd. Conference with Kaumualii, who is brought as a quasi State prisoner to Honolulu, and Keeaumoku-opio appointed as Governor of Kauai.
- " —Kaahumanu takes Kaumualii and his son Keliiahonui as husbands in October. First Christian meeting house erected in Honolulu Aug. 25th.
- 1822—January 7. The first printed sheet in Hawaiian, was struck off at the American Mission, Honolulu.
- " —May 1. Captain Kent presents to Liholiho in the name of H. B. Majesty a schooner, "Prince Regent," of 70 tons, fully armed and equipped.
- " —July 4. First celebration of American Independence held in Honolulu. Acting Consul J. S. Jones, presiding.

- 1822—August 11. First Christian marriage celebrated in the islands between two natives.
- " —August 13. Kaumualii and Kaahumanu visit Kauai and returned in December.
- " —December. First Christian burial of a native.
- 1823—February. Law proclaimed for public observance of the Sabbath.
- " —April 4. Rev. Mr. Ellis arrives from Tahiti.
- " —April 26. Liholiho's festival in commemoration of the death of Kamehameha I.
- " —May. Hoapilikane appointed Governor of Maui.
- 1823—September 16. Keopuolani, widow of Kamehameha I, died at Lahaina and was buried there. She was born probably in 1778.
- " —October 19. Hoapilikane is married by Rev. W. Richards to Kaheiheimalie, generally known as Hoapiliwahine, another widow of Kamehameha I and sister of Kaahumanu.
- " —November 27. Liholiho and his Queen Kamehamalu, with their suite, leave Honolulu on board of the English ship "L'Aigle," Capt. Starbuck, bound to England.
- 1824—March 23. Keeaumoku-opio (generally known as George Cox), Governor of Kauai, died.
- " May 22. Liholiho and suite land at Portsmouth, England.
- 1824—May 26. Kaumualii, ex-king of Kauai, died in Honolulu and was buried at Lahaina.
- " July 8. Kamehamalu, Liholiho's wife, dies in London of the measles.
- " —July 13. Liholiho, Kamehameha II, dies in London of the measles.
- " —August 8. George Humehume, son of Kaumualii, raises a revolt on Kauai and attacks the Fort at Waimea.
- " —September. Battle at Wahiawa, Kauai. The insurgents defeated, Kiaimakani killed, Humehume taken prisoner and rebellion extinguished.
- " —Fort at Lahaina built.
- " —Kapiolani descends into the crater of Kilauea and defies the heathen Goddess Pele.
- 1825—April 16. Richard Charlton, English Consul, arrives at Honolulu.
- " —May 4. English frigate "Blonde," Lord Byron, Captain, arrives at Lahaina with the corpses and coffins of Liholiho and Kamehamalu. Arrived at Honolulu on May 6.
- " —June 6. Kauikeaouli is publicly proclaimed king, as Kamehameha III, in succession to his brother Liholiho. Kaahumanu is declared Regent during the Minority. The Chiefs' lands declared inalienable in their families.
- 1825—October. The crew of the British whale ship "Daniel," Captain Buckle, attack the house of Rev. Mr. Richards, in Lahaina, but are repulsed.

- 1826—The U. S. schooner "Dolphin," Lieut. John Percival, commander, arrived at Honolulu.
- " —February 26. The crew of the U. S. Warship "Dolphin" attack the houses of Kalaimoku and Rev. Mr. Bingham, but are repulsed.
- " —April. Kahalaia son of Kalaimamahu, and nephew of Kamehameha I, died.
- " —September 27. The church at Kailua, Kona, Hawaii, finished and dedicated.
- " —October. The U. S. ship "Peacock," Captain Catesby Jones, arrives at Honolulu.
- 1827—February 8. Kalaimoku, son of Kekuamanoha and Kana-kahukilani, (w), died at Kailua, Kona, Hawaii, and Boki, his brother appointed Governor of Oahu, and guardian of the young King.
- " —July 7. The ship "Comet," Captain Plaisard, from Bordeaux, arrives at Honolulu with the first Catholic Missionaries, Rev'd Messrs. Bachelot and Short.
- " —July 14. First Catholic Mass celebrated in Honolulu.
- " —October. Marriage of Kinau, daughter of Kamehameha I, and Kaheiheimalie, with M. Kekuanaoa.
- " —October 23. Whaleship "John Palmer" fired cannonballs at residence of Rev. Wm. Richards, Lahaina.
- 1828—September 14. Cornerstone of Wainee church, in Lahaina, laid.
- 1829—December 2. Governor Boki and his company, in the brig "Kamehameha" and schooner "Becket," leave Honolulu for a voyage to the South Pacific.
- " —Namahana Kekuai Piia, sister of Kaahumanu, and wife of Laanui, died.
- 1830—March. Kaahumanu makes circuit of Oahu; also, during the year, circuit of Maui and Hawaii.
- 1830—August 3. The schooner "Becket" returns to Honolulu from the South Pacific expedition and reports the brig "Kamehameha" lost and Boki dead.
- " —Disturbances in Honolulu by the party of Liliha, widow of Boki, and daughter of Hoapilikane. Kuakini, brother of Kaahumanu, appointed Governor of Oahu; order restored.
- 1831—September. The Lahainaluna High School opened.
- " —December 24. The Catholic priests sent out of the country on board the brig "Waverly," by order of Kaahumanu and landed at San Pedro, California.
- " —December 29. Naihe, son of Keawe-a-Heulu, died, and Kuakini appointed Governor of Hawaii.
- 1832—Kaahumanu makes her second circuit of Maui and Hawaii.
- " —June 5. Kaahumanu died. Kinau succeeds her as Premier ("Kuhi-na-nui.")

- 1832—August. U. S. frigate "Poto-
mac," Commodore Downes,
arrives at Honolulu.
- " —September. The disorderly
conduct of Kaomi com-
mences.
- 1833—March. Kauikeaouli, Kame-
hameha III assumes the
Government. Revocation of
most of the laws imposed
by Kaahumanu.
- " —The Bethel Church built at Ho-
nolulu.
- " —Kaomi died.
- 1834—February 14. First newspaper
printed in Hawaiian at La-
hainaluna, called the "Lama
Hawaii."
- " —June. Kamanele, daughter of
Kuakini, died.
- " —The newspaper "Kumu Ha-
wail" commenced at Hono-
lulu.
- 1835—First H a w a i i a n Almanac
printed.
- " —Nahienaena, sister of the king,
married to Leleiohoku, son
of Kalaimoku.
- " —December 16. John Young
dies in Honolulu.
- 1836—September 30—Robert Walsh,
Catholic Priest, lands at Ho-
nolulu.
- " —The newspaper (E n g l i s h)
"Sandwich Island Gazette"
commenced, Honolulu.
- 1836—December 30. Nahienaena died
at Lahaina.
- 1837—April 17. Bachelot and Short
return to Honolulu on the
brigantine "Clementine."
- " —May 20. Mr. Dudoit owner of
"Clementine," hauls down
her flag and surrenders the
vessel to the Hawaiian Gov-
ernment under protest.
- 1837—July 7. English surveying ship
"Sulphur," Capt. Belcher,
and on July 10, French fri-
gate "Venus," Capt. dus Pe-
tit Thouars, arrive at Hono-
lulu.
- " —November 2. Mr. L. Maigret,
Catholic Pro-Vicar, arrived
at Honolulu in the ship
"Europa."
- " —Nov. 7. Extraordinary tidal-
wave sweeping the coasts of
the Hawaiian group.
- " —Nov. 23. Messrs. Maigret and
Bachelot, Catholic Priests,
leave Honolulu by order of
Government.
- " —Aikanaka, son of Keohohiwa
(w), and Kipookalani, and
grandson of Keawe-a-Heulu,
died.
- " —The streets in Honolulu, as
now existing, laid out.
- 1838—J. C. Jones, American Consul
at Honolulu, superseded, and
P. A. Brinsmade appointed
in his place.
- 1839—April 4. Kinau, daughter of
Kamehameha I, and Kahei-
heimalie, wife of Governor
Kekuanaoa and Premier of
the kingdom, dies. The next
day the King appoints his
cousin Kekauluohi as Pre-
mier (Kuhina Nui).
- " —April 10. Kaikioewa, Gov-
ernor of Kauai, dies.
- " —May 10. Hawaiian Bible, first
edition, finished printing at
the Mission Press.
- " —June 17.—The King, in Coun-
cil, issues orders from La-
haina that no more punish-
ments should be inflicted on
Catholics for religious dif-
ferences.

- 1839—July 10. French frigate "Artemise," Capt. La Place, arrived at Honolulu.
- " —July 14. Kekauluohi and Ke-kuanaoa sign the treaty with Capt. La Place and pay \$20,000 to France.
- 1839—August 25. Liliha, widow of Governor Boki and daughter of Hoapilikane, died.
- 1840—January. Hoapilikane, Governor of Maui, son of Kame-eiamoku, dies.
- " —May. Mr. Maigret returns to Honolulu.
- " —The Royal School for Chiefs in Honolulu commenced under Mr. and Mrs. Cooke.
- " —Kawaiahao Church, Honolulu, commenced.
- " —August 3. Mr. Bingham and family return to the United States of America.
- " —August 6. Corner stone of Roman Catholic Church in Honolulu laid.
- " —September. Arrival of the U. S. Exploring Expedition under Commodore Wilkes.
- " —October 8. First written Constitution granted by Kamehameha III.
- " —October 20. Kamanawa and accomplice publicly executed for crime; the murder of Kamanawa's wife Kamokuiki.
- 1841—May. Kapiolani wife of Naihe, and daughter of Keawemauhili, dies.
- " —The School at Punahou commenced.
- 1842—January. Kahieheimalie Hoapiliwahine, sister of Kaahumanu and mother of Kinau and Kekauluohi, died.
- " —July 8. Haalilio and Mr. Richards as Commissioners, sail for the United States and Europe to secure the recognition of Hawaiian Independence.
- " —July. Doctor G. P. Judd takes service under the Hawaiian Government and is appointed to fill the place of Mr. Richards.
- " —September. Mr. Charlton, English Consul, goes to England via Mazatlan and is there removed from office. Before leaving, Charlton appointed Mr. Alexander Simpson as the Consul, whom the King declined to receive.
- 1842—December 19. The United States acknowledged the Independence of the Hawaiian Kingdom.
- 1843—January 18. First number of the "Friend" printed.
- " —January 20. Eruption on Mauna Loa, Hawaii.
- " February 10. H. B. M. Ship "Carysfort," Lord George Paulet, Capt. arrived at Honolulu.
- " —February 17. Lord George Paulet makes his demands on the Hawaiian Government.
- (To be continued.)

PHYSIOLOGICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

JUL 8 1929

N I H I L H U M A N I N O S T R I S A L I E N U M

THE HONOLULU MERCURY

EDITED BY DAVID EARL



The "Wet" Hope

By "Junius"

The Filipino in Hawaii

By Kilmer O. Moe

JULY
1929

50¢ a Copy

Hawaiian Islands

\$5 a Year



Portals to a New Environment

WE WELCOME

The Makers and Readers of the Honolulu Mercury who are contributing to the literary expression of Hawaii. Cooperation and good connections of Hawaii's Literati will bring good results.

BISHOP TRUST COMPANY offers unexcelled financial connections in Hawaii. For twenty-three years its progress has been marked by sound business practice, so that today it is the outstanding company of its kind in Hawaii.

BISHOP TRUST COMPANY, LTD.

Wall & Dougherty, Ltd.

JEWELLERS SILVERSMITHS
STATIONERS

DIAMONDS PEARLS
WATCHES AND WRIST WATCHES
ABSOLUTELY DEPENDABLE

1021 BISHOP STREET
OPP. BANK OF HAWAII
HONOLULU

THE HONOLULU MERCURY

The Contents for

JULY 1929

THE RISING SUN—After a wood cut by T. HIKOYAMA.....	Frontispiece
	Page
THE "WET" HOPE By "JUNIUS"	1
EDITORIAL	7
THE "MELTING POT" OF THE NATIONS By the Reverend AKAIKO AKANA, Pastor of Kawaihao Church, Honolulu	12
A CITIZEN OF FIVE TOWNS By OXENHAM DE COURCY.....	22
WILL THE ISLAND-BORN CITIZENS OF JAPANESE ANCESTRY CONTROL HAWAII? By S. MARUYAMA	26
JOURNAL OF VANCOUVER'S VOYAGE TO THE PACIFIC (Second Installment) By THOMAS MANBY, Master's Mate on board the Discovery, Vancouver's Vessel	33
MAUNA MONA, MY WAHINE By ADRIENNE HART	46
THE NAKAI By JOHN SNELL	47
THE OUTLOOK FOR FILIPINOS IN HAWAII By KILMER O. MOE	56
SUN YAT-SEN (Chapters III—V) By the Right Reverend HENRY B. RESTARICK, Retired Bishop of Honolulu	69
ONE LITTLE APACHE By GLADYS LOUISE WOOD.....	79
HAWAII PAST AND PRESENT By ALBERT PIERCE TAYLOR, Librarian, Archives of Hawaii.....	89

THE HONOLULU MERCURY: Published Monthly: 50 Cents a Copy: \$5.00 a Year: Canadian Subscription \$5.50: Foreign Subscription \$6.00. Volume I: Number 2. Issue for July, 1929.

Copyrighted in 1929 in the United States. All rights reserved. The whole contents of this magazine are protected by copyright and must not be reprinted without permission.

Published by David Earl: Editorial and Advertising Offices: Hawaiian Electric Building, Honolulu, T. H. Post Office Address: P. O. Box 3146, Honolulu, T. H. Advertising Manager: George E. Reehm, Honolulu, T. H. Printed by The New Freedom Press, Honolulu, T. H.

Application made for entry as second class matter under the act of March 3, 1879, at the Post Office at Honolulu, T. H.



THE RISING SUN



The HONOLULU MERCURY

VOLUME I

July 1929

NO. 2

THE "WET" HOPE

State and Federal Enforcement Repeal the Path to a New Nullification

By "JUNIUS"

WHAT happened to the Fifteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States legally and constitutionally can also happen to the Eighteenth Amendment, the prohibition amendment, without waiting for the Federal referendum proposal, of which the "drys" have stood in such terror in Washington for three years.

In their distrust of the voters of the country, the "drys" seem to have forgotten to whom the country belongs.

Thanks to Wisconsin's action the other day, five States of the American Union, including New York, are now without any State prohibition enforcement act.

One of these days there will be a "wet" Congress, just so sure as the Legislatures meeting in Boston, Trenton, Harrisburg, Columbus, Springfield, Richmond, Tallahassee, Baton Rouge, Jefferson City and Sacramento, tackle the problem, with which Albany and Madison have wrestled.

And this progressive series of State enforcement repealing acts, preparing the way in two, four or six years for Federal repeal, will in that way

leave all those States legally "dry," that wish to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment. It will also abolish lawlessness and clothe personal liberty with legality once again under the American flag.

This path promises to proceed by way of State repeal to Congressional repeal of police regulations to the goal of a new nullification, foreshadowed in the Freeport doctrine brought out in the Lincoln-Douglas debates in Illinois in 1858. Herein lies the "wet" hope of the citizens, whom President Hoover in his inaugural was good enough to describe as "law-abiding."

No law that affects the habits and customs of the American people is a completely valid law, philosophically speaking, unless it represents the sober second sense of the bulk of the community it governs.

Otherwise, the preamble of the American Declaration of Independence, stating that life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are inalienable rights, and that "to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed"

is a compound of wind, bombast and pious ineptitude.

It is only fair-minded to note the record of the 1926 referendum in New York with its 1,760,070 "wet" ayes and 598,484 noes cast by the voters of that State that contains one-fifth of the wealth and one-twelfth of the population of the entire United States, as well as the sweeping Ohio vote against the "squire court" law in 1927, the defeat of the "dry" Democratic aspirations of former Governor J. W. C. Beckham in Kentucky the same autumn, and numerous other bulletins of incontrovertible significance from respectably large sections of the American electorate.

These straws help us to understand why the late and consummately astute Wayne B. Wheeler of the Anti-Saloon League did not wish a Federal referendum on prohibition, if the ballot boxes could be kept padlocked on this subject. But on the subject of all fundamental "burning" issues it should be remembered that in the long run the ability to appeal to the ballot box is the American substitute for an appeal to arms.

Unwillingness of the slave power to abide by the outcome of the election that put Lincoln in the White House and the old loose doctrine that the Constitution was a compact between States, instead of an instrument of National government, ushered in the Civil War.

The police powers of the States and Nation are adequate to enforce any law against five or perhaps ten per cent of the population, but not against thirty-five to sixty per cent of the people of a community.

What is the use of discussing a law against liquor traffic activities, when the discussions take place at the dining tables of the substantial citizens

of a town to the accompaniment of a round of alcoholic drinks, and why pretend, ostrich-like, that this is not so ?

Why is it that there are so many communities, in which a man of good standing would lose caste, if he accepted a position as a "dry" enforcement officer? And how many Chamber of Commerce dinners are held without the aid of side room or hip pocket libations or drinks taken before leaving home?

And the hypocrisy is not all on one side by any means. It is generally cocktails, and not light wines and beers, that the Volstead critic desires. He wishes to have the legal right to what he is not doing without now. It is reasonably fair to say that most urban Americans know these things to be largely true in their individual environments.

We hold it to be generally true that any law is a bad law in the United States, if it does not command the willing obedience of the bulk of the communities it is designed to govern.

Everybody, except some of the bootleggers, agrees that lawlessness is bad. For that reason supremely, the people should never forget the Jeffersonian ideal of the less law the better, so long as there is enough law to curb a man's liberty only when he infringes upon or impairs the equal liberty of his next door neighbor.

President Hoover in his inaugural address declared :

"The most malign of all dangers today is disregard and disobedience of law. I am not prepared to believe that it indicates an impotence of the Federal government to enforce its laws. A large responsibility rests upon our citizens. There would be little traffic in illegal liquor if only criminals patronized it. We must awake to the

fact that this patronage from large numbers of law-abiding citizens is supplying the rewards and stimulating crime."

Parenthetically, it might be asked how President Hoover can bring himself to call such citizens law-abiding.

In pursuit of his admirable and patriotic effort to help the country to rid itself of its dominant lawlessness of substantial "law-abiding citizens," the President has named his National commission of eleven experts, headed by George W. Wickersham of New York.

But is the President proposing an American remedy for this American problem?

We hear a great deal about how all law should be enforced and that we should obey a law, whether we like it or not, until or unless it is repealed or amended.

That was the cry of Theodore Roosevelt, which assured him the up-state anti-saloon vote against the New York City desire for open saloons on Sunday in his uncomfortably close race for the Governorship of his own State in 1898, Spanish War uniform and all.

But, except for this Roosevelt campaign strategy which failed to actually curb the habits of the bulk of New York City people of otherwise law-abiding instincts, is this the American way of doing business?

Is it not rather the British Tory way of doing it? And does not the history of the American people, the nation that has never known defeat, bear directly to the contrary?

The tea was dumped into Boston harbor so that the tax could not be enforced, whether Parliament chose to repeal it or not. That took place at the birth of our nation, and pretty

much the same thing has been going on ever since, whenever enough of the people have been on the wrong side of the fence on the question of law enforcement.

When have the American people willingly obeyed a law, in which many of them do not believe? And what indication is there that President Hoover's "law-abiding citizens" are likely to turn their coats or change their spots and pursue a policy that would have left the Union Jack flying over the Atlantic Coast colonies?

President Hoover is assuming a good deal, but he may not see where it might lead him. The official atmosphere of the White House does not help a President to "hear from the country."

Discussing this atmosphere recently in the columns of "The New York World," Charles Michelson had this to say:

"In such an atmosphere even a self-deprecatory person must come to believe in the validity of his views, and Hoover is anything but unconscious of his intellectual eminence."

The signed statement of twenty-four business men, including Henry Ford, Thomas A. Edison and Robert Dollar, on June 2 of this year, calling on the people to "unite in an honest effort to achieve complete enforcement" points out what we should never forget. Our leading captains of industry and bankers are the greatest conserving influence in the country, but are seldom capable of leadership for needed change.

The preponderating percentage of the membership of the American Bankers' Association opposed Woodrow Wilson and Carter Glass in the efforts of the latter to obtain the enactment of the Federal Reserve Act.

Once the banking reform was a fact, this same membership has become its greatest bulwark.

Representative citizens are a cross section of the rank and file of the people. Leaders of a community by virtue of their success have emerged from the rank and file, and are no longer typical of those they left. Furthermore, they stand naturally to conserve things as they are, so as not to alter the rules of the game. This is the human fact of it.

What we wish to know is what ordinary people think about it, and the path to that knowledge might have been a referendum, if public opinion were not already beginning to enforce itself in a way, of which the nation as a whole is hardly conscious yet.

But, before proceeding to a statement of what is happening under all eyes, let us remember that the Boston tea party was only the first proof that with Americans public opinion in the last analysis is the test of the validity of a law and of its command of the loyalty of law-abiding citizens.

On December 22, 1807, agreeable to President Jefferson's message, both houses of Congress passed the Embargo Act, which prohibited American vessels from sailing for any foreign ports, while no coasting vessel could land its cargo without giving heavy bonds.

The law was evaded by many subterfuges, so that Congress passed a more stringent act, the effect of which soon became serious. One result was that large numbers of people, especially those living near the Canadian border, engaged in smuggling. So numerous were the evasions of the

law that a further and yet more stringent act was passed, which prohibited exportation by land under heavy penalty of forfeiture of horses and wagons and goods and a fine not exceeding \$10,000, which happens to have been the same as the amount of the fine emphasized in the new Wesley Jones prohibition act.

The enforcement of the Embargo Act in large seaports was not so difficult, but as the gains from its evasion were enormous, whole communities turned into smugglers. In vain did Jefferson issue a proclamation against those who obstructed the law. It availed nothing. The patriotism of people was appealed to, but the people of New England especially were making so much money that they were willing to take a big risk.

The embargo was a failure because public opinion was against it. Jefferson knew this. "The Boston Centinel" said: "This embargo is unconstitutional and so every man will perceive that he is not bound to regard it." The Embargo Act was repealed in 1809.

The Fugitive Slave Law was passed in 1793 and remained in force until 1850, when another law was enacted which irritated a large portion of the people of the North. Eight days after the passage of the second law an association was formed to oppose it. Charles Sumner in a speech in Boston said that public opinion should be so powerfully exerted as to make the law everywhere a dead letter. The Protestant clergy of the North opposed the law, and the South complained bitterly against the "underground railway" which ran off some

two thousand slaves a year to Canada or to some large northern city. Some States passed laws that virtually nullified the act of Congress. Americans like Lowell, Emerson, Whittier, Garrison and hosts of others refused to obey the law and openly rebelled against it. In the North public opinion was the test of the act of Congress.

Again public opinion is the test even of an Article of the Constitution of the United States. It is not necessary to give in full the Fifteenth Amendment. Public opinion in the South was against it, and State after State passed laws, which, to say the least, limit its provisions. The so-called "grandfather" laws disfranchised hosts of negroes, and good men and churches uphold these laws.

If we desire to get laws obeyed, we must educate public opinion. If it is profitable or politically advantageous to break laws or nullify Articles of the Constitution, lawlessness will ensue, despite penalties and punishments.

Another point is this. Those who are now most vehement in demands that law be enforced are in many cases the descendants of those who for profit or religious zeal deliberately broke laws. It is not too much to say that many of the fortunes in New England were laid in gains made by the breaking of laws which were unpopular, and this by men who had been in the war of the American Revolution or the sons of such men. Some of the descendants of these Puritans clamor for the enforcement of a law which many people hold to be ridiculous and unjust.

What promises to prove to be the path to a new nullification that seems likely to become too strong to be permanently resisted by politicians who value their ability to be reelected in the States that contain the great bulk of the urban populations of the United States, was foreshadowed in the debate between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas at Freeport, Illinois, in their famous contest for the United States Senatorship in 1858.

The second question put by Lincoln to Douglas at Freeport brought the answer from Douglas that became known as the Freeport doctrine, which defeated Lincoln for the Senate, cost Douglas the confidence of the South, split the Democratic party in two in 1860 and carried Lincoln into the White House between wings of the hitherto dominant political party.

The question put by Lincoln, as stated in "Abraham Lincoln: A History" by John G. Nicolay and John Hay, was:

"Can the people of a United States Territory, in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits, prior to the formation of a State constitution?"

The heart of Douglas's answer was: "It matters not what way the Supreme Court may hereafter decide as to the abstract question whether slavery may or may not go into a Territory under the Constitution, the people have the lawful means to introduce it or exclude it, as they please, for the reason that slavery cannot exist a day or an hour any-

where, unless it is supported by local police regulations. Those police regulations can only be established by the local Legislature, and if the people are opposed to slavery they will elect representatives to that body who will by unfriendly legislation effectually prevent the introduction of it into their midst."

The Eighteenth Amendment, prohibiting the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof for beverage purposes, provides in its second section that "Congress and the several States shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation." The amendment was ratified by the Legislatures of all the States, except Rhode Island and Connecticut.

Congress passed the Volstead Federal Enforcement Act over the veto of Woodrow Wilson, and the several States proceeded to pass concurrent enforcement acts. Maryland passed no State enforcement act. New York, which passed such an act under the regime of Governor Charles S. Whitman, repealed this act during the tenure of office of Governor Alfred E. Smith. Since then Montana and Nevada have repealed their State enforcement acts, and Wisconsin, through the signature of Governor Walter J. Kohler to the bill repealing its State prohibition law on May 29 last, became the fifth State without a State enforcement act. On June 6 the Illinois State Senate killed the State prohibition repeal bill, passed

previously by the lower house, and created an issue for the next Illinois State campaign.

Now that the individual States have begun to act on whether they will retain concurrent State enforcement acts, it requires no such thing as superior wisdom or uncanny political judgment to read the handwriting on the wall for those who prevented a nation-wide referendum as to whether the people wish to be legally or illegally "wet." The States, containing the bulk of the population, have never been "dry", because they have not so desired.

Once the majority of the States, that contain the bulk of the urban population, have joined the State repeal procession, and such movements are notoriously contagious in American politics, all that will be needed to complete the picture will come at the next following national political reaction, which comes irregularly but inevitably.

A "wet" Congress by a majority vote will be able to repeal the Federal enforcement act, leaving legally and actually "dry" those States that wish to be "dry", while the rest of the country will be legally "wet" as the Atlantic Ocean.

The reign of the bootlegger will be ended. Lawlessness will be reduced again to the criminal classes. Mr. Hoover's "law-abiding" citizens will cease to be hypocrites. Lincoln's dictum that no man is good enough to rule another man without his consent will be upheld again, and this country will become once more "the land of the free and home of the brave".

EDITORIAL

IN the Isles of the Pacific, as well as along the shores of the Mediterranean and in the Orient, a Yankee learns of the existence of more things than ever were taught or dreamed of under Massachusetts or Connecticut elms. The persistence of personal identity as a belief is in mortal conflict with the rhetorical imagination that pictures the span of a human life ending as "a dewdrop slips into the shining sea."

We agree, however, that character is about the most persistent of the facts of life. A marchioness is no less a marchioness, when she entertains in the Australian bush and must, perforce, be seated at dinner on a soap box. And it is easy to imagine that now and then a rampant realtor held a swell job in Bagdad seven hundred years ago. In the land of Cockaigne and under kiawe trees character depends upon the prevailing notion of right and wrong, and when doctors disagree, the patient may call in a chiropractor.

When a community in its habits so conducts itself that its life is in conflict with its formal laws without loss of social caste, it is nonsense to load the legal condemnation and the censure for incidental lawlessness upon the perhaps unsavory servants who are employed rather universally as the instruments of our entertainment.

Such a condition cannot last. Either part of the community must sincerely convert the rest of us or admit its failure, or our national life becomes a byword among the heathen as the essence of moral bankruptcy.

Junius made things unpleasant in England in the days just before King George the Third went to his royal madhouse, and before Junius began to win public approval by holding up a mirror in front of the aforesaid public, he had a period of unpleasant popularity, during which it would have been unhealthy for his identity to have become known. But he escaped the disclosure of his identity so well that for years many school children and some others have been gravely informed that three great modern mysteries of identity were, "Who was the executioner of Charles I of England," "Who was the man in the Iron Mask," and "Who wrote the 'Letters of Junius'."

Now the ghost of Junius is at it again, and one of the chief functions of an open forum is to maintain a channel, by which those who have an essential message, no matter how controversial, may reach the public that wishes to read what it wishes to understand and not what somebody else would wish to hand out in the way of intellectual pabulum.

Mr. Charles Michelson, writing in "The New York World," says of

President Hoover that he "is anything but unconscious of his intellectual eminence." Americans, however, should not be abashed in the presence of a superiority complex until they have thrown into discard the preamble of the Declaration of Independence, reciting that "we hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by the Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

In this spirit we submit that it is rightly open to debate whether law enforcement is the traditional American way of dealing with a situation, which most of us realize is not in conformity with our social customs that we are not prepared to amend, except of our own accord,—an accord, which has never been given, directly by us as individual citizens at the ballot box. If the remedy of the conscientious legalists had always prevailed on the Western shores of the Atlantic, the Union Jack might be flying today over Manhattan Island.

We believe that Junius has a right to an audience, which he can only expect to hold, if he becomes convincing. We, therefore, have conceded to him the open forum of these pages, and we feel that hostility on our part to the publication of his article in this number of **THE HONOLULU MERCURY** would belie our pledge to the public that nothing hu-

man is alien to us, and that, furthermore, the traditional virile Americanism of the land of the free and the home of the brave includes the right of temperate free discussion of things that concern everybody, whether we wish to admit it or no.

D. E.

* * * * *

MANY statements presented as historical facts, when critically examined, are shown to have no foundation, and more than that, it is often shown their occurrence was impossible.

This is the case with the story appearing in pamphlets and books, that Gaetano discovered the Hawaiian group in 1555. I shall try to confine myself to Gaetano, and not go into the subject of Spanish discovery, except as that bears on Gaetano.

The only document ever produced in support of the supposed discovery by Gaetano is an anonymous note on an anonymous chart in the archives at Madrid. This chart gives the Hawaiian group, and the note says: "The Sandwich Islands discovered by Gaetano in 1555." The fact that they are called the Sandwich Islands shows that the note was made after Captain Cook had given them that name in 1778.

Father Reginald Yzendoorn, the authorized historian of the Roman Catholic Church in Hawaii, says of this note, made 200 years after the alleged event: "In historical criticism such testimony cannot have the slightest weight." On pages 12 and 13 of his book, Father Reginald gives proof that Gaetano made a voyage in 1542 with Villalobos, but that no voyage was made across the Pacific in

1555. Further, that any islands seen by Gaetano could not have been the Hawaiian group. I might quote several other local authorities to the same purpose, but this one is sufficient.

Professor Herbert I. Priestley of the University of California, a foremost authority on Spain and Mexico in the Pacific, who has made research of original documents in the archives of the countries concerned, wrote me that he has found no document which tells of any voyage by Gaetano, or any one else in 1555, and no document which tells of any Spanish discovery of Hawaii before the time of Cook.

Dr. Dahlgren, the noted Swedish cartographer, has a work published by the Royal Society in Sweden, in which he goes at great length into the subject. He proves from documents, that no voyage was made across the Pacific in 1555. The log of every voyage made across the Pacific by Spaniards had to be made in duplicate. One copy had to be sent to Spain and the other to the Viceroy of Mexico. Gaetano sailed with Vilalobos from Mexico in 1542. He was not an officer, and his name only appears on the list of survivors of the expedition. He wrote an account of the voyage as did three others.

The first one who connected Gaetano with the discovery of Hawaii was La Perouse, who touched at Maui in 1786. La Perouse had with him a copy of Gaetano's story of the voyage of 1542. This French navigator found on a chart which he had with him a group of islands situated about 1200 miles east of Hawaii, and he argues that these must be the Sandwich Islands. Father Reginald and

many others show conclusively that the islands mentioned by Gaetano could not have been the Hawaiian, both from the location which he gives and the fact that the islands seen were described as low coral islands.

The fact is, that on old charts, the Atlantic and Pacific have many islands marked on them which have no existence. Vancouver asked the Spanish, at Nootka in 1794, about the group marked to the east of Hawaii, and was told they had no existence. They were marked on the chart which Anson captured from the Spanish in 1742, but the names which there appeared were the same as those marked on the older chart, as being islands in the Ladrones, Los Monges and so on. When the Pacific was known to be wider than the old chart makers thought it, this group of islands was moved east, entirely out of their place, and east of the Hawaiian group, with which La Perouse tried to identify them.

Now as to proofs that Gaetano did not discover Hawaii. In 1560 the King of Spain ordered Urdenata to prepare sailing directions for voyages across the Pacific. He had crossed from Mexico to Manila in 1525, and was well informed. He says that all navigators must call at Guam for water and fresh provisions and they should be on the lookout for islands before they come to Guam, for, if there were any, it was most important. If Hawaii had been known at that time, he would have mentioned it, for the Spaniards suffered greatly in the long voyage.

In 1579 Drake captured a Spanish ship and took her charts, prepared for Spanish seamen. These islands

did not appear, as shown on a map which he published on his return, made from Spanish charts.

In 1667 Father Vitores, in charge of the mission on Guam, wrote piteous letters to Mexico and Spain asking for ships to try to find islands in the Pacific which should be taken and held for Spain and the Church. He knew nothing of the Hawaiian group with its large area and population and considered Guam the center of work in the Pacific.

But the strongest proof of all is the fact that in 1851 Navarette published in Madrid, by royal authority, a work in two volumes on the history of Spanish voyages and discoveries from the fifteenth century. He says he examined all libraries public and private and all archives in Spain. It is a fact that he does not mention the name of Gaetano. More than this, he does not say a word of any Spanish discovery of Hawaii. The only mention of Hawaii is in the notice of a book by Quimper entitled "The Sandwich Islands, discovered by Captain Cook."

When the Spaniards at Nootka learned that Cook had discovered the Sandwich Islands, a man named Quimper was sent to ascertain whether a Spanish settlement could be made there, as they at once saw how valuable these islands would be to navigators crossing the Pacific from Mexico to Manila. This is proof that they did not know of their existence before. The foregoing is only a very brief and incomplete statement of the question, but books are available if anyone desires to look up authorities.

The falsehood will go on being repeated as others are. Some do not care for the truth. Others actually

say that it looks romantic to say that the Spanish discovered Hawaii, and that Gaetano was the man and the date 1555. It is discouraging to try to correct errors. H. B. R.

* * * * *

CREATION! A word that intrigues the mind, any mind, the greatest minds that have been recorded down the stairway of history, the least minds, all minds, for all men and women are endowed with that spark of religion that carries their thoughts back to the Infinite, to that unseen force behind the veil, in the futile effort to penetrate it.

Creation! A word that has intrigued Hawaiians from ancient days to the present—chieftains and commoners, and not the least of them the late Queen Liliuokalani, herself a dabbler in the mystical, a composer of music, a poetess, possibly least of all a ruler, for her idea of rulership was that of absolute, feudal authority, and not associated with constitutional privilege. Her short reign of two years, ending in January, 1893, when the entire fabric of monarchy was ripped apart and a republic set up, is marked by the fact that she stood by her guns and went down in defeat in full belief of her attitude.

But the Queen left to the world many things, by which she will be remembered. "Aloha Oe," her immortal song-composition, known the world over and in memory of which a monument is to be dedicated in Honolulu on September 2, 1929, the anniversary of her birthday, and her translation of the profound mid-sea epic, "The Kumulipo," or "Hawaiian Tradition of the Creation."

The first is a melody, a song, the latter a sonorous, mystical poem brought down through the centuries by bards, recorded only by word of mouth.

It is an account of the creation of the world according to Hawaiian tradition, translated from original manuscripts preserved in the family of Her Majesty. It was brought together by Keaulumoku in 1700 and translated by Liliuokalani during her nine months' imprisonment in Iolani Palace in 1895, and completed afterwards at Washington Place, her private home until her death in 1917, and which is now the gubernatorial mansion of Hawaii.

The folklore or traditions of any aboriginal people have of late years been considered of inestimable value; language itself changes, and there are terms and allusions in the natural history of Hawaii, which might be forgotten in future years without some such history as the Kumulipo to preserve them to posterity.

"This," said the ex-queen, in 1897, when she had prepared her manuscript for publication, "is the very chant which was sung by Puou, the High Priest of our ancient worship, to Captain Cook, whom they had sur-named Lono, one of the four chief gods, dwelling high in the heavens, but at times appearing on the earth. This was the cause of the deification of Captain Cook under that name, and of the offerings to him made at the temple or heiau at Hikiau, Kealaka-kua Bay, Island of Hawaii, where this song was rendered.

"Captain Cook's appearance was regarded by our people then as a

confirmation of their own traditions. For it was prophesied by priests at the time of the death of Ka-I-i-ma-mao, that he, Lono, would return anew from the sea in a Spanish man-of-war or Auwaalalua. To the great navigator they accordingly gave a welcome with the name of Lono."

The chanters of this great poem were Hewa-hewa, the High Priest, who, eventually became a convert to Christianity and aided in destroying temples, idols and the ancient religion, and by Ahukai, and by them it was originally dedicated to Alapai, a great chiefess.

The queen said that the ancient Hawaiians were astronomers, and the terms used in the chant appertained to the heavens, the stars, terrestrial science, and the gods. Curious students, she was certain, would notice in this chant analogies between the accounts of the creation and that given by modern science or Sacred Scripture.

"As with other religions," Liliuokalani said, "our ancient people recognized an all-powerful evil spirit; Mea was the King of Milu as Satan is of the infernal regions, or hell."

The Kumulipo is the epic poem of Hawaii. It is replete with poetical aspirations of a people which had almost superstitious belief in their descent from gods, gods which came out of hazy nothing, from the beyond, out of chaos into tangibility. Then came the Rising Waters, the flood, the saving of some, the destruction of most, and the beginning of the actual world as a habitat of mankind—the mankind that dwelt out in the vast sea which we know as the Pacific.

A. P. T.

THE "MELTING POT" OF THE NATIONS

By AKAIKO AKANA

THERE is a current opinion which asserts that the "East" and the "West" will never meet. Accompanying this opinion there is still another which says that, if the two should meet, the outcome would be loss to both of them.

These opinions are deduced from certain theories and observations, and they are also the result of race-prejudice which finds its beginning in the false social standard and race-segregation of the ages past.

I am glad that, in Hawaii, the experience of the peoples who live here has knocked the props from under such theories; that race-prejudice is condemned, and that the peoples of different races are living together as one family. It is not an exaggeration to say that Hawaii has passed its experimental stage in this great test of whether or not the world's peoples can live together peacefully and helpfully. The assimilation of peoples who come to stay here and the blending of their ideals are real in the great process of harmonization in these islands. Since her annexation to the United States, Hawaii has been looked upon as a great military and naval out-post in the

Mid-Pacific for this great country. But let it always be remembered, that since King Kamehameha's conquest of these islands, Hawaii has always been as well the great out-post of good-will for all who have come here. So much so that those from the great countries of the earth have been pleasantly surprised by and strongly lured to the peaceful life of Hawaii.

For the purpose of this article I wish to point out some of the causes underlying this harmony which prevails in Hawaii. In so doing, it is my earnest desire that their presentation may helpfully contribute to the schemes of peace in which the nations of the world are at present interested. I am very sure that the practical life of peace and good-will as lived in Hawaii is much better than the theoretical idea of harmony as talked about in the world. And if it is possible to turn the world's main current of travel towards Hawaii as we hope to do, I am sure that the world will be greatly benefited in that its peoples will learn by Hawaii's example how to live with each other not as separate units but as an harmonious whole.

Some of these causes which develop and advance this peaceful and harmonious relationship in these islands may be set forth as follows:

I. THE GOOD-WILL OF THE HAWAIIANS

Hawaii has always been known as "Aloha Land"—The Land of Love. The reason for this is that love and good-will are real in the Hawaiian life. From time immemorial, the central factor in the Hawaiian life has been regard for the other, friend or stranger. Nature has been most generous to Hawaii and her people. Climate, food supply, beautiful land lavishly decked with colorful surroundings, and freedom from wild animals and from foreign disturbance—all have aided in bringing about a peaceful spirit and a kind attitude toward life; and all have aided in promoting the Hawaiian emphasis on peace and good-will.

To be sure, before the conquest of the Hawaiian islands by King Kamehameha I, there were petty wars which greatly reduced the number of Hawaiians on these islands, and many have been thereby led to believe that the Hawaiians were a hostile and war-like people. A careful study of these people's spirit, however, will remove such belief. They were at times hostile and war-like but only to that extent to which they were blindly led by their leaders and superiors—the selfish and suspicious kings and chiefs. In nature, they were not. And this fact may be gleaned partly from the events which took place during and after Kamehameha's time and partly from the cultural discipline of the

race before Kamehameha's time. Note, that no sooner had the conquest of the islands been completed than King Kamehameha proclaimed that the old and the young might sleep on the highway unmolested. This proclamation became the law all over Hawaii and was universally observed not only because it was the King's mandate, but because the people as a whole responded to its spirit. Immediately following this establishment of peace, the King began promoting education and agriculture, seeking England's help to provide him with teachers. But most unfortunately for the race, that constructive activity abruptly ended with the King's death which took place only a short time after he had consolidated the islands. However, peace had been established, and the way was now cleared for the works of peace. It may be that, after having brought to pass this centuries-old hope of his people, he had finished his appointed work. For, the following momentous events seem to have been the natural sequence of that mighty change in the political situation of Hawaii.

I shall now speak of Queen Kaahumanu's reformation and the events which followed immediately after Kamehameha's death.

In 1819, the enlightened Kaahumanu became the ruler of Hawaii. She was a woman of considerable power. With her iron will, she employed all the authority at her command to abolish idolatry and to set the women of the land free from the tabus which were enslaving them. Idols were burnt, and men and women

and children were set free to mingle with each other and to eat together in public—an act which had been prohibited under certain conditions under the old regime, and even during Kamehameha's reign. The old system of religious practices which Kamehameha adhered to ended with this summary act of Kaahumanu, and the people were set free from the restrictions of that system. With this freedom the way was clear for further development of the race.

In Kamehameha's conquest and in Kaahumanu's reformation three things stand out most conspicuously: (1) the quest for freedom; (2) the search for truth; and (3) the yearning for peace. And it is strikingly interesting to note that all three always have been the central things in the cultural training of the race. These three things were reflected in the "meles" or chants, folklore, stories, legends, and other materials which were used for instruction and for inspiration of both young and old. So, in both the conquest and reformation, there was brought to a head the long-sought-for life which had taken centuries to develop and which expressed itself in terms of peace and good-will—aloha.

Good-will, therefore, was and has always been central in the Hawaiian's life. It was and it has always been the controlling influence in the heart of the Hawaiian people. Because of this fact, the aloha spirit has always pervaded the life of Hawaii, and those who have come here have felt its influence. In that spirit there is no race, color, or class distinction. All peoples are considered alike, and the

difference in nationality and in individual accomplishment, while duly recognized, makes no difference in either social or economic treatment.

It is now, therefore, easy to understand why the Hawaiians can live with other peoples without prejudice and hate in their hearts. It is easy to see how they can readily adjust themselves to the temperamental differences of other peoples. It is easy to see how they can be very patient and long-suffering.

History has lauded the victory of Christianity in Hawaii. Let it always be remembered that the Hawaiians had lived in peace, good-will, love, and freedom before Christianity arrived—that the consolidation of the islands, the abolition of idolatry, the establishment of freedom, peace, and safety everywhere had been accomplished before the missionaries came in 1820; that the greatest leader in the propagation of the Christian gospel was the very leader of the reformation, Queen Kaahumanu; and that the surprisingly immediate Christianization of Hawaii was not due to force but to the voluntary response of the peaceful Hawaiian race to the spirit of peace in JESUS CHRIST.

I may say that this same response to the spirit of peace in JESUS CHRIST has operated until now—the Hawaiian people, with comparatively few exceptions, are in the Christian churches doing their share in propagating the Christian message of good-will to all. And, through personal contact with others, and through business and industrial affiliation, they express their spirit of aloha in practical life.

II. THE ASSOCIATION OF THE RACES

In a land and in an atmosphere of such spirit and influence, it is easy for the peoples of the different races who are here to get together and to live together. It is also easy for each race to express its thought and spirit freely, there being no restraint or suppression anywhere except that of law. But legal restraint is intended for the good of all and, therefore, is no barrier to the life of each individual race. The freedom of self-expression has opened the way for common understanding, and has encouraged the bringing to the fore of the traditional habits and modes of thinking of the races represented in Hawaii. Thus both the good and the bad qualities of each race have come to view. It is then easy to know what each race is made up of, and it is easy to see where adjustment may be made in order that harmony may be effected. And through the forces of enlightenment which are constantly at work in these islands, the good from each race is being interwoven in the character of the other. Thus, a new type of citizenship is being shaped in Hawaii—a citizenship of larger sympathy and broader outlook than that of the past, and possibly, than that of other lands.

The nature of the association of the races in this great cosmopolitan life of Hawaii may be understood when we take into account the kinds of interests which draw these peoples together.

There is the business or the commercial interest which brings to-

gether not only the leaders of business but also their helpers. The very nature of the business life in these islands demands mutual understanding and cooperation in order that success may be attained. Good-will, honesty, and efficiency, therefore, must be maintained by all concerned. The matter of color, nationality, creed, class, et cetera, is lost sight of except, perhaps, in certain instances where the traditional race-prejudice is not entirely eliminated. In the business life of the Territory, the peoples of the different races are working side by side, doing their part in developing the economic power of these islands, and cheerfully sharing with each other the gains or the losses of that endeavor. Community consciousness in the field of manual labor and in the office is an outstanding feature in the industrial life of Hawaii. Sharp differences sometime appear, usually in the form of strikes. But in all cases, adjustment has readily been effected. Good-will and helpfulness have always won where differences of opinion have tried to interfere with economic progress. Hence, Hawaii has never suffered from industrial disturbance as seriously as many other places have. This oneness of spirit on the part of all is graphically exemplified by the union of effort of nearly all of the big businesses of the Territory—shipping, railroads, sugar and pineapple plantations, trust companies, etc.; and by the cooperative spirit and endeavor on the part of both capital and labor.

I may add that clubs, lodges, the

Chamber of Commerce, and other organizations created not only for business men but for both business and lay people, have also done much to harmonize the life of the Territory. In these organizations or associations the vital matters affecting the Territory are openly and frankly discussed. Here each opinion is received with due consideration, and members and the general public as well stand ready to take any action that is necessary for the common good. The benevolent organizations all over the Territory are examples of the cooperative spirit of the citizens of all races in matters pertaining to the general welfare. And in political organizations, we see the same spirit working—working for party success but serving always the best interest of the Territory.

Again: There is the daily social contact which takes place not only for business reasons but primarily for the love of getting together. This was characteristic of the life of Hawaii yesterday. It is also characteristic of the cosmopolitan life of Hawaii today. Old as well as young of all nationalities may be found conversing in groups either at home or in the open—in the parks, at street corners, at the fish markets, at business places, and at the water front. The arrival or departure of island or mainland boats draw multitudes of people to the water front, and the piers have been some of the great meeting places for the peoples of all races living here. Automobiles are doing their share not only in taking people out from congested centers, but in taking them to the mountains, plains, and sea shores where they can

get together informally and know each other. Good roads as well as beautiful sceneries greatly help in promoting this bringing of people together. Then there are the games which furnish recreation for the public. Multitudes of peoples of all races, gather not only to witness these games but to enjoy the social fellowship which such gatherings bring.

And again: There are the religious organizations and schools, the greatest social centers of our modern life, which bring peoples together daily and weekly. The entire population of Hawaii is represented in most of these great institutions. Here, they meet for instruction and inspiration, and here they strengthen their bond of friendship and good-will with each other. The significance of such meeting places may be realized when we look into the cosmopolitan make-up of Hawaii's population, and the following tables may help in this regard:

Population of the Territory by
Nationalities

Nationality	1926 June 30,	1927 June 30,
Americans, British,		
Germans, Russians	36,133	34,750
Chinese	25,111	25,198
Filipino	50,145	52,124
Japanese	129,901	132,242
Korean	6,078	6,214
Hawaiian	21,054	20,931
Asiatic Hawaiian	8,881	9,437
Caucasian Hawaiian	14,555	15,208
Portuguese	27,870	28,417
Porto Rican	6,504	6,572
Spanish	1,791	1,774
All Others	421	553
	<hr/> 328,444	<hr/> 333,420

Children in Public Schools of the Territory by Nationalities

Nationality	June 30, 1926	June 30, 1927
Anglo-Saxon	2,101	2,345
Chinese	5,646	5,890
Filipino	2,300	2,570
Japanese	30,295	32,316
Korean	1,149	1,310
Hawaiian	3,465	3,323
Part Hawaiian	5,978	6,526
Portuguese	5,859	5,868
Porto Rican	1,047	1,031
Spanish	292	273
Others	728	756
	<hr/> 58,860	<hr/> 62,208

At religious conventions and at commencement exercises of all the schools in the Territory, one may have some idea not only of the way a cosmopolitan population looks but of the spirit of such a population. And such graphic illustration of Hawaii's mixtures of races which, perhaps, is not found anywhere else, is indeed prophetic. A new and a unique race of people, embodying the physical, mental and spiritual qualities of these different nationalities, is bound to come.

III. THE EDUCATION OF THE PUBLIC.

With the spirit of good-will established in these islands, and with the friendly association of the different races here, it is natural that both the mental and spiritual training of the public be shaped accordingly. Thus the system of public education of Hawaii aims not only to prepare the individual for the struggle for mere existence, but to give him something

further—a broad and a comprehensive view of life; or, in other words, a world point of view. And thus the system seeks to keep in its teaching and training staff efficient directors and teachers of those representing the racial groups within the Territory in order that its purpose may effectively be carried out.

The coordination of the secular and religious training through many of the teachers of the Territory, and now through the religious instruction given in the public schools, is helping to strengthen in the lives of the young people of these islands a balanced interest for self and for others. The altruistic frame of mind thus developed will help to advance the friendly and helpful spirit which humanity needs.

Besides the churches and the schools, there are the newspapers, magazines, books, cable, wireless, radio, round-the-world tours and local travel by steamers, and very soon by air, which keep the Hawaiian public well informed and in constant touch with world affairs; and the rapidity with which these agencies of education reach us reduces the size of the world for us here, and increases our ability to understand its character.

And it should not be forgotten that Hawaii is the cross-roads of the Pacific. It is here that the main lines of commerce and travel on the Pacific cross each other, and it is here that considerable portion of the world's goods and peoples come. Just think that, in the year 1917 the imports of the Territory amounted to \$46,358,341 while in the year 1926, they amounted to \$86,517,189. At the same

time, our exports for 1917 amounted to \$75,115,983; and in 1926, it rose to \$100,145,000. The tourist travel to Hawaii has more than doubled in the last six years; and, beside the moneys widely distributed for small purchases and for steamer and car fares, over \$400,000 were spent by the new comers and visitors for purchasing real estate in Honolulu in 1926.

Honolulu, being a port of call for the increasing trans-Pacific travel, is receiving considerable attention as a convention center. Pan-Pacific conferences, divisional conventions of the National Chamber of Commerce, the International Advertizing Association convention, and the conferences of the Pacific area Rotary Clubs, of the first International Pan-Pacific on Education, Reclamation, Rehabilitation, and Recreation called by President Coolidge, and of the Institute of Pacific Relations have been held here. And by the way the affairs of the Pacific look, more of such conferences and conventions will be held here in the future.

Exports, imports, contact with the world's peoples and the interchange of ideas with the leaders of the world all help to furnish new inspiration and power to the people of the Territory; and, through the same channels, the peoples of the Territory may help to inspire and to strengthen the faith and good-will of those of the world who come here. And, coming face to face with the life of the world in this way, it is inevitable that the world conception of life which Hawaii's public education is developing should carry with it a broad and a sympathetic attitude and spirit. And, it is certainly most gratifying to me

to see that already, this spirit is at work, and that already, its benefits are being enjoyed by all.

Some of the immediate effects of the social life and public education of Hawaii may be interesting to note at this point, and a few of them may be mentioned:

1. *The Change in Language.*

Amidst the changes, associations, experiences, and education above referred to, the white man's influence has made a strong impression on the people of Hawaii. And among the many changes which that influence has brought about is the change of language. Nearly all the native languages (except that of the English people) of the races represented in Hawaii have given way to the use of the English language. The young people of all races and even the older folks in Hawaii today are using the English language. It is with considerable difficulty that effort is being made to keep the native languages in daily use, either in speaking or in writing. In fact, the children of many of the races in the Territory have forgot to read and to write in their native tongue. The English language now is the regular medium of expression and communication between the different races and especially between the young members of each racial group in Hawaii.

Each racial group, especially the old folks of that group, must keenly feel the loss of its native tongue as the new language takes hold of its young people. But it must be remembered that, with such loss, there will come immeasurable gain—the elimination of ignorance and suspicion and the advancement of common understanding.

2. *Intermarriage.*

Good-will, the daily mingling of the different races, the influence of the Christian religion, and the spirit which the public education of Hawaii promotes, together with the close association of Hawaii's peoples with those of the world have brought about in the life of Hawaii a social freedom which has torn down color and creed barriers. Hence intermarriage between the members of the different races in Hawaii is taking place. It is interesting to look over my record of marriages, and also to note some instances which I have observed, and to see in them such combinations of peoples as these:

Hawaiians and Caucasians;

Hawaiians and Asiatics,—Chinese or Japanese;

Caucasians and Asiatics,—Chinese or Japanese;

Chinese and Japanese;

Hindus and Koreans.

Out of these and other combinations of races, there have appeared in Hawaii some of the most attractive peoples that are to be found anywhere in the world, i.e. the half-castes. And this new type of people possesses the physique, the mental force, and the spiritual quality which adequately fit them for the present day social and economic struggle.

It has been argued that intermarriage brings out in the off-spring the bad qualities of both racial stocks. This may be so in certain isolated cases. But, in the main, no fault has ever been found in such offspring that is any worse than that of the original stock, or of the offspring of the pure stock. Good racial stocks have produced good children and visa versa.

And, just as nature has produced surprises elsewhere, so has she produced surprises here in Hawaii. For, many of the leading citizens of these islands are children of just such racial combinations as those which have been considered by society as poor and unfit. Then there are the offsprings of different racial combinations born under unfortunate circumstances (conditions not sanctioned by society) who, because of their physical and mental attractiveness, have been received by and married into the families of the "Best." By such marriage, these offsprings have been saved from the embarrassment which, otherwise, they might have experienced; and by such marriage also the harshness of the criticism of those who make it their job to judge others, has been greatly lessened for the others who are born under similar circumstances.

Again: Intermarriage has greatly strengthened the bond of sympathy between the different races living in Hawaii. This is evident in the home and social life of families of different racial combinations living here. It is also evident in schools and in the various organizations where the members of the different races are brought together. The thought of color, creed, and nationality has given way to the thought of harmony.

And again: In the future political life of Hawaii, intermarriage is going to play a most important part. There has been, and there is still, a considerable uneasiness on the part of many earnest American citizens as to the safety of American ideals in Hawaii because of the overwhelming number of orientals. The figures which I have already given show this oriental majority very plainly. However, there is

this that we have to reckon with: Good-will, unity of heart and spirit, and enlightened mind are never antagonistic to high ideals. On the other hand, they are mighty supporters of everything that is noble. Now all of these good traits of character are shown in the life and spirit of Hawaii. The races in Hawaii have been building and shaping their lives and spirit for the attainment of the high ideals which are in Americanism. The practical result of this endeavor is plainly manifested in the coordinated effort of all these races in nearly all matters pertaining to the welfare of Hawaii. But, in order that the union of all these races may be made more complete, and the bond of sympathy between them be permanently established, the assimilation of our ideals of life by them must be accompanied by the assimilation of the different racial stocks which they represent. This assimilation of racial stocks has taken place already as shown above, and intermarriage has been the means of accomplishing it. And there is no doubt in my mind that intermarriage will continue to do its work of rearing in the commonwealth of the nations in Hawaii a new race of people, united in heart, spirit, mind, and blood, and united in promoting and supporting the best interests of this Territory.

3. *Liberal Attitude.*

As a result of her experience, training and association, Hawaii has not been slow in developing or receiving new ideas. From the time of Kamehameha I to this day, she has encouraged self-development for her people, and has welcomed improvements wherever necessary. The steady progress which has taken place in her political, educational, economic, social,

and spiritual affairs expresses her desire to grow and to keep pace with the developments of the rest of the world. Also, she has been liberal in that she has permitted the thoughts and customs of the different nations of the world represented in her midst to have full sway here even to the extent of affecting her own ideas and native customs. Conservatism and liberalism have been enjoying equal chances to do their work in Hawaii.

The results of maintaining such a liberal attitude toward life have been the further enlargement of Hawaii's view of life and of her sympathy for humanity; the unity of the ideal of education and of religion as illustrated by the increasing coordinated effort to assist mankind irrespective of color, creed, and social and financial standing; the increasing interest in bringing the world's leaders of thought, of business, and of art to Hawaii in order to stimulate Hawaii's peoples to greater efficiency, thus enabling themselves to better their service for themselves and for the world; and the ability to sift the various ideas and influences which have come to Hawaii and to incooperate the best of them with her own ideas. For such strategic position as Hawaii occupies in the Mid-Pacific, such results are certainly most invaluable.

In this hasty survey of the conditions and causes underlying the thought which has prompted this discussion, the practical working out of the assimilation of the different ideals and of the different races of people in Hawaii may be seen. In other words, the "melting pot" of the nations in Hawaii is mixing not only the peoples of the world who are living here, but also their ideals; and in this mixing, two very pleasing

things have appeared, namely, a new and a united race of people, and a common viewpoint of life and of humanity. And, running through both of these things are the golden cord of good-will and the silver thread of liberal education and association.

I said at the beginning of this article that the presentation of the materials above given might, in some way, help the plan of world-peace which mankind was very much concerned over. Let me now recapitulate, for the convenience of those who may be interested, the basic ideas in the structure of peace which I have endeavored to show, namely:

I. GOOD-WILL.

Let it be taught and lived in the home, in the school, and everywhere. Let it be the inspiration of every individual everywhere he goes. Don't make it a rule or law, but live it in its spirit and inspiration. The Golden Rule, expressed in the spirit of JESUS CHRIST, is sufficient law for everybody.

II. ASSOCIATION.

Regular and close friendly association between the nations removes misunderstanding and advances common-understanding. It encourages unity in the ideal of life among them. It brings about harmonization of racial temperament.

Encourage ONENESS of language—the English IS the language.

Encourage intermarriage between good racial stocks.

Intermarriage is, and will continue to be, the most powerful means of bringing the nations of the world together into a common bond of sympathy and mutual helpfulness.

Encourage flexibility of life for the sake of individual freedom, because

freedom is necessary for the fullness of self-expression. This opens the way for growth and continual development. Traditional habits of thought and of life must not cause unnecessary restraint.

III. EDUCATION.

It should retain a world point of view. Humanity above nationality.

The systems of education throughout the world must be brought together to establish a common purpose and a common curriculum. One aim, one language, one system of training and regular world educational conventions for the study and discussions of common problems will help to unify the world's future races of people.

Let the differences between nations come in the application of the school materials to the problems and needs of their respective situations.

Encourage visiting of the world's schools by students.

Encourage the printing of the world's literatures in English so that the peoples of the world may readily use them.

IV. COOPERATION.

Religion, education, and commerce have, to a certain extent, effected the cooperation of the world's peoples. World court, disarmament, and the turning of the world's armies and navies to police duties, are now necessary. Let us push toward that goal.

Then, with good-will, common understanding, liberal training, and mutual helpfulness supporting us, may we hasten the day when peoples "shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

A CITIZEN OF FIVE TOWNS

By OXENHAM DE COURCY

I.—NEW YORK.

OXENHAM DE COURCY, who never used his front name Samuel after his years in the vicinity of the Bodleian Library had erased or rather dulled his recollections of Copley Square and the Charles River near Auburndale, always thereafter discussed himself in the third person, which is the reason why this narrative is no more egotistical than it is pointed.

One evening after the Armistice he arrived gradually at the old Brevoort House, just north of Washington Square, having left his broker's offices immediately after the close of the market. He was alone, when he forsook the suddenly silent ticker. In Pine Street he stopped long enough to swallow six oysters and then one clam as they were opened for him. At the oyster box he was joined by Tom Van Renssalaer, whose chief daytime occupation had to do with cutting coupons—his own and needless to say, accumulated for him by two previous generations of Van Renssalaers. There was not such a lot to Tom, but everybody liked him. He never rubbed and he seldom said anything that might make it necessary to think.

In Fulton Street the pair stopped at old John Brosnan's and had an old fashioned whiskey cocktail,

showed each other once more the framed yellowed playbills of Harri-gan's Theatre, ate some of the free lunch, agreed that "Doc" Avery had been rather a cad in his last contre-temps and started up Broadway again.

Just off Madison Square they went into their favorite club, the one where they could find Jerry Quinlan, who usually lost in the stock market quite a portion of the fees that he won with his arguments before the Appellate Division.

Together the trio entered a taxi and turned south down the Avenue to the Brevoort, where the trio became a quartet for the evening. The new accession was Paul Quackenbush, who said himself that for twenty-seven years on the Nile from Cairo to the Assouan Dam he had practiced every virtue to prove to himself that there was nothing in any of them and declared that he got the proof. Paul was proud of the fact that the first time he visited Cairo he did not have time to see the Pyramids. One of his choicest possessions was the muddy green label of Shepheard's Hotel on his suitcase, which latter was of a good old vintage. In Paul's mind Shepheard's ranked with the Singapore hostelry, over which the old Johannesburg presided.

To the other three Paul was a rare

being. He had been everywhere, seen everything and retained interest in next to nothing, except little old Manhattan Island. He asserted over their glasses of *Veuve Clicquot* that the only reason for wide travel was to acquire a love for remaining on Manhattan Island.

Curiosity as to that assertion was part of the reason why de Courcy left home on the Twentieth Century limited.

II.—CHICAGO.

He did not like Chicago. He had lived in New York too long. When he walked down from his club in Michigan Avenue and past the Tribune Tower, he loved to point out to the natives that the brightest spots in the immediate horizon were the electric signs announcing the New York Central and Pennsylvania trains to New York. He chafed because he could not see a play until the people back home had had an opportunity to do so, and failed to obtain adequate consolation in either the Field Museum which he never entered or in West Madison Street burlesque houses where he sometimes occupied a box.

The wonders of the Wacker Drive missed his imagination. Two-story streets were all very well for those who needed them, and when he went to the last Dempsey-Tunney fight, he declared that his ringside seat was actually way out in Iowa.

Then one night it began to snow. At the end of the first twenty-four hours of the storm the lake front was swept bare by the icy gale,

while he was sure there was a drift of at least two feet of snow in Wabash Avenue. Unable to get a bus or taxi, in order to say good by to a rather good scout of a girl in Sheridan Road, he took the Illinois Central for New Orleans. He had not lived in Chicago. He had been a Gothamite sojourning within a mile of the Loop, and was always surprised at finding retail stores on the tenth and fourteenth floors of what he supposed in his Manhattan innocence were office buildings. He simply was in the wrong town, and urged by a blizzard he moved down the Mississippi River on the eve of the Mardi Gras. But Rex and Comus of carnival time were not the lure that drew him south.

III.—NEW ORLEANS.

Citizens from Missouri, Ohio and New England, who flooded the sidewalks of Canal Street, did not bother de Courcy. He just did not see them. He left his baggage at the old hotel, at which he had stopped ten years before. After a walk to look over the stubby palmetto trees and to see whether the equestrian statue of General Jackson was still poised safely on the hind feet of his fiery bronze steed, de Courcy headed for Antoine's in old Creole town.

A four-hour dinner, that to him was a perfect combination of lower Second Avenue in Manhattan and the Ile Saint Louis, was followed by a nocturnal stroll past the former home of Madame Huget and back through Dauphine Street to his matter-of-fact hotel.

The next morning after eight hours

of sleep that reminded him of his childhood nights in Massachusetts, was the morning of the day before the Mardi Gras,—the morning of the only day for the following fortnight, when he could get preferred accommodations on the Sunset Limited for San Francisco. And he took the train that morning with no more regret at leaving Lake Pontchartrain and the approaching Mardi Gras behind than Paul Quackenbush had felt at missing the Pyramids on his first trip to Cairo. De Courcy had had a well nigh perfect dinner and evening in New Orleans, and that was what he asked New Orleans to do for him about once each decade or so.

IV.—SAN FRANCISCO.

Once more he entered San Francisco without having set foot in Oakland. The previous visit had been made on board the old Red Star liner Finland from New York through the Canal and into the Golden Gate. The only part of the trip across Texas, Arizona and the Salton Sea desert that he did not appreciate was the hour that he spent in the trainshed at Los Angeles, waiting for connections north.

Not caring for the Twin Peak drive, the seal rocks or the maze of shop kept by the See Yaps and the Sam Yaps, de Courcy held to his course until amid Italian surroundings and in spite of Mr. Volstead he was able to commandeer a "red ink" dinner with all the fixings from minestrone with Parmesan cheese to ravioli and the Neapolitan version of

plombiere and the inevitable demitasse.

San Francisco served him almost as well as New Orleans had, and de Courcy was content to steam out of the Golden Gate, knowing that in two more days he could get into whites as the vessel carried him southwest. He did not mind the missionaries, returning to Madras from Wisconsin, with whom he ate, nor the young Englishman, headed for a Burmese oil station, with whom he drank Scotch. He knew that before long he would begin to learn whether one travelled the seven seas, in order to find out whether it is good to stay home.

V.—HONOLULU.

As he strolled through the more crowded part of Honolulu, in the neighborhood of the Nuuanu stream, it was to be noted that he wore a beard that reminded one of sacred pictures of the shore of Galilee, because that was the way it struck Katie.

"You and I go together," said she, "and we'll charge the natives two bits to pray in your tent. What you say?"

Katie declared her father was Japanese, even if her mother was Hawaiian, and demanded that her Korean boy verify her pedigree, which he did with a smiling nod, as he brought in some very raw and colorless oke for the man with the River Jordan beard.

Abby shouted with glee, when she heard that Katie claimed a Japanese sire.

"She like me. Her father Portygee like mine. Her babies never have squint eye. That Katie crazy. She smoke hop like me. Hop makes me look old, when I'm only twenty-four.

"On the mainland I danced the hula with eight others, but the manager held out some of the money and his friends were too fresh. When I dance, my job is to dance. I came home on the Malolo. Hop is cheap and plenty here."

With that Abby put on her holoku and kissed him good by.

Little Madame Koidamoto, who gave him his first Turkish bath in Honolulu, told him that night:

"You come from Kauai. I was there myself once. I can tell by the color of the dirt."

But he had never been in Kauai. It was true that he had spent the

afternoon at Waimanalo Beach with a great granddaughter of the distant blue Canary Isles,—a wahine who was born and up to six months before had always lived near Hanalei Bay on Kauai.

Parenthetically, the silhouette of that wahine was anything but boyish.

De Courcy is still in his fifth town, and does not know whether the sixth will be Singapore or Papeete. And he is in no haste to sail in either direction, for in Honolulu he has the comforts of Times Square and the inefable charm of the lotus islands of the great ocean that knows both East and West and allows neither to absorb or reject the other.

Some day he expects to live strenuously. Meanwhile his existence is more or less of a meandering travelogue, somewhat like this yarn.

WILL THE ISLAND-BORN CITIZENS OF JAPANESE ANCESTRY CONTROL HAWAII?

By S. MARUYAMA

MAXIMUM production at minimum cost. This business principle has been and is followed everywhere by captains of industry for the simple reason that it means greater profit with less investment. It has been tried out and tried out profitably in Hawaii, but it has created a unique situation notably in politics and education. The purpose of this article written for THE HONOLULU MERCURY at the invitation of its editor, is to discuss that unique political situation brought about as the result of a business policy formulated, maintained, and pursued by the industrial leaders of these Islands.

Hawaii is essentially an agricultural country. Its basic industries are sugar and pineapple. Ever since 1876, when a reciprocity treaty was negotiated between the Hawaiian monarchy and the United States, the people of Hawaii have been dependent upon sugar. Pineapple production has become the second industry but it is of recent development. Coffee-growing and grazing may also be mentioned but they are insignificant,

compared to the basic industries, especially sugar.

The early history of the development of the sugar industry has vital bearing on the subject under discussion. The deliberate and persistent efforts made by the leaders of this industry for a period extending over half a century, to secure cheap labor in sufficient numbers to care for their industry have created for the practical statesman a knotty problem probably found in no other chief political unit of America. The population of the Islands was relatively homogeneous until about 1860 when the rapidly expanding sugar industry felt the necessity of importing a supply of new and cheap labor, in view of the steadily decreasing native population which had no liking for plantation life.

The minds of the sugar planters turned to the Orient, a source of cheap labor that develops maximum production at minimum cost. A batch of 180 Chinese coolies was first brought in on a five-year contract at \$3 a month, in addition to passage,

housing, food, clothing and medical attention. This was the beginning of Chinese immigration, which was later restricted and finally prohibited, but not until something like 21,000 coolies had been imported to the Islands.

Following the Chinese the Japanese began to come at the invitation of the sugar planters. The first group came in 1868 under a three-year contract which called for \$4 a month pay, besides food, lodging, and medical assistance. There were 148 in this group and they proved to be satisfactory workers. The next immigration from Japan did not occur until 1884 when nearly 2,000 Japanese were brought to Hawaii under an agreement entered into by the Hawaiian Bureau of Immigration and the government of Japan. Then none came for nearly two years on account of the fact that many misunderstandings with the Japanese arose. In 1886, however, an emigration convention was signed and ratified with Japan. From that time until 1907, when the so-called "Gentlemen's Agreement" was concluded between the United States and Japan, Japanese immigration was continuous.

Attempts were also made to bring Portuguese, Norwegians, Germans, Porto Ricans and other races but were not as successful as the Oriental immigration. At the present time thousands of Filipinos are being brought into Hawaii every year to care for the sugar crops.

But for many years the Japanese supplied the larger part of the labor on the sugar plantations of Hawaii. (I now quote from a report compiled and issued by the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association, a highly cen-

tralized organization representing the forty-three sugar plantations in the Islands). They have, says this report, proved themselves intelligent and industrious workers and have played an important role in developing Hawaii's prosperity.

The persistent effort of the sugar interests during half a century to import alien labor for industrial purposes completely changed the homogeneous character of Hawaii's population which more or less remained intact until 1850. We have now as a result of this effort, on which the sugar planters spent several millions of dollars, and as the result of the natural influxes of peoples which have taken place since annexation, a population consisting of Hawaiians, Americans, Portuguese, Japanese, Chinese, Filipinos, British and half a dozen other races and nationalities. The governor's report for 1928 shows that the estimated population on June 30 of that year was 348,767, of which almost half were alien.

The major racial groups in the Hawaiian population are the Hawaiian, Portuguese, Chinese, Japanese, Filipino, and "other Caucasian" which includes the American. The largest of these groups is the Japanese. There are at present in the Territory 134,600 Japanese. Of this number 83,242 are island-born.

The Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States declares that all persons born in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens of the United States. As Hawaii is an integral part of the United States, this constitutional provision makes all Japanese and other children born in

this Territory citizens and as such grants them all the political rights and privileges incidental to American citizenship. They may elect and be elected to public offices, municipal or territorial, and in the event Hawaii is admitted to the Union, to state and national offices, including the presidency of the United States.

While all this is true, it neither creates the "problem" nor causes the "alarm," to which uninformed people allude. The problem and alarm come to many people, especially in the continental United States, from the fact that children of Japanese descent—potential voters of tomorrow—out-number all racial groups, and from the possibilities of the domination of the territorial electorate by representatives of this racial group. Their increase in number and steady growth of their voting strength have led those who are interested in Hawaii's future political situation to ask some pertinent questions. One of them is: What is the attitude of the rising generation of citizens of Japanese descent toward American citizenship and the United States? But the more common question asked here and on the United States mainland is: Will the island-born citizens of Japanese descent control Hawaii? Reserving the first question for discussion in the latter part of this article, let us proceed to consider the question with which we are more immediately concerned, namely, whether or not citizens of Japanese nativity will control Hawaii politically.

The present territorial electorate, based on the general election figures

of 1928, is 46,058. Classified by race, there are 4,839 Japanese voters, 3,950 Chinese, 7,057 Portuguese, 8,964 Americans, and 18,952 Hawaiians and part-Hawaiians. The remainder includes British, Germans and others.

Twenty-seven years ago, in 1902, when the first Japanese cast their vote, the total number of electors in the Islands was 12,612. There were in that year 3 Japanese voters, 143 Chinese, 594 Portuguese, 1,932 Americans, 8,680 Hawaiians and a handful of voters of other races.

A comparison of the figures of 1928 and 1902 shows that during this period of 26 years the Japanese votes increased by 4,836, Chinese by 3,707, American by 7,032, Portuguese by 6,463, and Hawaiian and part-Hawaiian by 10,272, while the total electorate was augmented by 33,446.

At the general election ten years ago, in 1918, the territorial electorate was 20,124. The Japanese votes numbered 287, Chinese 954, American 3,810, Portuguese 2,844, and Hawaiian and part-Hawaiian, 10,901. This shows that during the sixteen-year period, from 1902 to 1918, the Japanese votes increased by 284, Chinese by 811, American by 1,878, Portuguese by 2,250, and Hawaiian by 2,221; and that, for the ten-year period from 1918 to 1928, the Japanese votes gained by 4,552, Chinese by 2,996, American by 4,154, Portuguese by 4,213, and Hawaiian by 8,051.

Statistics are dry and uninteresting, but for the benefit of those who desire to study further the voting strength of the several leading racial groups which constitute the territori-

al electorate, a table prepared from the official figures extracted from the records of the office of the secretary of Hawaii is hereby submitted. Minor racial groups, such as the British and German are omitted because they are

In 1920 a federal commission making a survey of the school conditions in the Territory, under the direction of the United States commissioner of education, made the wild prediction that by 1930, the number of Japan-

Comparison of the Voting Strength of Leading Racial Groups
from 1902 to 1928

Year	Hawaiian Part Hawaiian	Portuguese	Chinese	Japanese	American	Total
1902	8,680	594	143	3	1,932	12,612
1904	9,260	728	175	2	1,872	13,253
1906	9,635	939	220	113	1,674	13,578
1908	8,948	1,230	272	6	1,711	13,274
1910	9,619	1,530	396	13	1,763	14,442
1912	9,435	1,769	486	48	2,365	15,185
1914	10,308	2,317	654	112	3,020	17,699
1916	10,763	2,610	777	179	3,284	18,981
1918	10,901	2,844	954	287	3,810	20,124
1920	14,695	3,091	1,141	658	5,336	26,335
March						
1922	15,081	3,708	1,242	970	6,119	28,806
1922	16,817	4,212	1,499	1,135	6,944	32,491
1924	16,685	5,203	2,016	1,711	7,277	34,739
1926	17,763	6,115	2,906	3,092	8,622	40,569
1928	18,952	7,057	3,950	4,839	8,964	46,058

numerically insignificant, and this accounts for the slight discrepancy between the sum totals of the racial groups listed and the figures in the total column on the extreme right.

The foregoing official figures establish beyond a reasonable doubt the fact that the voters of Japanese descent are not increasing as rapidly as is commonly believed; that their increase during the last 27 years, with the exception of the Chinese, has been less than that of Portuguese, Americans or Hawaiians who make up the bulk of the voting population; and that their present voting strength is only 9.5 per cent of the total electorate.

ese voters would reach 10,915 or 28 per cent of the electorate of 38,972 and by 1940, 30,857 or 47 per cent of the possible electorate of 65,764. But actual facts and figures do not bear out this prediction for the last decade, and I have grave doubts that the guess for the next ten years will ever come true. The number of Japanese votes for the period 1918-1928 did not even reach the 5,000 mark, whereas the Federal survey commission predicted over 10,000. The commission erred 100 per cent.

In considering the political situation in Hawaii we must not overlook the fact that while the Japanese

voters are increasing voters of other racial groups are also increasing; and that the Japanese race is not as prolific as is erroneously believed; and that many children are moving out of the Territory, it being estimated that there are already in Japan some 20,000 island-born Japanese with little or no intention of returning to the Islands.

Taking into consideration all these facts and judging the future by the past and present, the answer must necessarily be "no," to the question, "Will the island-born citizens of Japanese descent control Hawaii?"

My personal belief and opinion are island-born voters of Japanese descent will not attain a sufficient numerical strength to dominate politics in Hawaii. Most of them have affiliated themselves with either the Republican or the Democratic party. There is no bloc among them. The characteristic group solidarity of the first generation does not exist to any appreciable extent among the young people. This is best demonstrated at election times. During the last general elections two of their kind ran for the House of Representatives of the Territorial Legislature from the same district on the island of Oahu. When their candidacy was announced, it was naturally expected the Japanese voters would rally to their support by reason of nationality. Nothing of the kind happened. They split up in two faction, joined the rest of the voters of other races, and voted for the men of their choice. The result was neither polled sufficient votes to be elected.

There was another instance during

the same election in another section of the Territory. A promising young man was a candidate for the Territorial Legislature. He did exceedingly well but failed of election by a few votes. One group of his own race had refused to support him. Leading members of the younger generation have often been heard saying just because a certain candidate is of the Japanese race is no reason why all the Japanese should vote for him, which is a healthy statement and augurs well for the political future of these Islands.

A ballot in the hands of an American citizen of Japanese ancestry is not like a razor in the hands of a baby. Experience shows that he can use it judiciously without injuring his own cause or menacing the welfare of others. There has not been an instance where he has deliberately abused it. Trained in the public schools, brought up in an enlightened environment, loyal to the ideals of America, and patriotic to the Stars and Stripes, he is in every sense American and does not wish to be set apart as non-American and classified according to the land of his parents' nativity. I believe this attitude is right, for a man who thinks himself as belonging to a particular national group in America has not yet become a true American.

Hawaii is conducting a great social and political experiment, testing whether its racial components can act as a single American unit with undivided allegiance to one flag. The American citizens of Japanese descent, one of the prominent racial components of this cosmopolitan commu-

nity, in obedience to the mandate of true Americanism, are striving to live up to the ideals of American citizenship, and it will be a great disappointment to them if they are denied full participation in the American scheme of government on account of their race or color.

The officials of the Territorial government and people of Hawaii generally understand and give full faith and credit to their protestations of loyalty to the American flag, but a large section of the people on the mainland, including those at the national capital do not. Mainland people are suspicious of "the Japanese people" in the Islands. Are they loyal? they ask. And what is their attitude toward American citizenship and the United States? they inquire. Well-meaning but hopelessly uninformed people, particularly those who are in the political game, consider citizens of Oriental ancestry a bar to Hawaii's statehood. In response to persistent pleas for admission to the Union, they have naively suggested partial and temporary disenfranchisement, by agreement instead of legislation, of American-born Orientals as a condition to acceptance of Hawaii's request for statehood. This suggestion coming quietly, evidently from some responsible persons at the national capital, has already been communicated in a very informal manner to an organization in Honolulu.

Such suggestion, in my opinion—and I think others will agree with me,—is a direct affront to citizens of Japanese descent and a challenge to citizens of all other ancestry. For,

what have citizens of Japanese descent done or shown to warrant even temporary or partial surrender of their inalienable rights which even the State cannot override. Let it now be said once and for all that they have been born part and parcel of the Great American Commonwealth and while they remain loyal citizens of this Republic with unquestioned allegiance to the American flag, and the American flag only, they are entitled to the abiding confidence of the American people.

Leaders of the territorial and national government and those who are immediately concerned with the administration of their political affairs can rely on their fellow citizens of Japanese origin to stand unflinchingly by them in their determination to vindicate the faith that is in them and to demonstrate the vigor of their institutions. Shall Hawaii and the United States avail themselves of the aid of citizens of Japanese descent and thus rivet them with indissoluble bonds to America? Or shall they, by chilling their hearts with suspicions and weakening their loyalty by unreasoning hostility, add the force of conviction to the slanderous accusation maliciously disseminated by the apostles of violence, that America is a country of one race and one class?

American citizens of Japanese descent stand ready and willing, not only to offer their lives for the cause of the United States as they did during the last war but also to sever anything that savors of political ties to their ancestral land as evidenced by

their fight against dual citizenship which they absolutely refused to countenance. What greater evidence is required to prove their worth as American citizens?

In short, the attitude of the rising generation of American citizens of Japanese descent toward American citizenship and the United States is this:

We believe that the Japanese born here should be given a fair chance to show themselves that they are capable of exercising properly the rights of American citizenship when political opportunities are offered them. Our belief and opinion are when the day comes the fear that the Japanese

will have political control over Hawaii will not be observable. We are aware of the fact that along with the rights and privileges of American citizenship granted us, there are responsibility and obligation to assume and execute; that we have no less nor greater rights; that it is our duty to vote for the best candidate regardless of color or race; that we have to participate in the government with the interest of the country in which we were born first at heart and at all times; that having been born of a different race is no fault of ours; that our parents are Japanese is no reflection; and that it is our duty to prove that we are true Americans.

THOMAS MANBY

Journal of Vancouver's Voyage to the Pacific Ocean (1791-1793)

(Continued from June Number)

AT 3 A. M. We weighed and came to sail with a fine breeze at N. N. W. This early hour of moving created no little confusion among the ladies, upward of a hundred being on board and only three single canoes alongside. Some of them swam on shore, but the major part made up their minds to go with good spirits to Onehow: as the distance was only a few leagues, they trusted to chance their again getting back.

The Sea was rather rough between the two Islands which sensibly affected all the girls. The motion of the Ship being so materially different to what they are accustomed to in their canoes: tho' they frequently go out in very blustering weather without finding the least degree of sickness.

At 9 A. M. Tranquillity was again restored by the Ship coming to an Anchor in a small Bay under the South point of the Island about three quarters of a mile from the shore. The reason of our touching here was to procure yams Onehow being famous for the growth of this most excellent root. Some canoes came off immediately on our anchoring and our Traffic commenced for this nutritious branch of commerce.

By the 16th we had purchased five

hundred weight of Yams for Nails and pieces of Iron. Besides a great plenty of Sweet Potatoes.

They have but few Hogs and trust to the produce of the sea for animal food. Being expert and diligent Fishermen they salt a great deal and barter it with the people of Atooe for cloth and mats.

The fish they take are principally Bonettos, Dolphins, Albicones and Cavallies of a very large size. An ample supply of this was laid in for our Sea stock making a pleasing variety in our diet.

I made an excursion with the Botanist nearly round the Island; it is very inferior in point of beauty to all the other of the Sandwich groupe; it produces very few Trees of any kind, and is only remarkable for the fineness of its Yams and Sweet Potatoes. I killed a few ducks in my walk, some curlews and some other birds of a smaller kind.

Onehow is considered as under the government of Atooe: it is but thinly inhabited, and had no Chief of consequence residing on it.

Old Onemoo sent a person of distinction with us from Atooi; he was paid great respect to, and had the sole direction of our Market.

The Chatham being as complete as

ourselves, we weighed in the afternoon and stood to Sea with a fine breeze to the N. E. The canoes followed us some distance and then wished us farewell with every sign of friendship. The Wind was light during the night, but at noon freshened up into a small breeze. The observed Latitude gave 22° , $15'$ N. and the Chronometers 199° , $17'$ E.

On the 7th at 3 P. M. We had the mortification to find our mainmast sprung six feet below the hounds. The carpenters were sent to work who securely strengthened it by Fishes, by the afternoon of next day.

March 26th. The wind remain strong between N. & N. E. for the last ten days, with a heavy swell running from the same quarter which greatly impeded our progress to the Coast of America.

On the 31st our Latitude was 27° $52'$ N. and the Longitude 216° , $30'$ E.

The Month of April commenced with more favorable weather the breeze shifting to the N. W. we shape our course to the N. E.

A very remarkable Fish followed the ship for sometime;

. . . . We remained here until the 20th with hard blowing weather from the S. W. and heavy rain. Our boats rowed up two or three branches, saw a few scattered tribes of Indians, who avoided all communication with our people. The country had a very inhospitable aspect, formed by stupendous rocks or impenetrable forests. The Latitude of this place is 51° $41'$ North.

The bad weather having now apparently set in Captain Vancouver determined to give up his farther

researches to the Northward for this year. We left our Anchorage called Port Safety, and passed out to sea by the North End of Calverts Island and bound for Nootka Sound to meet our Stone Ship who we were informed was anchored there. A small Brig called the Venus of Bombay engaged in the fur-trade anchored in Calverts Island whilst we lay in Port Safety and gave us some little intelligence respecting the politics of Europe and our own Country. The winds being unfavorable we did not reach the place of our destination before the 29th of August. We then came to in Friendly Cove, Nootka Sound. The Spanish colours were saluted with 13 guns and the same number instantly returned from a Brig that bore Don Quadia's besad pendant. The Daedalus stone-ship was likewise in the Cove and our English Brig. Provisions and stones were brought out to us in the Daedalus and Government dispatches directing Captain Vancouver to receive The Territory of Nootka from the Spaniards.

From the stone-ship we learnt the melancholy news that Lieutenant Reigist, Mr. Gouch our Astronomer and one Seaman had been massacred by the Savages at Whahoo one of the Sandwich Islands. I copied an account of the unfortunate disaster from the Log-book of the Daedalus, which I will now insert.

(THE MASSACRE OF LIEUT. REIGEST OF THE NAVY, MR. GOUCH, APPOINTED ASTRONOMER OF THE DISCOVERY AND ONE SEAMAN. From the Logbook of the Daedalus Stone Ship.)

On the 9th of May, 1792, we anchored in a Bay under N. E. point of Whahoo in 13 fathoms water; several canoes instantly came off to us with Sweet Potatoes and many Calabashes of water which they sold for nails. About noon a large double canoe came off with Hogs; these were purchased; and we were a good deal surprised to find one of the Natives in her speak a few words of English. He brought with him his brother, a youth about eighteen who volunteered, going away with the Ship. At 2 P. M. the Cutter was hoisted out and soon after Lieut. Reigest ordered her on shore with empty casks to fill with water under the direction of the first Mate but desired that no Firearms be taken, except those fitted to the stanchions of the boat,

The Mate objected to proceed without muskets which brought on an altercation and terminated by Lieut. Reigest saying he would go himself. Mr. Gouch promised to attend him and the Native who spoke English was desired to be of the party. Previous to their leaving the Vessel Tahoonah, a native they had brought from one of the Windward Islands tried all in his power to dissuade them from going, but no attention was paid to his friendly remonstrances; and the young Indian who accompanied them on their way to the shore, repeatedly urged Messrs. Reigest and Gouch not to stay late or trust them too far as they were bad people. After the Boat left the Vessel, Tahoonah appeared remarkably grave, walking about the deck as if very anxious for the safe return of

the boat: all our endeavours to make him cheerful proved ineffectual; he kept his eyes fixed on the Cutter till she reached the shore, and then eagerly watched the spot they had landed on.

Between six and seven we observed the Cutter pulling toward the Ship, and on her coming on board a tale of horror was related that the Savages were seen dragging Lieut. Reigest and the Astronomer up the country, and that a Seaman had been butchered within sight of the Boat. The Boat instantly quitted the shore and fortunately avoided the treacherous intent of a ferocious party rushing down to complete their bloody deed. A seaman by the name of Franklin escaped to the Boat from whom we learnt some particulars relating to this melancholy catastrophe. On their landing the empty casks were put on shore. Mess. Hergest and Gouch walked up to the River attended by Franklin and the murdered Sailor (Manuel).

The Natives willingly rolled up the Casks after them till they came to a place fixed on by Mr. H. and then commenced the business of filling under the direction of a petty Chief who was promised a reward for attending to the work: every thing going on to their wishes, the unfortunate men walked on, leaving Manuel to see the casks well washed. A crowd of Indians followed them apparently very friendly and civil. However on their return to the watering place, a good deal of confusion was observed in the Village and the females quitting their habitations and retiring to the hills. Mr. Hergest observed

Franklin to go to the Boat with some orders; in his way he saw the natives assembling round the watering place and soon after heard Manuel shriek alarm, stopped him a moment and with horror he beheld the Lieutenant and Astronomer seized by the Indians, the latter of whom then appeared lifeless, as the Savages were dragging him along with shouts of triumph; unable to assist his Officer, his own safety became his only consideration: it soon became doubtful as he observed a party running to cut him off from the Boat, and a daring fellow coming up to him with a dagger, his imminent danger gave him speed and strength, as he struck down two and beat his way through the rest miraculously gaining his boat altho' assailed by heavy showers of stones. They instantly discharged their Musguetoons and fired two muskets that were put in the boat unknown to Mr. Heigest. The volley occasioned a precipitate retreat. One limped off as if he was wounded, but none fell. Franklin and two other courageous Tars leaped on shore armed in pursuit of the flying savages keeping up a quick fire, which obliged the murderers of Manuel to drop his mangled corpse. With horror they beheld their brother sailor with two deep wounds on his breast and his head beat to pieces.

With the hope of rescuing Mr. Heigest, they continued on firing as fast as they could load, till their ammunition running short obliged them to desist. From a little hill they could plainly see the crowd that was bearing off the unhappy gentleman and hear their shouts of bloody victory.

Prudence then dictated their return to the boat, having but one round of ball left. On their again passing the body of the lifeless Manuel they intended carrying him to the Boat, but seeing near two hundred collecting together about three hundred yards distant they abandoned their plan for fear of falling sacrifices themselves to the brutality of the savages.

On the Cutter's return the Captain consulted the officers who agreed to weigh and stand to windward for the night, for fear of an attack on the ship. Tahoona passed a miserable night refusing food and rest, repeatedly inquiring if he would be killed for the treachery of his countrymen; and we tried to pacify him, but in vain, with every assurance of his safety; and in the morning sent him on shore with the first Mate and a Girl who had slept on board.

The Cutter was well manned and armed, and landed in the same spot as she did on the preceeding day; but could not prevail on any of the natives to come near her. Tahoona and the Girl were sent to make inquiries if either of the parties were living.

Tahoona after a short absence returned with the dreadful account that both were instantly put to death. He was again sent to demand their bodies, but met with no better success, as their remains were cut up and distributed to different chiefs. All hopes being now entirely lost, Tahoona came again with us, and we prepared to return to the ship.

At this instant these presumptuous savages made a sally and threw in a shower of stones, one of them wav-

ing the hat belonging to Mr. Hergist; for this assault we commenced a heavy fire without stopping till all our ammunition was expended: considerable slaughter must have taken place, but to what number we know not. We then returned on board and the Ship bore up for Ataoi a neighboring Island with Tahoona and the young Indian on board. Tahoona again became very dejected and in the evening he watched an opportunity and jumped overboard swimming toward the shore with all his strength; the ship hove to, it blowing very fresh. We lost sight of him, and proceeded on our course the land being at this time six leagues distant, we fear he could never reach it.

The Discovery and Chatham in Nootka Sound. August 30, 1792. The two first days were passed with the Spaniards in visits of form and ceremony. Dan Quadia kept a sumptuous table served on plate and gave a general invitation to all the Officers of the British Squadron. He expressed the greatest satisfaction at our arrival, as he wished to restore the place to the English as soon as possible. One of the Houses was cleared for our sick and another was fitted up for receiving part of the stores from the *Daedalus*: every thing went smoothly on for a week.

We were busily engaged clearing the stone-ship, The Spaniards were preparing for their departure and the day was fixed for striking the Spanish Colors and hoisting the British Flag. The arrival of an American Brig stopped the intended plans; the Master of her having sufficient influ-

ence with the Spaniards persuaded them that the treaty between the two nations only gave the English the spot which they were disposed of by Martinez. This Brig was in the Sound when Martinez seized the Vessels and Factory belonging to Mr. Mears in the publication of the latter gentleman, we are informed these very Americans assisted in forging the Irons to secure the Prisoners. Don Quadia on this information, sent an official letter to Capt. Vancouver acquainting him that altho' he quitted Bootka Sound, he should not withdraw the claim his Catholic Majesty had to the Territory; but at the same time willingly relinquish all Title to the Spot where the English Factory had been erected. Some days lapsed by letters going to and fro.

The first week in January 1793 we were ready for the Sea; the Discovery took on board four cows and two bulls for the Sandwich Islands with a few sheep. Sheep by no means thrive so well in California as cattle; it was rare to see one with the kidneys covered with fat, altho' the oxen were in excellent condition. The Bay of Monterrey is of large extent and abounds with fish. Whales are always to be seen and vast numbers of Seals and Sea Otters. The Indians frequently kill them while basking on the Rocks. The Indians of this place as well as Francisco are unacquainted with Canoes, which is rather surprising as the woods afford many large trees adapted for the purpose.

A few guns have been sent lately from St. Blass and an engineer is daily expected to erect a battery near the entrance of the Bay.

(SECOND VISIT TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS)

On the 13th of January we sailed from Monterey with Don Quadra's Brig in company, and all stood to the southward. By the 19th we had arrived in Latitude $31^{\circ} 37'$ North and Longitude $239^{\circ} 39'$ East.

Capt. Broughton came on board and took leave as did all the Spaniards and soon after shaped their course for St. Blass.

The weather was fine and favourable for some days which brought us into the N. E. Trade. On the 26th our Latitude gave $22^{\circ} 15'$ North and Longitude $236^{\circ} 15'$ East. For three days we made a diligent search for some Islands to be discovered by the Spaniards near a Century back. They are laid down in most Charts by the name of the Los Majos; during the day we spread our Vessels and brought to at night; therefore had they existed as laid down, we must certainly have found them. With concern heard on speaking the Discovery a very unpleasant account of the Cattle; one of the Bulls died a few days since and all the rest were far from being in a good way. The wind blowing strong between the 6th and 9th of February with a heavy following Sea tumbled the ships about considerably. Our Lat. on the 9th, was $19^{\circ} 14'$ North and Lon. $213^{\circ} 51'$ East. Dolphin and Bonottoe were daily seen: they would seldom take bait, but kept close under the bows of the ship and gave chase to the flying fish as the Vessel drove them up.

Tropic birds follow us for the same purpose: they dart upon the unfortunate flying fish when forced from

his own element to evade the voracious jaws of the Dolphin. At 10 P. M. on the 12th, both Vessels brought to for the night. As our reckoning placed us within ten leagues of the East end of Owhyee, at the dawn of day we made sail and four hours afterwards saw the East point right ahead four leagues distant. Capt. Vancouver directed us to survey the South side of the Island, and meet him off the West extreme, as he should take the North and N. W. side in the Discovery.

At noon we parted, our Latitude $19^{\circ} 31'$ North and Long. $205^{\circ} 7'$ East, Nov. 13. The East end of Owhyee forms in a low projecting point without any apparent danger laying off it: a tremendous surf breaks heavily on it: and inland are four small conic hills nearly equally distant from each other. The landscape in this situation drew the attention of us all by the large groves of Cocoa Nut Trees, clumps of other variegated Wood, enclosures of Verdure, scatter'd Villages and straggling huts. With our glasses we could plainly discern groups of the Inhabitants waving white cloth and using every friendly invitation for us to stop. The freshness of the Wind forced us to turn a deaf ear to their solicitations and fly past the kind good natured females that thronged on every eminence.

At night we hauled to the wind till day and then proceeded a long the range of the shore, keeping about 6 miles from it.

The prospect all the 14th. had but little to recommend it: the summit of the Mountain was buried in clouds, and the side of it down to the Water's edge lay destitute of all kind of vege-

tation and covered by an irregular heap of lava. The early part of the 15th, it blew a fresh gale for some hours, but moderated as we rounded the south part of the Island.

We saw some villages and most likely should have had some of the Natives off had not the fury of the surf prevented them launching their Canoes.

By noon we had approached within five miles of Karaka Kooach Bay, and had soon after the satisfaction of seeing three Canoes paddling towards us. We shortened sail to let them come up and were a good deal surprised to find an Englishman in one of them. The Canoes belonged to the King: on seeing us he hurried off this man to welcome us to the Island and beg our acceptance of seven hogs and some vegetables.

The history of our Countryman instantly engaged our attention. When last at Atooi we first learnt that the treacherous Tianna had seized an American schooner and murdered all the crew but one. From this man we learnt the truth of the report, and that he at that time belonged to an American Brig laying in Karakakooah Bay. The natives made an attempt on the "Brig" and would have succeeded had she not cut her cables and stood for Sea: this poor fellow happened to be on shore at the time, saw with astonishment his Vessel sail without him, and was immediately after made Prisoner and doomed to Death. The humane Chief that saved the life of the Schooner's man preserved this man from destruction and sent him to the King with whom he has been living ever since exceedingly happy and con-

tented. His name John Young, a native of Lancashire. All thoughts of returning to his own country he has long since given up. By the natives he is considered as a Chief. The Sovereign has given him extensive Estates well stored with Hogs and plantations of all kinds of vegetables. He has a Townhouse near the Royal Residence and as many wives as his inclination dictates.

From Young we learnt that a general Tobocbowar now existed through the Island: it had been in force eight days and would not expire till two more were past: this was unpleasant news, as it precluded both men and women coming afloat. During these days of penance the King and nearly all the Chiefs reside in the Morai or place of worship. Animal and vegetable sacrifices are offered every morning to some particular Deity. Women at these stated periods are not allowed to quit their houses, or even be seen; and the men lay under very great restrictions. The present Taboo Bower is an Invocation to the God that presides over fish: it is annually observed at this season of the year, as a notion prevails, was this ceremony neglected, the finny tribe would immediately quit the shores of Owwhyee.

While this religious interdiction remains in force it is rigidly attended to and Death is the consequence should any one disobey the mandate of the high Priest. A suitable present was sent on shore to the King with our wish of seeing him as soon as possible. In the evening the Canoes left us; we stood off and on during the night and found that a strong current drifted us ten miles to

the westward during the night. We continued plying near the West point till the 16th, expecting the Discovery every moment would heave in sight.

In the afternoon of this day we brought to, to let a squadron of large double canoes join us, as they came from Karakakooa and were paddling with more than common speed: we knew it was some great man approaching; it proved to be his Majesty attended by the Englishman and a large retinue of attendance.

He shook hands with us and expressed a good deal of Joy at seeing us; ordered some of his retinue to unload the Canoes that held his present consisting of Hogs, Pigs and various kinds of fruit.

Our royal Visitor asked many questions about the Discovery and appeared to be under great apprehension lest she should go to the other Islands in preference to Owyhee. His name is Tomaha Maha: he had on a large Chinese dressing gown which is considered as the most valuable piece of attire in his Majesty's Wardrobe: it belonged to the late King Teneiboo who received it from Capt. Cook a few days before he lost his life.

We offered him wine and brandy; the former he stuck to with evident satisfaction and soon finished his bottle. He sent for his purveyor into the Cabin and demanded something to eat. A roasted Dog, two fish and a calibash full of Tarro pudding were placed before him. In a few minutes the whole of the Dog was devoured, the fish each weighed half a pound, followed the dog, altho' they were in the same state as when taken from the water; scales gills, and garbage;

his feeding actually disgusted us; and the quantity he consumed would have been a profusion for three moderate men.

He enquired particularly if King George lived as well as he did; if so he would send one of his sons to see him and beg of him to visit Owhyee. They knew of Lieut. Heigist's death. Tomaha Maha spoke of it with horror and expressed a sincere wish we could put every body to the sword on the Island of Whahoo unless the murderers were given up. The schooner his subjects captured he promised to restore when demanded by her owners. She lays in a small cove near Karakahook Bay. The authors of this treacherous deed are likewise to be brought forward and punished according to their deserts. Tomaha Maha pressed us very hard to return with him to the Bay, promising to furnish us with every refreshment his Island produced. Finding his invitation could not be complied with, he left us in the evening and was paddled swiftly away on his royal barge by six and thirty rowers. He is of large stature and very athletic; his countenance is truly savage, as all his foreteeth are out.

The greatest respect is paid to him, as he is beloved by all his subjects we may certainly pronounce him a good king.

On the morning of the 17th, by sunrise the vessel was surrounded by Canoes, every one freighted with the choicest part of the creation, the female sex. It is them alone that can harmonize the soul, banish sorrows from the mind, and give to mankind true felicity; even the uncivilized Brunette in a state of nature can do

all this, and convinces that happiness is incomplete without them. In a moment our Decks were crowded with young good natured Girls, whilst the surface of the water around us was covered with some hundreds soliciting admittance. Our Bark instantly became a scene of Jollity and all was pleasure and delight. A strong lee currant and light winds drifted us some miles off the Land; most of the Canoes returned to the shore, and soon after we were joined by the Discovery.

Capt. Vancouver made known his intentions of anchoring in Karakakoa Bay, both Vessels made all sail, but by the perverseness of the winds did not reach it till the 22nd, at night.

Large fires were made on the Western point of the bay, and the King sent out some of his large double canoes who assisted us greatly in towing. At 10 P. M. we anchored in 12 fathoms and moored about half a mile from the shore. On the following morning long before day broke, Canoes began to assemble round us; they flocked into the bay from all parts; by noon you could scarce see the water in any part of the bay as the Canoes formed a complete platform. The number of people then afloat could not be less than thirty thousand. The noise they made is not to be conceived every body loudly speaking and being assisted by the musical crys of some scores of Hogs and Pigs absolutely stunned us on board the Brig.

The shores in every direction were lined with people; and such was their curiosity to approach the Vessels that many hundreds swam off to us, holding up one hand a little pig, a

fowl, or a bunch of Plantains.

In the forenoon the bay became a scene of sad confusion by his Majesty embarking with a large retinue to pay his respects to Capt. Vancouver: he brought with him an amazing present contained in fourteen double canoes all following each other in an exact line.

The Sovereign led the van in one of the largest Canoes we ever saw, paddled by forty six men. The Monarch with his squadron passed three times around the Vessels before he went along side the Discovery.

The exactness of his rowers both in skill, dexterity and dress and the appearance of the Royal Personage standing up in a manly attitude holging a spear in his right hand, had an appearance both splendid and magnificent.

He was robed in a beautiful Cloak of yellow feathers that reached from his shoulders to his feet, whilst a feather helmet adorned his head of scarlet, black and yellow. The usual token of friendship being exchanged by touching noses with Capt. Vancouver his present was ordered on board the ships consisting of eighty large Hogs, Pigs, Fowls and all kinds of fruit and vegetables Owhyee produced.

The cattle greatly delighted him, though it took some time to quiet his fears lest they should bite him. He called them large hogs and after much persuasion we prevailed on him to go close up to them; at that instant one of the poor animals turned its head round quickly so alarmed his Majesty that he made a speedy retreat and run over half of his retinue. His fright was not of long duration

and ceased on seeing some of his attendants take them by the horns.

They were sent on shore in his Canoes to his Village; a Chief of consequence and a party of men were appointed to attend them, and very particular orders were given with the sick Bull to see him carefully nursed. The four cows were in tolerable condition and had got very tame by being on board. The concourse of people to see them landed was immense; we were a good deal diverted at seeing the terror the whole Village was thrown into by one of the cows galloping along the beach and kicking up her heels. Thousands ran for the Sea and plunged in; every Cocoa Nut Tree was full in a moment; some jumped down precipices, others scrambled up rocks and houses, in short not a man would approach for half an hour. The King directed that his two Englishmen should remain on board the Vessels during our stay, to regulate the Traffic and keep the Natives in order: all kinds of refreshments he promised to supply us daily with, and finished his civilities by requesting to hear our wants that he might get them supplied as soon as possible.

He made numerous inquiries about King George, whether he had forgiven them for killing Capt. Cook; that dreadful event gave him, he said frequent uneasiness. The blame was all thrown on Terrieboo, the late King. Tomaha Maha was an active performer on that important day. His name at that time was Maha Maha and is mentioned in the narrative of Capt. Cook's Death by such.

Before he left the ship his two Queens came on board with other

female relations; they were each presented with Ribbons and Beads. The Royal Dames were plump and jolly, very lively and good humoured. The Girls on board offered all the trinkets we had given them to these Ladies of rank; they received some and enquired after particular sorts of beads. The only clothing they had on was many folds of thin cloth about their waiste reaching nearly to the knee; every other part of them remains uncovered, with few ornaments, the principal one a piece of polished bone fastened round their necks with plaited hair. The visitors left the Ship a little before sunset and an unwelcome messenger from the Morai proclaimed another vile Tabouboroo to take place at the setting of the luminary.

Our female friends instantly left us with many invectives against the barbarous custom that would now confine them to their habitations for two nights and one day. We parted with them with regret and reluctance; passed thirty dull hours and received them again in our arms by sunrise on the 24th. The moon being within a day of the full created this religious restriction: it is called the Tabouborou Morai: while it lasts the Chiefs and Priests reside in the Morai, pass their time in prayer, and making offerings to their departed friends. Capt. Vancouver directed that no one should go ashore belonging to our Vessels in order to convince them no violation of their laws and customs should take place on our part and that we looked for equal attention and exactness to be observed in every thing relating to the Ship. The Master of the Discovery

was sent on shore with the Observatory and Instruments to regulate the time keepers.

Tomaha Maha gave him a small Potatoe garden at the foot of the Morai; in this place Capt. Cook made his observations and settled the Longitude of the Island. A Chief and party of men were appointed as guards of the Observatory. And as no women could come to the Tents, being within the limits of the Morai, the considerate King supplied the Astronomers with a large house about sixty yards from their residence where they might entertain their female friends and observe the beauties of Venus whilst the other planets were obscured by clouds.

On the 25th, I paid my first visit to the shore and of course to the royal Apartments immediately on landing: they are walled round, and consist of four houses. One of the Queens received me, she was sitting under the branches of a Cloth Tree stringing beads surrounded by twenty attendants, most of whom were cooling the air with fans. She placed me by her, sent for fruit and ordered some Cocoa Nuts to be fresh gathered from a neighboring tree. Her Majesty amused herself sometime in tying and untying my hair, decorating it with feathers, flowers, and other things. She then nearly undressed me to observe my skin. My left leg that had undergone an operation of Tatooing at Otaheita pleased her greatly. She sent for an old man to come and see it, who examined it attentively for a quarter of an hour; and then a long conversation ensued which produced a great deal of mirth.

The hieroglyphical characters at

Otakeita may be known to these people; and as the man who Tatooed me knew my disposition and how I was circumstanced at the moment: I conjecture he has imprinted some South Sea mark, that will create a smile in most Islands in the Pacific Ocean. After passing an hour in flirtation with this generous queen some little particulars were exchanged tho' by no means criminal, that occasioned her Majesty to be called to order by a little deformed wretch, who I was afterwards informed, held a situation of high honor in the Royal Household. On enquiring from our Englishman I find every women of distinction is attended by one or more of this hump-backed rase in Owhyee; they are responsible for the conduct of the females, and are put to death should she be found in any other arms than those of her husband.

Only two of the houses in the Palace Yard were considered as the residence of the Sovereign: The others were occupied by his retinue: the two appropriated to his use were of equal size and well built; one dedicated to his meals, the other to his slumbers. The sleeping mansion was spread with a great many Mats and large piles of the softest cloth; a softer or better bed cannot be formed. The smallness of the door renders their Habitations unpleasant by the want of light, obstructs a more considerable consideration to a tropical climate, that of Air. Passing thro' a small wicket door brought us to the Morai or place of Worship. The Morai much resembles the square steeple of an English Country Church in its form: it is built with wood, and ornamented with small bunches of cloth.

We did not see the inside, but were informed the bones of Deceased Kings lay in it. It is fenced round with short poles with many human skulls sticking on them, the remains of sacrifices. Close to the Morai is a house the residence of the Chief Priest called Tahoona and before his door stands the great Oroona or God of Owhyee.

The Oroona is a huge figure cut out of wood to resemble a Man's face, with an enormous large mouth, stuck full of teeth, with two large Mother of Pearl Eyes. An old man while we were present brought him his Dinner; it consisted of a large fish and a bundle of Plantains; they were first carried into the Morai, underwent some ceremony and then brought to the Oroona.

The fish they crammed into his mouth and hung the plantains near him. I understand the Deity's repast is always consumed before the morning: the Idol has the credit, and the Priests, no doubt, have the gratification of a good supper every night and laugh at the credulity of the countrymen.

Four little Images are ranged near the Oroona, each had an offering of flesh or fruits, and all decorated with cloth of various colors.

To distort the countenances the artists of these figures particularly attend to, and I believe the Deity most deformed in features gains veneration by his hideous appearance. In the Morai Yard we saw three other houses that held the bones of a great many Warriors: they were paled round, but stunk so abominably we could not approach them: the stench arose from Hogs, Dogs and Fowls in

a state of putrefaction, the roof of each sepulchre was filled with them and thronged by large swarms of flies.

When human sacrifices are offered the cruel deed is executed in this place on a place built with stones erected twelve feet from the ground.

The miserable victim is dragged to it and the Priests are his Executioners; his brains are beat out and the body is cut up with shark's teeth-knives.

The Eyes and bones are dedicated to the Oroona: part of the flesh is consumed by fire and the rest given to the King's Fishermen to catch Sharks with. Having seen the contents of the Morai Yard, we returned to the palace: his Majesty was just come in from bathing. He gave us each a mat of fine texture and a piece of cloth; we attended him to see the Cattle; they were all in high health but the bull; his death is inevitable: a number of people were closely watching him keeping off the flies with green boughs. Tocaroo the Islander we brought from England begged us to visit his habitation about a mile distant; we accorded and found his residence pleasantly situated in a grove of Cocoa Nut Trees.

The Chief under whose care we placed him has punctually fulfilled his promise; and the generous Tomaha Maha had bestowed a considerable portion of Land on him: given him canoes and a female partner the daughter to a man of Consequence, yet even with these acquisitions and the Land of plenty at his command this poor fellow was far from happy. His heart and thoughts dwelt on the object of his attachment

he was torn from at Otaheita: his soul yearns to be encircled in those arms that first taught him how to love: and such is his miserable state that I expect he will ere long equip his canoe, implore the mercy and protection of the Winds and Waves and either gain his Mistress or perish in the attempt. I considered his treatment at the moment as severe and barbarous. I now think it a kind of slow murder by involving a fellow creature in everlasting wretchedness. He had nearly forgot all his English and I was sorry to find him not so much respected as I could have wished on the Island as on his first landing he had made free with that privilege too often used by travellers; his falsehoods were detected and of course contempt ensued. The Village of Karakakoooh is scattered over half a mile of ground and contains about two hundred houses. The people were exceedingly friendly and sold us with honesty many curiosities for beads and nails. Near the Palace we saw two Coco Nut Trees perforated in the stem by six pound shot fired from the Resolution at the time Capt. Cook was killed. The Natives gave us a short account of that unfortunate day; saying that those shots prevented their attacking the Tents and Observatory that stood where ours do now.

We had not time to visit the Village of Horooah where the melancholy event took place, as it lies on the opposite side of the bay. Having passed a pleasant forenoon, we returned on board to dinner with some chiefs who very willingly partook of our fare. In the evening shortly after dark a double Canoe came along side which threw our female visitors into the greatest confusion. An elderly

woman came on board whom we found to be a captive Queen taken prisoner at the Island of Mowee about three years ago. This unfortunate Lady is treated with the greatest respect: no woman can stand in her presence which created a droll scene, as our decks were full of girls at the time of her unexpected coming on board: they were about on their hands and knees flying from every place the Captive approached, scrambling up and down the ladders of the Vessel to the great diversion of our sailors who for an hour laughed heartily at the confusion of their little favorites. Cranniakosah is the name of this Lady, she was very cheerful and requested often to see us when we went on shore. She is restricted from leaving her house in daylight, but may ramble where she pleases at night. A small retinue always attend her; amongst them are two hump-backed.

She remained with us two hours and then took her leave. The duty of both Vessels went on very smoothly without any thing particular taking place until the 30th, when Tomaha Maha came on board early in the morning with the Cook's Axe and a few other articles that had been stolen from the Chatham during the night. An unfortunate girl was the Culprit whom the King had made a close prisoner on shore, saying he would put her to death if the Captain wished it. Her friends came on board to intercede in her behalf urging that she had been invited on board to pass the night with one of the Seamen who had neglected her; and that in revenge she had swam on shore with every thing she could find laying loose about the deck. (*To Be Continued*)

MAUNA MONA, MY WAHINE

By ADRIENNE HART.

When first I saw you standing there
With the blue water breaking at your feet,
 Your head above the shadowy mist
 That light as fleecy clouds
 Twined on your outstretched arms—
Welcoming me—drawing me ever nearer to your heart.

Oh dear Wahine, with garments trailing
Across the colors of the sunset sky—
 The ribbon of the rainbow tying back your silken tresses,
 And wound around your neck leis of ilima and lehue.
 And crushed into the borders of your robe
The flaming hibiscus: leaving a red stain like my heart's blood.

Oh beloved Wahine! My love lies buried deep,
There where the molten silver circles the sandy shore;
 There where the purple shadows come to rest
 And melt into the green of yonder loveliness.
 There where the moonlight's magic brush
Scatters with silver stars the sea—the land.
Your love songs fill my ears,
And steal with haunting memories into my heart.

THE NAKAI

By JOHN SNELL

AROUND them the waves of Occidental life ebb and flow, but scarcely ever enter—those many transplanted bits of the Orient that have their being like islands, serene, calm, indifferent in the midst of the tropic splendor that is Kaunauiloa, in Hawaii.

Up alleys and down lanes that form only a spider's web they hide from the gaze—and the Law—of the White Man. Inside portals inscribed with weird ideographs and behind closely drawn shutters, strange things incomprehensible to the Western world take place and pass into memory. For Life is short and Time is long. Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow—naught can halt the endless procession. If it be halted, there is always Buddha.

Of such was the teahouse Gingesu. Dark, grim, forbidding from the outside. But gorgeous, bright and gay within. Over it there hovered a brooding silence and something ineffable that had been brought to Hawaii from that island Empire far to the westward with many of the customs of Nihon. Teahouses they are called, but in the Gingesu, at least, tea was the beverage least consumed.

Abruptly the stifling silence that cloaked the corridors of the establishment was broken by the sound of a pair of clapping hands from the third room on the right of the portal that

guards the fastnesses of the House of a Thousand and One Joys. Sharp it was, as the report of a revolver.

"*Hai*—yes," answered a high youthful voice from the room that served as kitchen. The girl slipped hastily into a pair of straw sandals. Down the narrow, latticed corridor the little kimonoed figure pattered. In front of the sliding door of the third room she paused, stepping out of her slippers. She knocked, slid back the paper screen and walked on to the matted floor within.

She grimaced inwardly at the gross figure that squatted in a kimono—as only a Japanese can squat upon his haunches—at the table which was less than a foot off the floor. The scanty remains of the full and apparently excellent dinner of a gourmand were before him. The inevitable *saké* pot was empty.

"*Mosukoshi kudasa i*—a little more," he demanded, indicating the pot.

"*Hai*," she assented, taking the covered vessel and retreating. She stepped into her sandals and sped back to the kitchen. She filled the pot with the wine of the rice and set it in a basin of boiling water. When it was heated she returned it to the third room on the right.

She refused the gourmand's offer to drink.

"*Iyeh arigato*—no, thank you. I do not drink."

As she poured the liquor into his glass he grasped for her hand. She eluded him.

"What is the matter, O-Masano-san?" he asked petulantly in Japanese. "Why will you not be nice to me? Why will you not talk to me?"

"I am very busy."

"A new *obi*—a new kimono—a new hair ornament?"

"What would your wife say?"

"My wife is Japanese-born. What could she say? You are island-born."

"So are you," she accused.

"But you do not understand. I am a man and I went back to Japan—to Kobe—for my wife."

"And you want to make love to me."

"Why not? Your are young—pretty."

"I am a good girl," she answered simply, hanging her head.

"Well, if you won't entertain me, get me a *geisha*. See about O-Masano-san."

"She dances tonight at the party of Mitamura."

"How about O-Yuki-san?"

"She also is there."

"Then get me anybody."

On her way to the kitchen Masano-san paid her compliments to the gourmand.

"If he were in Japan he would be a rickshaw-coolie," she reflected. "Here in Hawaii he sells automobiles to his countrymen and makes 'plenty money.' Those tales of his Eta descent must be true," she whispered, applying the worst possible epithet known to a Japanese.

"I wonder which of these *geisha*

will come," she pondered, drawing her finger down the names and telephone numbers on the kitchen wall. "They are so few now in Kaunani-loa. It would be much simpler if he were a white man. Then he would require only a woman of easy virtue."

Three times she called without success. The fourth *geisha* would come. As she replaced the receiver there sounded the clapping of hands from the fifth room on the left.

"*Hai*," answered Masano-san automatically.

A strange, strange business this, for a daughter of the Samurai—the Knights of Old Japan. But if it be incongruous, so are many things in Kaunani-loa in Hawaii, Place of Paradox. There is neither Occident nor Orient in the islands—only a jumble of both.

Masano-san slid back the screen of the fifth room—and stopped short in confusion. At the usual squat table sat Aratane Okazaki and a stranger, a young *haole*—a white man. Okazaki she knew. A proofreader on the *Enterprise* by day and a scholar by night. His presence at a teahouse was unusual, to say the least; but for him to be accompanied by a white man was almost inconceivable. They must have arrived before her hour of duty had begun.

She watched the mouth of The Haole open in amazement as his eyes took in the picture that she presented framed in the doorway. Her long, coal-black hair oiled and coiled around and around her head; the high flush on her cheeks; her dark eyes likewise spread to their almond limits in astonishment; her blue kimono of all but priceless silk, with its

large yellow flowers embroidered in gold; the white, Japanese-style stockings that covered her feet.

The cultured voice of Okazaki broke the silence that was becoming tense as Masano-san and The Haole gazed each at the other.

"*Kum ban wa*—good evening. Be pleased to bring us another pot of *saké*."

With a courteous bow she picked up the pot, that might have contained tea, and withdrew.

"Who's the good looking waitress?" asked The Haole with quickened interest.

"She is not a waitress," said Okazaki, speaking English with a slight clipped accent and the exactness and precision demanded at the proof-desk. "She is the *nakai*."

"What's that?"

"A *nakai*," began the Japanese relaxing and smiling tolerantly at the "foreigner's" ignorance, "does not exist in your language nor in your country. She is the maker of arrangements—whatever they may be. She is the go-between. Her qualifications are a pleasant manner and the ability to forget whatever may occur behind the *shoji*." He waved his hand toward the sliding screens. "A *nakai* has never been known to tell. If she should, there would be many, many more divorce suits in Kaunanuiloa."

"You say she isn't a waitress," protested The Haole, "but she's waiting on us."

"She will serve you or she will talk to you for a little while—if you do not want a *geisha*," Okazaki explained.

"What do you mean by a *geisha*?"

"You will see plenty of them soon,

after you are in Tokyo." His face again assumed the expression of a teacher addressing a not too smart pupil. "A *geisha* is an entertainer. She may be virtuous—most of them are. She may be otherwise. That is at her discretion. She will play for you on the *samisen*, sing, and let you make love to her, and," drily, "she will charge you so much per hour."

"You must not confuse the *geisha*," he continued, "with the kind of entertainer who does not play on the *samisen* and does not sing. Any *nakai* can procure either—that is part of her duties."

"Well, we don't want either," declared The Haole. "This girl is good enough for me. When she comes back you tell her so."

"Why not tell her yourself?"

"You know I can't speak Japanese."

"Why not tell her in English?"

"Will she understand?"

"I think so—she is well educated."

"Then what's she doing here—with this *nakai* business?"

"That is an involved story," the Japanese began. "Her father. . . ."

A knock on the *shoji*. Masano-san, the *nakai*, had returned.

The Haole looked up as she entered.

"You savvy English?" he began doubtfully, unable to free himself from the belief that this was the proper method to address all Japanese who wear the kimono.

"Yes, I 'savvy'," she replied quietly.

"What name you?"

"Masano."

"Too muchee nice name, I think so."

"Yes, I think so also. I like it very

much." Her face was expressionless save for her dancing eyes.

"Translated into English," she continued, "it means 'Honor.' Would you mind very much if I asked your name?"

The Haole stared open-mouthed.

"You do 'savvy'—I mean speak English," he said feebly. "That's one on me."

"I was born here," she said gently, "just like Mr. Okazaki."

Clap-clap-clap—again there sounded the crash of hands through the corridor.

Masano-san replied with the eternal "*hai*," rose slowly and retired almost before the echo had died away.

"Gee," exclaimed The Haole. "What a peach!"

"Yes—she is rather attractive," agreed the Japanese, "and she tries to be pleasant."

"What were you saying about her father?"

"He was of the Samurai, which means much in Japan but little here. He came to Hawaii for reasons he never made public. He tried to be a business man. There were not very many Japanese in business here in those days, and he was fairly successful. He made certain that his daughter was educated and brought up in surroundings which he considered necessary for one of a Samurai household. That," Okazaki concluded a trifle grimly, "is perhaps why he left nothing when he died."

"And so she had to go to work," nodded The Haole. "But why did she pick a teahouse and this *nakai* business?"

"For that answer," said the Japanese with an air of finality, "you will

have to delve into feminine psychology."

"But I should think a girl like that could marry any Japanese she might choose."

"Unfortunately—no. She personifies the tragedy of our people in the islands. She looks down on Japanese boys born here. Japanese boys, whether born here or in Japan, look down on her."

"Why? She is as pretty as the well known picture."

"Personal beauty has little to do with marriage among my people—it is more a matter of convenience and comfort, as far as the man is concerned, and submission as far as the woman is concerned. The men say that island-born girls are too much like Americans—the girls say the same about island-born boys. The parents take a similar attitude. *My* wife came from Japan."

"That isn't much of a boost for these American citizens."

"Depends entirely upon the viewpoint."

"And it really is a tragedy," continued Okazaki after a thoughtful pause. "Japanese women are not cold, as so many of you Occidentals imagine—and in Hawaii women mature at an early age. The tropic sun transfers some of its warmth to their blood. It is surprising to me that this girl has withstood the temptations of her environment as long as she has. You can see that she has."

Another momentary, thoughtful pause, and he added:

"Some day soon, I suppose, she will fall—and then her descent will be rapid indeed!"

"But the *saké* pot is empty," re-

marked The Haole. "Let's have another."

"This is the only establishment of its kind you have seen," demurred Okazaki. "Let us visit some other place."

"Just now I don't care about any other place—if you can get that girl to come in here again and talk."

"You will be in Kaunauiloa two days more," suggested Okazaki.

"Would they let me in here alone—without you?"

"Very likely. You have not the appearance of a prohibition officer."

"All right. Let's go."

Okazaki extinguished his cigaret and clapped his hands in the manner that was becoming familiar to The Haole. Preceded by the usual "*Hai*," Masano-san, the *nakai*, re-appeared.

A brief sentence in Japanese and the bill was forthcoming. As Okazaki and The Haole walked down the narrow corridor the latter addressed Masano-san, who followed in their wake.

"You remember me—if I come back tomorrow?"

"Certainly. Are you coming with Mr. Okazaki?"

"Probably not—maybe alone."

"Very well," she smiled enigmatically. "*Sayonara*."

"*Sayonara*," he repeated, sensing this meant farewell.

"You are making rapid progress in in Japanese for one who is stopping here between steamers," remarked Okazaki with quiet humor.

They passed through the gate of the Gingetsu.

Masano-san turned back into the labyrinth of the building. For the first time she found herself curious about a customer of the teahouse. She wondered who The Haole was—what

he was doing in Kaunauiloa—why he was with Mr. Okazaki. He must also be a *shimbun-kisha*—newspaper writer.

She still was wondering as she began her duties the next night. Would he come back? He had said he would, but these Americans rarely came alone to the Gingetsu. Men always said they would come back—with a *haole* that seemed to be a part of the leave-taking.

Her thoughts were interrupted by Nakagawa-san, who acted as both cook and manager.

"There is a strange *haole* at the door," he said breathlessly. He asks for you. I know him not. Can he be a spy of the government at Washington? Hide the *saké* and come look quick."

Masano-san obeyed, surprised at the rapid beating of her heart. The Haole stood awkwardly just inside the door, as though conscious of hidden scrutiny.

"So you did come back," she said, the English words contrasting strangely with her Oriental bow of welcome.

"Sure—sure I came back; but these birds wouldn't let me in. Do I look like a prohibition sleuth?"

"We must be very careful," she explained. To Nakagawa she said in Japanese, "The honorable gentleman is a friend of Okazaki-san. They dined together here last night."

Nakagawa's worried air became one of effusive welcome. "Harro—harro," he beamed in what passed as English. Then to the *nakai*, "Show the honorable guest to a *hanare zashiki*."

Masano-san bowed again to The Haole.

"Come. I will take you to the room

of last night."

"This is where I take my shoes off, isn't it?" asked The Haole, proud of his newly acquired knowledge, as she drew back the screen.

"Yes," she sparkled. "Would you like a kimono?"

"What for?"

"It is the custom."

"Then yes—by all means."

"I will return in a moment."

The Haole, shoeless, entered the room. He stood uncertainly as he contemplated the next move. He hoped that she would remain away while he changed his costume. He had heard that Japanese women—and men also, for that matter—were indifferent to the so-called niceties of the Western world, but he was unwilling to make the test.

He was greatly relieved when Masano-san re-appeared and, laying a folded kimono on the mat, asked what he desired.

"Bring he some *saké*, please."

"*Hai*," she laughed. "You will be able to put on the kimono while I am heating it."

The Haole made certain that she had shut the screen tightly. He hurriedly removed his coat, shirt and trousers, threw them into a corner, and wondered whether he had gone too far. He worked his way awkwardly into the kimono. After a futile effort to keep it drawn about him he discovered a strip of doubled cloth on the floor. Of this he made a belt. Apparently that was the purpose for which it was intended. He sat down stiffly on the floor in what he fancied to be the Japanese manner and tried to look at ease—but felt foolish.

He was in this position when Masano-san knocked lightly on the *shoji* and entered.

"You have become quite a Japanese," she remarked as she filled his small glass.

"You bet your life," he assented lamely, trying to hide his embarrassment as she picked up his garments and hung them carefully in a closet, which he had overlooked, behind another sliding screen.

"You should be more tidy," she reproved.

"Won't you have a drink with me?" he asked to change the subject and fearing, as he spoke, that this might be another blunder.

"No thank you; I do not drink. But I will show you the proper way to offer *saké* to a Japanese girl."

She held out her right hand for his emptied glass and indicated with her other hand that he should pour. As the first few drops fell into the glass she stopped him. She drank with exaggerated gusto and, placing the cup in his hand, re-filled it.

"Thanks," he said, beginning to forget his self-consciousness. "That will be a good thing to know when I get to Tokyo."

"Oh; are you going to Japan?"

"I sail day after tomorrow. I'm a newspaperman and I'm going to work on an American paper there."

"I wish I were going to Tokyo too," she said with a wistful simplicity that robbed the remark of all trace of coquetry.

"Don't you like these islands? I thought all Japanese did."

"But I am a girl."

The Haole remembered vaguely some remark of Okazaki.

"I do not like the island-born Japanese boys," she explained, "and those from Japan do not like me."

Then he remembered fully and understood.

"I am trying to save enough money now to go to Tokyo," she continued. "Perhaps I might find some Japanese there whom I like and who would like me well enough—but your pot is empty."

"I think I'll have another, if you'll come back and talk to me."

"I will try. There is no one else here to need me now."

When she returned with the second pot he turned the conversation again to herself.

"How do you like this teahouse?"

"Well enough," she sighed. "You see. . . ."

And while The Haole sat and drank from his constantly re-filled glass, Masano-san, the *nakai*, told him of her orphaned life, her disappointments, and her hopes. As she poured the pot dry the clapping of hands from another room in the Gingeatsu interrupted her narration.

"Now your pot is empty again, and I must go."

"Bring me another and come back," The Haole pleaded.

"I will bring you another, but I am afraid I will not be able to stay because new guests have arrived."

He repeated his request for her continued company when she returned and filled his glass.

"I will try to leave the others as soon as I can," she promised.

The Haole emptied the cup as she closed the *shoji*. Left alone, he began to feel the insidious embrace of the *saké*. This was pretty soft, this teahouse life, and this girl was certainly a wonder. Would there be many like her in Tokyo? If so, he might not come back to the States as soon as he had planned. His entire body was relaxing slowly—gentle fingers seemed to be caressing the tis-

sues of his brain—and a vast peace stole over him. But *saké*—no one ever was drunk from *saké*—other Americans had assured him of that. This girl now—she reminded him of a doll in her bright kimono. Maybe Lafacadio Hearn had not been so foolish after all.

He filled and emptied his glass again.

His relaxation was complete. He knew that he could control his muscles at will but the effort seemed too great—any effort beyond that of pouring from the pot. The mat-covered floor had become strangely soft. He lay at full length after making certain that the *saké* was within easy reach. Past and Present faded from his mind—life was only an endless series of glorious Tomorrows.

"You can't—get drunk—on—this stuff," he assured himself as he reached again for the *saké*.

He became aware of Masano-san. How long had she been gone? Fifteen minutes—an hour. No matter. She was back. And the *saké* was gone. Of that alone he was certain. He struggled to sit erect, succeeding after a fashion.

"Can I have some more?" he asked, surprised that his speech required more physical effort and mental concentration than usual.

"I believe you have had sufficient," she demurred. "Don't you think you had better go home?"

"All right; if you say so," he agreed.

"It might be best. I'll call a taxicab. Where do you live?"

"It's out on—on—" and he stopped—what was the name of that street? "It's some avenue; the name ends in 'lani'."

"Kaiulani?" she suggested hopefully.

"That sounds like it."

"Kealohilani."

"Maybe."

"Liliuokalani? — Kapiolani?" she questioned desperately.

The Haole gazed in consternation.

"I'm damned if I know."

"If you want to sleep here. . . ." she regarded him doubtfully.

"Is it all right?"

"Certainly. This is a teahouse."

She went to another concealed closet and brought out a thick quilt and a pillow. These she arranged on the floor.

"You must sleep in the Japanese style," she explained as she placed a second quilt over him. "You will be called in the morning. Good night." And the light in the room went out.

"Good night," echoed The Haole from the darkness. "*Sayonara*. You can't—get drunk—on—*saké*."

The sunlight, glinting between the *shoji*, awakened him hours later. He sat up with a start and stared about. Suddenly he remembered—the teahouse—the *saké*—Masano-san, the *nakai*.

"Are you all right?" came anxiously in a familiar voice—and Masano-san stood before him.

For a moment his parched tongue refused to obey. Then:

"Yes," blankly. "But you—how did you come here—it's morning."

"Of course," she replied, and shyly, "I was afraid. . . ."

"For me?"

"You are a stranger and I felt responsible."

"That's the first time anybody ever did."

"Well, I will go now. *Sayonara*."

"Wait. Will I see you before I go? I sail tomorrow, you know."

"The doors of the *Gingetsu* are open always. Good by."

"*Sayonara*," he managed.

On the street The Haole looked around and tried to remember the name of that cursed avenue. It was Kaiulani, after all! What a fool! These teahouses were certainly different from what he had imagined. Nothing was asked save that one settle one's bill. Life in Tokyo might not be so bad at that, if they had teahouses there like this one. He'd have to come back tonight and thank that girl. She certainly was a peach.

He did come back, telling himself that gratitude alone led his footsteps to the *Gingetsu*. It was late but the lights of the teahouse still were burning brightly. All day long he had been "entertained" by his colleagues of Kaunanuiloa's newspapers with endless facts about sugar and pineapple production, new building projects, racial problems, anecdotes of "the good old days" before the islands became "an integral part of the United States." Only now had he been able to escape.

Masano-san, the *nakai*, swung back the door as though she had been waiting. When she bowed in greeting he realized that here was a racial problem about which his earlier companions of that day knew nothing—or kept their knowledge to themselves.

"Tonight you must not drink your *saké* so quickly," she counselled.

"I didn't come for *saké* alone. I came to see you and tell you how sorry I am. I suppose I made an aw-

ful ass of myself last night."

"Oh, no; that's all right. Men sometimes do in a teahouse."

"Well then, I'll have only one pot—if you will talk to me."

"I have just enough time to serve you one pot before I go home."

Poured by Masano-san, the pot was emptied all too quickly for The Haole. She did not tell him of the growth of the city nor of its wealth; nor did she name the current quotation on raw sugar as though the fate of the world rested upon that rate. It was not her subjects that were so refreshing; it was the way she touched upon them naively; her viewpoint was new to The Haole.

They laughed; they argued. Their argument centered on his desire to accompany her home. She explained futilely that such an incident would shock both the American and Japanese communities.

"But I go tomorrow and won't see you again for a long, long time," was his winning point.

On the steps of the Gingetsu she refused his offer to seek a taxicab. The driver would gossip, and it was not far. They set out through the now silent streets of Kaunaniuloa.

Into a network of lanes that seemed to go everywhere—and nowhere—she led him. They traversed a cavernous alley and entered a courtyard lit only by a high-riding moon. On all sides rickety stairways rose toward the stars that were gleaming jewels in the soft black velvet of the tropic night.

She guided him to one of the stairways and started to ascend. He hesitated a moment—followed. At the top she opened a door and paused.

"*Sayonara*," she whispered.

"But I may never see you again," he protested softly.

He stepped in beside her. His arms found their way about her shoulders and drew her to him. His lips sought hers and clung desperately to them. He felt that they were being drawn upward—upward—on the wings of the wind—toward the stars that studded the sky. A tremor passed over her slight body. Sub-consciously Masano-san realized suddenly that this was the first time that she had been embraced in the Occidental fashion which so amazes Orientals.

The door closed almost without sound.

The heavy silence of the tropic night descended again over the courtyard in Kaunaniuloa, in Hawaii, where there is neither East nor West—only a jumble of both.

.

The yard blazed with bright sunshine when next the door was opened. The Haole shut it behind him and stood uncertainly at the top of the stairs, a dazed look in his eyes.

A phrase seared his memory—a phrase of Okazaki—

"Some day soon, I suppose, she will fall—and then her descent will be rapid indeed!"

The Haole plunged down the stairs without a backward glance.

.

And so today, in Kaunaniuloa's tea-houses, if you ask for O-Hana-san, she will appear almost immediately—if unengaged—and be at your command.

But she will be Masano-san—no longer a *nakai*.

THE OUTLOOK FOR FILIPINOS IN HAWAII

By KILMER O. MOE

I.

(Filipino Backgrounds)

WHO are the Filipinos?

Merely to state that they are the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands is not an adequate reply to a resident of Hawaii, into whose territory immigrants from the Philippines are pouring in with a volume that has been steadily increasing from the day of their first appearance in 1907. This group constitutes now the second largest element in the population, numbering as it does no less than 60,078 souls out of a total population of 348,767. At the rate of increase that has taken place, it is not improbable that the Filipino element may become the largest in point of numbers. In 1910 the Filipinos in Hawaii numbered only 2,361; by 1920, they had reached a total of 21,031; and on June 30, 1928, the total stood as above indicated. (1)

This phenomenal increase is the most outstanding fact in the make up of that medley of peoples that constitute the population of Hawaii. Who are the Filipinos? It is the purpose of this discussion to attempt an answer to this question with some re-

gard for their cultural backgrounds.

To begin with, the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands, with the sole exception of the Negritos, are of Malayan stock, and in this respect they may be said to be a homogeneous people. But this very stock is a mixture—Mongoloid, Negroid, Caucasoid—a blend of races such as might be the result, if all the elements that now comprise the population of Hawaii were to be amalgamated into a single racial group.

It should be stated here that the term "Malayan" is not used in these pages in its restrictive sense to mean the language group of Sumatra, Malaya, and a few other limited areas, but in its inclusive sense, embracing within its meaning, that branch of the human race sometimes referred to as the Brown Race and that includes natives of British Malaya, most of the Dutch East Indies, the Philippine Islands, Formosa, as well as considerable sections of continental Asia, such as Siam and Burma. The natives of Madagascar are of this stock, as are also those that inhabit many of the islands of the Pacific. There are students of Malay backgrounds who would claim for them a blood

relationship with the Japanese as well, but that may be going too far. The fact remains, however, that the ruling house of Japan traces its ancestry back to the sea rovers of the South. (2).

It is much more probable that a relationship will eventually be established between the peoples of Malayan stock and those of Polynesian stock, as these latter are thought to have broken away from their original homes in South East Asia and to have migrated in the manner of the Malays to far-off islands out in the Pacific in their outrigger canoes (3). At any rate, that section of the human race usually included within the term "Malayan" exceeds in number the entire population of the United States of America.

A SUITABLE EMBLEM FOR THE MALAY.—An emblem that might very properly be set up as the symbol of progress for all the peoples of Malayan origin is that of the dug-out canoe—a hollow log shaped into a long, slim boat, smooth-sided, and designed to travel in water with the least amount of friction. It has been given the name of **banca** by the Christian Filipinos and goes under the designation of **prahu** in the Malay tongue. It is essentially the same craft as the outrigger canoe of the Polynesians.

This craft is appropriate as the emblem of progress to all the sea-faring peoples of Asia in the sense that it has served the purpose of tying groups of them together, affording as it did a universal means of transportation for friend and foe. Whatever of the arts and the sciences that

percolated through the walls of isolation with which groups of men are always prone to hedge themselves about, came to these scattered peoples by way of the sea and by means of the canoe. Members of all the various groups traveled from island to island and from group to group in this manner.

It is well then that this frail bark, this needle-pointed and square-sailed craft, be taken as our emblem, the central idea around which we may group other ideas regarding the cultural background of the Filipino. Equipped as it was with outriggers to keep it from upsetting in choppy seas, this contrivance nosed its way into every cove and ran its pointed prow upon every beach. Its owners were, for the most part bent, not upon any friendly mission but on one of aggression, for they sought to improve their economic and social positions at the expense of their neighbors. They shaped their courses to follow in the wake of the monsoons or they yielded to circumstances as best they could. As if driven by fate, these rovers of the sea sought ways to investigate the lay of the land and to spy out the best places for making permanent settlements or to determine the easiest manner in which they might deprive the earlier occupants of the fruits of their labor. (4).

PRESSURE FROM WITHOUT AND FROM WITHIN. (5). A pressure of numbers within their own groups undoubtedly caused a shortage of food, but more often the strength of their foes tended to make life in the old home a precarious existence. The coming of the conquering alien

with customs and practices quite unlike those of their own brought about an odious system of coercion. When the invader with the arrogance of the conqueror tried to force subject peoples into grooves other than those to which they had grown accustomed and to exert pressure in order to impose the will of the overlord upon the earlier inhabitants, an exodus took place (6), that seems to have been limited only by the ability of the oppressed peoples to build canoes, with which to escape from the hateful oppressor. With their canoes the refugees sought new homes beyond the barriers of intervening waters. Some such clash of interests is thought to have been responsible for the appearance of the sea-rovers in Japanese waters and for the peopling of the islands of the Pacific by the Polyynesians (7). When the complete story is told the coming of the Filipinos to Hawaii may even be looked upon as a reunion of peoples.

MALAY MIGRATIONS TO THE PHILIPPINES (8). It would carry us too far afield to follow the theories and the conclusions that have been evolved in an effort to piece together the story of Pacific Island peoples, but we may very properly study the results of these migrations as they affected the situation in the Philippines. Here we may observe the consequences, first, in the medley of peoples of Malay origin that now inhabit the islands, groups that differ widely in language, custom, religion, and social practices—a range of culture that reaches all the way from the low level of the isolated mountain

group on the one hand, to the comparatively high level of the Christian Filipino of the upper class on the other; and second, in the babel of tongues that serves as a cultural barrier between the various groups of this day.

As we have hinted, it was outside pressure that forced Malay groups to take to the sea at least in so far as to make them seek new homes. Having been dislodged and uprooted they quite naturally turned to the institution of piracy as a means of livelihood. Their sharp-pointed prahus were built for speed and were able to outdistance all other types of wind-driven vessels. The activities of the Malay pirates carried on right into the last century. In fact, they were cut short only, when steam became the propelling force for inter-island transportation.

There is every reason to believe that the pressure exerted upon these groups of peoples was often that of a higher civilization upon a more primitive culture. The untamed forces of jungle peoples sought to maintain their ancient traditions of untrammelled freedom. When they threw off the yoke of the oppressor, they did it by establishing themselves in distant places or as rovers of the sea. In this latter capacity they became the most formidable pirates of the eastern hemisphere.

Their victims were for the most part men of their own kin, that is to say, other Malays, who had settled down in places that had particularly appealed to them and who were there becoming proficient in the arts of

peace. The somber thread that runs through the story of Malay peoples all the way from Sumatra to Formosa is the clash between those who had accepted the ways of peace and who had established themselves in settled communities, and other members of their own race who had not as yet made the transition.

FILIPINO CHRONOLOGY. It is to be noted that, even when they fled from the restrictions of the oppressor, the settlers in new lands were unable to escape entirely from the demands of alien cultures. A study of historical backgrounds in the Philippines is quite illuminating in this regard. (10). According to recognized authorities the Philippines were a dependency of the various Hindu-Malayan empires of Indo-China from about 200 A. D. until 1325. From 1325 to 1405 the islands were subject to the Javanese Empire of Madjapahit. From 1405 to 1440 they were governed by China under the Ming dynasty. From 1440 to 1565 northern Luzon was subject to Japan, while the islands from Manila south were under the rule of numerous Mohammedan chiefs of Mindanao and Borneo. From 1565 to 1762 the islands became subject to Spain, during which period Spain administered them through Mexico. During the period 1592 to 1623, tribute was paid to Japan to avoid invasion by the Toiko Hideyoshi. In 1762, the British occupied Manila and held sovereignty of the islands until 1764, when the islands were restored to Spain by treaty which ended the Seven Years' War in Europe. From 1764 to 1898,

the islands were subject to Spain, which continued to administer them through Mexico until 1821 and direct after that date. As a result of the Spanish-American War of 1898, sovereignty of the Philippines was acquired by the United States of America.

This chronology of historic periods serves to demonstrate the fact that the Philippines had been swept by wave after wave of civilization even before the coming of the Europeans. During these contacts with higher cultures the sovereignty passed from one overlord to another—a shuttlecock, one might say, among the various conquerors from the earliest times. These outlying islands became a pawn in the game of empire makers who struggled for possession of the spice islands. The shift from one to another continued up to 1565, when the archipelago passed to Spain where it remained for nearly three and a half centuries, an uninterrupted sovereignty, except during the two years, 1762-1764, when the British held possession.

From this we may gather that the background of the scattered tribes that inhabited the Philippine Islands previous to the coming of the Spaniard was one of social turmoil. This was true not alone as regards the rovers of the sea, who would submit to no social discipline of any sort, but also as regards the groups who settled down on the rich alluvial lands of the river valleys.

In the course of events that followed one another in this corner of Asia some strong individual would

impose his will over considerable areas as was the case with the illustrious rajahs who laid the foundations for the Malay empire of Majapahit, but for the most part, the land of the Malay was under the rule of petty chiefs—rajahs, sultans, and datus—despots all of them who held the power of life and death over their subjects and who waged war as the principal state activity to gain the overlordship in the territory of their neighbors. The tendency to break up into clashing groups made the Malay peoples an easy prey to the conquering Hindu, the Arab, and the European. It also had the effect of creating an attitude of indifference toward a change of masters on the part of the masses.

A lack of cohesion as regards the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands was remarked upon both by Pigafetta, (11) the historian of Magellan, and by Legaspi, the most celebrated conquistador of the Spanish occupation. Both of them complained of the fact that the native had never learned to recognize any overlordship except that of the local headman. This important personage came to be called "Cabeza de Barangay" a combination of the Malay word *Barangay* meaning long boat, and the Spanish word *Cabeza*, meaning head. The natives clung to the social organization of their forebears, preserving the title of headman of the boat to designate the leader of the group, even after they had settled down to the life of farmers and fishermen.

The Spanish conquerors found the land occupied by groups of Malays, each speaking a language of its own,

one so different from that of the other groups, that members of one could not communicate with those of another. Still it was remarked that the people of the lowlands had all made considerable social progress which all of them shared in common. All of these groups showed evidences of having benefited from previous contacts with the Hindu, the Arab and the Chinese. The fratricidal struggle due to the jealousies and ambitions of petty tyrants made it possible for a handful of Spanish conquerors to become the overlords of the entire archipelago in the course of a single generation. Lacking cohesion the Malay groups were incapable of offering an organized resistance in the face of the alien who, though fewer in number, was disciplined and possessed a common purpose. This observation holds equally true with regard to the conquests of the Portuguese, the Dutch, or the British (12).

A great deal of the material for the above summary has been obtained from the observations of men who were in a position to make careful records, due to the fact that the Malay migrations extended well on into the modern era. There is little reason to doubt that the social situation recorded by Spanish and Portuguese observers, or about which Chinese records make detailed accounts, do not belong to one and the same order of society that has served the peoples of South East Asia and the islands of the Pacific from time immemorial down to the present day. As we trace the moving forces, we perceive in this corner of the world the results

of human currents quite as strong even if not so well organized, as were those of the Asiatic hordes that moved across the grasslands from Asia to Europe. (13).

The Spanish conquest remains the most momentous event in Philippine history, in that it changed the destiny of a whole people. As a result of this conquest, the Filipinos set up as a people apart from the rest of the Malays. It was Spain that finally overcame the power of Islam in Western Europe, as it was her task also to intercept the rule of the crescent in Asia. The walled city of Manila became the capitol of Christendom in the Far East and the Filipinos gained the distinction of being the only Christian people in this part of the world.

THE MOHAMMEDAN INFLUENCE. (14). There is another human current that has had much to do with making the Filipino what he is. It is that of the followers of the Prophet, a current that was intercepted by Spain, as has already been noted. The power of Islam spread over the world both east and west at the same time. Our own history tells us how it almost overwhelmed Europe at one time in an effort to bring the Christian nations under the sway of the crescent. With equal zeal it dashed against the bulwarks of the ancient civilizations of Asia and planted the crescent along the shores of all the countries that border upon the Indian Ocean.

The Mohammedans completely overwhelmed and cut off the islands of the East Indies, in which they destroyed, as far as such a thing is possible,

every vestige of the former civilizations that had sprung up in many of these fruitful islands and replaced them with one of their own.

You may imagine the consternation of the Spaniards when, upon seizing possession of the Philippines, they found that the crescent had preceded the cross and that it would be necessary to grapple once more with their ancient foe. That is the reason that the Mohammedans of the Philippines are called Moros from the Moors of South Spain and North Africa, with whom the Spaniard had carried on a constant warfare for many centuries. We cannot go into the clash here, except to say that the struggle left an indelible mark on the Filipino, especially as to his distrust for peoples whose beliefs are different from his own. The Moro raids were, in fact, a continuation of the era of Malay migration down almost to our present day. It came to an end when Governor Norzagaray about 1860 brought eighteen steam-propelled gunboats into Philippine waters which effectually put an end to Moro attacks on defenceless villages for all time. The Moro watch tower stands to this day even as far north as the Ilocano Coast, a grim reminder of past struggles in the days when the sea rovers were bold.

THE EARLY MISSIONARIES. (15). Catholic missionaries of the various orders invariably followed in the wake of the conquistador. Spain may be said to have planted her overseas empire with a sword in one hand and with the cross in the other. Devoted men of the church converted the natives to Christianity, estab-

lished missions, founded parochial schools, instructed the people in agriculture and irrigation, and did much to aid the people in the establishment of peace under the new Spanish sovereignty. Too much credit cannot be given to these early missionaries for the part they played in the task of bringing the many independent and warring elements together under the sovereignty of Spain. The Christian religion was firmly established in every part of the Philippines, except in isolated mountain districts and in Mindanao and Sulu where the Mohammedan faith had taken deeper root before the arrival of the Spaniards and where its followers continued strong and defiant against Catholic invasion as well as against Spanish domination right up to the American occupation.

SPAIN'S POLICY OF REPRESSION. The history of the Philippines is replete with accounts of attempted invasions from without and of revolts and uprisings from within. The Portuguese disputed Spain's right to the Philippines and made three attempts to dislodge the Spaniards. Li-Ma-Hong, a Chinese pirate with large following, attacked Manila in 1574 and was only repulsed after a desperate encounter. The Dutch made repeated attacks upon the Spaniards to wrest from them the power of the high seas during the first half of the seventeenth century. The British captured Manila and held sovereignty for two years. Also, in order to prevent invasion by the Japanese, tribute was paid to them from 1592 to 1623. All in all, Spain

had no easy time of it, and her struggles and sacrifices did much to make her set her face against outside influences. She deliberately shut the door to trade and turned her back on progressive ideas of every sort. A monopoly of trade was enforced for the benefit of Mother Spain, as was also a censure of books and all printed matter in the interests of the clerical element. Education became the prerogative of the Church and its officials saw to it that nothing could be taught which would endanger the hold of the religious orders in any way.

Under such a rule of repression there were bound to be many uprisings. These occurred among the native and the Chinese residents, some great some small, because of the alleged injustices of the Spaniards, such as the collection of tribute, enforcement of tobacco and other monopolies, forcible employment of labor, failure to pay for rice and other commodities collected for use of royal officials, etc. Citing many abuses, one historian (16), makes the observation that Spain's brilliant epoch of fifty years of conquest was followed by three hundred years of stagnation and decay. She seems to have been especially endowed for the first task, but singularly ill suited to carry on the tedious work of building up a suitable structure of trade and industry upon the foundations that had been laid by the early conquerers. Her colonies in America finally revolted and the empire which she had built up on the seven seas went all to pieces.

The decadence of Spain needs no discussion in this paper, except to note the fact that she managed to retain possession of the Philippine Islands after the general revolution. Her former method of administration through Mexico was, of course, at an end and from 1821 the government was administered from Spain direct. Also the former commercial policy of trade exclusiveness and monopoly was abandoned and the port of Manila was opened in 1834 to foreign trade. A freer and a more liberal system prevailed from this time forth.

But reactionary Spain with her traditions of church and state was ill suited to play the role of progressive leadership. Liberal ideas coming from Spanish sources served merely to arouse general distrust and dissatisfaction with the existing order. (17). The quarrel between church and state grew more intense as time went on, and the constructive forces, such as did exist, were largely dissipated in a futile effort on the part of hopeless reactionaries to maintain the antiquated social order on the one hand, and impossible programs of reform by harebrained radicals on the other.

The progress of the masses under the conditions such as above described was slow and halting. This was to be expected. Society, for the most part, was divided into two classes, an upper and privileged one consisting of the clergy, the government officials including army officers, and the land owners, which together formed a ruling class not exceeding five per cent of the population; and the

great mass comprising the other ninety-five per cent with a social status not far removed from that of peonage. This latter class furnished the actual tillers of the soil, the industrial workers, etc., while the smaller class provided the directing force in practically every phase of community life. Initiative in every line of endeavor rested with members of the ruling class and the subservient masses were taught to obey the wishes of their betters and to pray for the good of their souls. (18).

Fearing to lose prestige, the ruling class used every effort to maintain the existing social order along traditional lines. It was this fear that lent power to the reactionary forces, members of which jealously guarded the traditional prerogatives of their class and who, at the same time, suppressed all liberal tendencies with a heavy hand. In this they were not entirely successful, however, for ideas would leak through, in spite of anything they did. We find the masses growing more and more restive under the restraint imposed upon them, and becoming more articulate as they develop a stronger group consciousness and a better understanding of the conditions under which they lived. The social cleavage that resulted found expression from time to time in spasmodic and, for the most part, ill-advised revolts. This led to the final clash in 1896 when a nation-wide insurrection broke out against the rule of Spain, a revolt which was still in course of progress at the time the Americans came upon the scene in 1898.

FILIPINO TODAY A PRODUCT

OF HIS PAST. (19). Social behavior can only be accounted for as it is interpreted through the background of peoples. The Filipino is what he is because he made his adaptation to the requirements of the ancient social order under which he lived for many generations. The *barrio* life, the power of the local *cacique*, the lack of unity, and the respect that is shown for the opinion of the elders, all these manifestations are social traits that have their origins in the distant past, back in the days of tribal rule under the petty chieftains before the coming of the Spaniards. It is impossible to understand the Filipino as we find him today without knowing something of his social inheritance. Confirming much of what has been said in the preceding pages, Dr. David P. Barrows makes the following summary in his "History of the Philippines":

"The weakest side of the culture of the early Filipinos was their political and social organization, and they were weak here in precisely the same way that the now uncivilized peoples of Northern Luzon are still weak. Their state did not embrace the whole tribe or nation; it included simply the community. Outside the settlers in one immediate vicinity, all others were enemies, or at most foreigners. There were in the Philippines no large states, nor even great *rajahs* and *sultans* such as were found in the Malay archipelago, but instead on every island were a multiple of small communities, each independent of the other and frequently waging war. The unit of their political order was a small cluster of from thirty to

one hundred families called a *barangay*, which still exists in the Philippines as a *barrio*. At the head of each *barangay* was a chief known as *datu*, a word no longer used in the northern Philippines, though it persists among the *Moros* of Mindanao."

H. Otley Beyer (20), professor of anthropology at the University of the Philippines, fixed the number of ethnographic groups in the Philippines at eighty-seven, basing his classification upon the following definition of ethnographic group; "Any group of people living in a more or less continuous geographic area, who have a sufficiently unique economic and social life, language, or physical type to mark them off clearly and distinctly from any other similar group in the Philippine Islands."

It has been said and doubtless truly, that in no like area on the face of the earth will there be found such a diversity of types and blends of people—each speaking its own language and having its own peculiar customs and interests—as exists today in the Philippine Archipelago. Within the island group will be found every gradation of humanity from the pigmy *Negritos* at the bottom of the human scale to the cultured and up-to-date product of our modern schools and colleges.

A. R. Colquhoun (21), author of "Mastery of the Pacific," has this to say in regard to Malay capacity:

"No Malay nation has ever emerged from the hordes of that race which have spread over the islands of the Pacific. Wherever they have been found they have certain marked characteristics, and of these the most re-

markable is their lack of that spirit which goes to form a homogeneous people, to weld them together. The Malay is always a provincial; more, he rarely rises outside the interests of his town or village. . . . The two points which are most inimical to progress are, as already mentioned, the lack of unity and the lack of persistence. The Malay, in short, is a creature of limitations."

The estimate of the Malay, which is also of the Filipino, is that of the printed page whether the source be Spanish, British, Dutch or American. It is undoubtedly correct from the European point of view, but it will be our privilege to show considerable response on the part of the Philippine inhabitants after the rule of repression gave place to one of greater social opportunity under the American regime. The migration of Filipinos to Hawaii is an effort on the part of those who go to lift themselves up to a higher social plane; there are numerous evidences of the same trend in the Philippines.

THE ILLUSTRADO AND THE TAO. The element of the population which occupies the foreground is that of persons of mixed foreign descent, usually Spanish or Chinese, a class often referred to as the *mestizos*. It has been estimated that there are no less than 18,000 part-Americans, so we may infer that the process of race mixture is proceeding with as much vigor today as it did in the past. According to Dr. Beyer, already cited, there are 500,000 natives born inhabitants that are part Chinese; while the number of those having considerable Spanish or other

European blood is approximately 200,000, making a total of 7.36 of the population in the islands of persons with a mixed ancestry. This is important for the reason that the mixed element furnishes a large proportion of the ruling class, the *illustrados*, so called to distinguish them from the common herd, which in the Philippines is referred to as the *tao* class.

There is a wide gulf between the *illustrado* and the *tao*. This social cleavage has its basis in the oriental concept of society which places a ruling class on top to be supported by the great mass of the population living on a lower plane. In this respect our sympathy goes out to the lower class, the silent *tao*, poor ignorant, helpless, credulous, exploited and enslaved throughout all history, subservient to those in authority. He is the downtrodden peasant whose welfare and security was scarcely considered even until the coming of the Americans. This class has been, and in a large measure still is, simply an instrument in the hands of an *illustrado* class, the wealthy few who exploit those beneath them for their own benefit.

This stratification of society is not easy to change. There is much to be said for the social order that permits unlimited exploitation of the lower classes. The *tao* actually seems to invite exploitation. The Malay is a product of the tropics and has been described as indolent, easy-going and emotional. The rank and file actually do lend themselves to influences of the kind that make it easy for a character of more than average force to ex-

plot them to his own interest. They talk much but accomplish little, losing sight of practical things while chasing shadows. It is easy to arouse their enthusiasm but, lacking persistence, their interest has a tendency to perish before anything definite is accomplished. They are imitative rather than constructive and rarely excel as executives (22). There is little concern among the masses for national welfare of a practical sort nor for the community as a whole outside the family group. All of these considerations have been the concern of the ruling class whose interest was that of self preservation and welfare of the *illustrado* rather than the *tao*. To have him think for himself is a very painful process for the *tao*.

All of which makes him provincial in character, loath to leave the particular neighborhood in which he was born, however congested or lacking in opportunity it may be. This trait has created a situation in which certain sections are densely populated, while others with greater natural advantages are left untouched. Gambling is the besetting sin of the *tao* and its eradication may prove to be impossible.

Were we to take the estimate of the *tao* as it is set forth on the printed page as our criterion, we would have to admit that the class to which he belongs illustrates the handicap of climate, of heredity, and most certainly of environment. In this respect it is well to consider the background of the Filipino in passing judgment. Knowing all the circumstances, one would be justified in

ascribing a high degree of adaptability. The Malay has been termed a creature of limitations; it is, perhaps, more truthful to say that he is a creature of circumstances. And, when it comes to that, what people is not? It is but now, under American sovereignty and protection, that his feet have been set on the long way that leads to responsible citizenship.

There are many instances that prove that the analysis above cited is altogether too sweeping. It is for the most part a white man's verdict who applies the measuring stick of his own standard, forgetting all the while that it took the sea rover of the North Atlantic a thousand years to make his social adjustment, and to adapt himself to the ways of civilization as it had been worked out in the Mediterranean world. It is presented here along with the background material to show the point of departure. The progress in social adjustment of which the following pages will give evidence will be seen to be all the more remarkable when looked at against this background. It serves also to summarize the various elements, racial, climatic, and otherwise, which have put their stamp upon the people and which today affect the overwhelming mass of the Filipinos as regards social capacities and obstacles to an easy adjustment.

It is only fair to state that every estimate worthy of consideration concedes the fact that in personal relations the Filipinos have many admirable and likable traits. They are

extremely hospitable and a stranger among them is seldom refused food and lodging. In fact, the best they have is shared freely. Children are treated affectionately and filial obedience is ingrained. Parents are ambitious for their children and there are few sacrifices they will not make in their behalf. The old and indigent are cared for by their relatives while the status of women is everything that could be desired. These traits are all on the credit side and are just as indicative of capacity as those that handicap him in his social progress.

One encouraging feature is a growing dissatisfaction on the part of the Filipinos themselves with the showing that they are making. They recognize their shortcomings and from time to time voice their feelings in the public press. Typical of this kind of criticism the following quotation may serve as a sample. It appeared in "El Ideal" organ of the dominant political party under date of Oct. 8, 1918, and comments on the fact that the Japanese threatened to monopolize the hemp lands in the gulf region of Davao:

"It is the Japanese and the Americans who are able to see and take advantage of the opportunities offered by this intensely fertile region, and it is natural that they should preponderate in such district. It would seem that we (Filipinos) prefer to assist passively at the partition of our islands, giving vent simply to protests, and throwing out occasionally the word patriotism. We imagine that in this manner we have

complied with our patriotic duty, and have conjured the danger of Japanization of Davao and other regions of Mindanao.

"The saddest thing in connection with this Davao matter is that it is typical. With but very few exceptions we do not oppose other than resounding words and pompous phrases to the methodical efficiency of foreign elements, and then remain perfectly content, believing ingeniously, that in this way we can insure our economic development."

Dealing with the subject of Filipino pretensions another native paper, "The Philippine National Weekly," voiced a similar sentiment in its issue of Dec. 1, 1917:

"The moment has come to be outspoken. We have plans, but we lack the vim to carry them out; words abound, but deeds are scarce; flamboyant oratory is in vogue and overflows, but little, if anything, is accomplished. There is a wealth of illusions, not a grain of reality. The dreamers form a legion, yet but few or no plans are carried through."

These statements are typical of a great many others of similar nature. They go to show that the Filipino is very much aware of the economic and social struggle that he is facing.

We have endeavored to give the setting for the world drama that is being enacted. The awakening in the Philippines is but a phase of a much larger movement for the liberation of peoples of Asia from the thrall of old social systems which in our day have become obsolete. The home-
stead movement in the Philippines,

the migration of Filipinos to Hawaii and the expansion of liberal ideas are all manifestations of the release of human forces under American institutions.

This paper is concerned with the migration to Hawaii and the manner in which Filipinos are adjusting themselves into the new economic and social environment, in which they are forced to work and live. It is not possible to form any idea of what is taking place with regard to the social adjustment of the Filipino without having some knowledge of his background. In fact his progress must be judged from this angle rather than that of arbitrarily placing him in a position at the bottom of the social ladder and letting it go at that.

The Filipino is passing through a transition stage in his development,

emerging, in fact, from a medieval order of society into the glare of the modern day. In this adjustment we would bespeak for him a sympathetic understanding based on a knowledge of the facts that bear on his case.

- (1) Report of the Governor of Hawaii for year ending June 30, 1928.
- (2) Lecture course, University of Hawaii, by Rokuro Makaseko.
- (3) The Polynesian Migrations, Fornander.
- (4) Malayan Monochromes, Sir Hugh Clifford.
- (5) The Real Malay, Sir F. Swettenham.
- (6) Malay Annals, John Leyden.
- (7) Polynesian, Migrations, Fornander.
- (8) The Philippines before the Commission Government, Elliott.
- (9) Malay Annals, John Leyden.
- (10) Summary in Yearbook of Manila Harbor Board for 1928.
- (11) The Philippine Islands, Blair and Robertson Vol. III.
- (12) Further India, Sir Hugh Clifford.
- (13) Malay, R. O. Winstedt.
- (14) The Philippine Islands, John Foreman.
- (15) History of the Philippine Islands, David P. Barrows.
- (16) The Philippines before Commission Government, Elliott.
- (17) The Social Cancer, Jose Rizal.
- (18) The Social Cancer, Jose Rizal.
- (19) The United States and the Philippines, D. R. Williams.
- (20) The Population of the Philippines, H. Otley Beyer.
- (21) Mastery of the Pacific, A. R. Colquhoun.
- (22) The United States and the Philippines, D. R. Williams.

(To be Continued.)

SUN YAT-SEN

By HENRY B. RESTARICK

CHAPTER III.

Tai Cheong (Sun Yat-sen) Returns
to China, He Defies the Idols,
and Is Expelled from
His Native Village

TAI CHEONG reached China safely, but he did not remain there long. Ah Mi had purchased a lot in Honolulu and for some reason had placed it in his brother's name. Having sold it, word was sent to Tai Cheong to return to Honolulu that a deed might be executed.

On his reaching Honolulu the brothers had a violent quarrel, on the old subject of the younger one having abandoned the faith of his fathers. It resulted in Ah Mi turning his brother out of his house. Tai Cheong sought shelter with his former school-mate, C. K. Ai, who had just begun business in a small way. Out of sympathy for his friend, Ai took the boy in and shared with him his room, his bed, and his food.

Tai Cheong made up his mind that he would return to China, but the question was how to obtain the money for his steerage passage. Ai gave him five dollars, another Chinese gave a like amount, and three well-to-do Americans who were interested in the Chinese, contributed enough to pay his fare to Hong Kong. Ai took his friend in a row boat to a steamer out-

side the harbor, for at that time there was not sufficient depth of water at the entrance for a large vessel to come in.

He arrived in China about the middle of 1885. With his foreign learning and his new ideas of life, well might his friends wonder what would become of him. Would he be obliged to conform to the customs of his people in the matter of worship? There soon came a crisis which answered the question, and the way he met it had much to do in determining his future.

It is fortunate that we have the story of his home coming and the events which followed, by a man who was in Choy Hung at the time. Luke Chan was a boy in the village when Tai Cheong returned. He was an intimate friend of the family and in time became an ardent supporter of Sun Yat-sen. His story is corroborated by others.

There were heated discussions in the house of the Sun family, for the father was a pronounced Confucian. Tai Cheong maintained that there was only one God, and that idols were vain things and that the gods they pretended to represent could do neither harm nor good, and that until China gave up idolatrous superstition no advance could be made in the condition of the people. The

father argued that China was a great nation which had existed for thousands of years, and there was no need of foreign customs or religion. That Confucius was the greatest of all teachers and that the gods must be honored or much harm would come to the village and country.

The authority of a father was practically unlimited in China, even to the extent of putting to death a disobedient son. Tai Cheong had been brought up with that sense of filial obedience, which is one of the five moral principles of Confucius, governing social relationships. All who know the Chinese are aware of the honor, and obedience rendered by Chinese children to parents, where the teaching of the Sage has not been weakened by modern ideas learned from Americans and Europeans.

Tai Cheong must have been influenced by his residence abroad, but he could not resist the commands of his father and was obliged to conform outwardly and to go to the temple, and there place lighted incense sticks in the containers before the idols. But he told his friends that he was like Naaman, who had to bow before the god Rimmon, though he meant nothing by it.

At this time there arrived in Choy Hung a remarkable youth named Luke Ho Tung, who had a great influence over Tai Cheong, both then and later. This young man had been born in Shanghai, where his father, a native of Choy Hung, had developed a profitable business in lightering ships. On the death of his father he had brought the body to Choy Hung that he might be buried with his ancestors. He had returned to

his mother's people in Shanghai where he pursued his studies in Chinese and English, in both of which he became so proficient that he was in time employed by the cable company as a translator. He had become a Christian and was a young man of great courage and determination, which ultimately led to his death for the cause of reform in China.

Tai Cheong and Luke Ho Tung became great friends and as they often talked on religion, Tai Cheong called the other, his Doctrinal Friend. Ho Tung was far better versed in Chinese history than his companion, and talked much upon the corruption of the Manchu dynasty and the oppression of the people by the viceroys. Both had been under foreign influence in places where western ideas of liberty and justice prevailed. Both believed that without modern education China could never take its proper place in the world. These conversations left an indelible impression on the mind of Tai Cheong and aroused in him an implacable hatred for the Manchus.

On one occasion when the military inspector of the district came to the village to take the quota liable for military service, Ho Tung went to see the men drill. He had seen soldiers in Shanghai and Hong Kong, and to his friend he ridiculed the whole performance. He said that fifty men, well disciplined and armed, could rout an army like the mob he had seen. Tai Cheong said that some one should organize and discipline an army so that China might hold her own against foreign aggressors, and be able to dethrone the Manchus. Then Ho Tung said "Who knows but that

you were born to be the new Napoleon for China?"

In their talks the Tai Ping rebellion was discussed and the fact that it had its beginnings in the destruction of idols, no doubt influenced the two friends to perform a really extraordinary and daring deed, which led to important results.

Animated by the spirit of rebellion against ancient superstition, the two youths invited a few companions to accompany them and they proceeded to the village temple at a time when its guardian would be absent. Here, at one end were the three chief idols, the one in the center being Buck Dai, the god to whose service Tai Cheong had been dedicated by his mother. This god had the finger of one hand upraised, while in the other he grasped a sword. In order to show defiance of this god, and of idolatry in general, Tai Cheong, the leader, went to this idol and broke off the upraised finger, and then tried to twist off his head, but only succeeded in partially turning it.

He then went to the goddess on the left and, with his knife, scraped off the paint from her face. Her name was Keum Fah, the goddess of flowers, to whom was committed the care of children. Some alarm being given, the goddess on the right, Tin Hau, the queen of Heaven, was not molested.

Of course the news of this outrage spread through the village like wildfire, and the people, young and old, flocked to see what had been done. Luke Chan, who tells the story, then a boy, was there with the crowd and looked on in horror. Those who have seen excited Chinese can imagine

the scene, and the loud talking of the men and women. The chief emotion of the villagers was fear. Their gods had been defied, and the beings to whom they looked for protection had been insulted. They believed this act would bring evil and perhaps disaster to the place unless reparation was made at once. The father must pay the cost of repairs and at a council of the elders it was decided that the young man must leave the village immediately, and then perhaps the anger of the gods would be appeased.

Considering all the circumstances, the courage and daring of this youth can hardly be overestimated. He defied the authority of his father and showed his contempt for the whole system of idolatry in which the whole social structure was steeped. More than this it seemed to be a blow aimed at the entire Celestial Kingdom. This was what the Western learning had done for the son of Sun Tat-sung!

It was not a deed done on the impulse of the moment, but it had been talked over and deliberately planned. Tai Cheong knew the danger to himself which would follow. He had witnesses to the act, but he was the sole perpetrator of the deed. It was a demonstration that he put truth and conscience above any authority on earth, and showed a belief that the all powerful God was on his side.

It is evident that Tai Cheong and his friend Luke Ho Tung were rebels at heart, and it is not too much to say that the first act of the revolution, which he later planned, began in the temple at Choy Hung. In support of this, shortly before his death, Sun Yat-sen wrote that the revolu-

tion began in 1885, the year in which he defied the idols.

One is reminded by this occurrence of the defiance of the goddess Pele by Kapiolani, when in 1824, she stood at the brink of the crater of Kilauea and declared that Jehovah was the only God and the fire-goddess was not to be feared. She, however, was a high chiefess and no one could punish her, while Tai Cheong was a peasant boy with nothing between him and ruin. He had probably heard the story of Kapiolani.

It was decreed by the elders of the village that Tai Cheong must leave the place, so at nineteen years of age he went from the home of his fathers not knowing what was before him. He knew no one of his own race in China to whom he could go for sympathy and aid. He made up his mind to go to Canton where he knew there were Christian missions.

Tai Cheong, soon to be known as Sun Yat-sen, had commenced a career of revolt which was eventually to convulse the whole of China, and to affect the policies of the whole civilized world.

CHAPTER IV.

Sun Tai Cheong Studies Medicine in Hong Kong, and Becomes Sun Yat Sen. He is Baptized.

He Becomes a Revolutionist.

WHEN Tai Cheong left Choy Hung he had to walk about a mile and a half to the landing place for junks which plied on the estuary of the Pearl River which is really a small inland sea. On its shores are many villages and innumerable junks

carry passengers and freight to any point for which they may be hired. For a few cash he could readily obtain passage to Canton.

There were a number of Christian mission stations in the ancient capital of Kwangtung province, and Tai Cheong set out to find one of them. It was not long before he saw a foreigner come from a building and going up to him he said, "Good morning, sir." The man to whom he spoke was Dr. John L. Kerr, who was connected with the Anglo-American Hospital, a mission institution.

The doctor was surprised to be addressed in good English by a Chinese, for few of that race spoke the language in Canton at that time. He invited the youth into his office and questioned him, asking him what school he had attended. What Tai Cheong thought best to tell the Doctor is not known but it is evident that with his accustomed reticence he told but little. It is certain from what the Doctor said later that he did not know the boy had been in Honolulu, neither did he know about the escape in the temple at Choy Hung.

The result of the conversation was that Dr. Kerr thought it would be valuable for the institution to have a young Chinese who knew English so well, and he made him an offer to enter the service of the hospital as an orderly. He remained there for about a year and he commended himself by his intelligence, his studiousness, and his attention to his duties. He had in the performance of his work an opportunity of observing the benefit of the modern way of caring for the sick, which he compared with the practice of the old style doctors

in Choy Hung, and the superstitions about diseases and their cures. He knew the strange things in the materia medica used by the Chinese doctors and their lack of surgical ability.

The result of being in such an environment led him to have a wish that he could study medicine and surgery in the modern scientific way. It was fortunate that at this time there was a plan under discussion for the establishment of a medical school for Chinese students. Dr. Kerr, being informed of his wish, told him that this institution was soon to be opened in Hong Kong by a missionary society.

While in Canton Tai Cheong kept in touch with his family, and, in 1886, being now twenty years old, he was told it was time for him to marry. Of course, the marriage was arranged, according to Chinese custom, by the parents. They selected a young woman of a neighboring village whose name was Lu Szu, a Punti with little feet. Neither of the contracting parties saw each other until the bride lifted her veil during the ceremony, but they expected nothing else and were quite content. The bridegroom returned to Canton and the wife remained with her mother-in-law to serve her as son's wives generally did.

At marriage Sun Tai Cheong was given his married name which was Tuck Mung, the characters for which mean illustrious virtue. He was never called by this name but it was added to the family scroll, as were the other names which he afterwards assumed or were given to him. He did not remain in Canton long but went to Hong Kong and put in his time in preparatory studies awaiting the time

when the medical school should open.

While at Hong Kong he was under Christian influence and was instructed for baptism by Mr. Hagar of the American Congregational mission. He had a friend who was prepared at the same time and was baptized at the same service. This young man was Tong Phong who went to the United States as a merchant and for years had a business in New York. He is now President of the Chinese-American Bank in Honolulu.

Meanwhile, plans for the medical school progressed favorably, and in June 1887, Dr. James Cantlie came out from England and opened the College of Medicine for Chinese students in October. He met with encouragement from several prominent physicians who believed that there should be Chinese doctors to supply a great need. The classes were held in the Alice Memorial Hospital, which had been founded by a Chinese named Ho Kai, who had studied in the University of Edinburgh, and had become a barrister-at-law. He married an English woman and after her death he founded this hospital and gave it her name as a memorial. He was afterwards knighted, becoming Sir Ho Kai. The College of Medicine was later merged in the University of Hong Kong.

Dr. Cantlie was eminent in his profession and took great interest in Tai Cheong, to whom he always refers in his writing as Sun, using the family name. It is evident from what Dr. Cantlie wrote of Sun that he knew little of his history prior to his becoming a student under him. In his book, "Sun Yat Sen and the Awakening of China" he shows that he did

not know where Sun was born or that he had attended school in Hawaii, and he believed his father was a Christian, etc. It is probable that the doctor made little enquiry about his past, and had little to do with him outside of the class room. The British in Hong Kong meet Chinese in business, but have no social relations with them, and this aloofness no doubt accounts for the Doctor's lack of information about the private life of his pupil.

As a student Tai Cheong commended himself to those who were over him as being painstaking and capable. He made few friends for he devoted all his time to work and yet he was thinking of China, its government and the need of enlightenment on the part of the people. His old school friend C. K. Ai made a visit to Hong Kong at this time and they took long walks together in the evenings, until the hour of nine, when, at that period, by ordinance, all Chinese had to be indoors. On these occasions he talked freely about conditions in China, and compared the opportunities which the Chinese had in Honolulu, and other countries, with those they had in their own country.

This was the first time C. K. Ai had ever heard him give expression to such opinions and he recalled the conversations later when Sun was engaged in insurrections, as showing that he was then thinking along lines which led him to become a rebel. Tai Cheong was grieved that the French could so easily annex Indo-China, because China, with its millions of people, had no modern army or navy. He did not tell his friend of any

plans, but he did emphasize the need of modern education. He said he had been reading books and he was dissatisfied with the system of government under the Manchus, which, while suited for China in the past, now kept her back from taking the place in the world which she ought to have.

Sun was the first graduate of the Hong Kong School of Medicine, and, in 1892, he received his diploma which authorized him to practice medicine and surgery. He decided to open an office in Macao, the Portuguese colony, situated across the bay about forty miles from Hong Kong. It was at this time he assumed the name of Sun Yat-sen, by which title he has been generally known to the world. The many names by which a Chinese may be known, are puzzling to a foreigner. Sun Tai Cheong now became Sun Yat-sen.

It may be of interest to know what the name means. The characters presenting Yat and Sen are found in poetry. Yat means unconventional, or free. Sen means a genie, or spirit. The two characters convey the meaning to a Chinese scholar that he was as free as a spirit, that is, free from the old conventional Chinese medical methods. Others interpret the characters to mean that he was now free to exercise magical powers as a genie.

When he became a revolutionist he changed the characters so that they meant something quite different, though the sounds would be spelled by the same letters in English. Yat, with the new characters, would mean literally, daily, and Sen, renovation, the whole significance being that the day for the renovation of China had

arrived. When the followers of Dr. Sun write his name they use the last pair of characters.

Macao was founded by the Portuguese in 1557, but its trade was much restricted until the five treaty ports were opened to foreigners in 1842. In 1892 it was a notorious place deriving its revenue chiefly from the licensing of gambling houses. There was a hospital there which was in the hands of the Chinese and was run in the old style as regards the practice of medicine. But permission was granted to Dr. Sun to try his foreign methods, and of this he at once took advantage. His chief work here was surgery, and several times when he had to perform a serious operation Dr. Cantlie came over to assist his promising pupil. He said there was something in the personality of Sun which attracted men to him and made them glad to help him.

Dr. Sun did not remain long in Macao, for, according to the law of the colony, only those who had a Portuguese diploma were permitted to practice modern medicine there. Chinese of the old school were not interfered with, but Dr. Sun was not of that kind and he would draw business away from the Portuguese, so he was given notice that he must cease practicing there.

While Dr. Sun's stay in Macao was short, yet something important occurred there which changed the current of his life. It was there he met men who had formed a society called "Young China." In Macao men were free to talk of the evils existing in their country. They met and discussed the graft and corruption of

the officials, which they believed was largely due to the small salaries they received, which they were expected to augment by systematic "squeeze", which prevailed all along the line from the highest to the lowest representative of the government. This movement was not political and those engaged in it advocated a peaceful reformation to be brought about by education, petition, and agitation.

The principles of this progressive group fell on soil ready to receive and nurture them, when they reached the mind and heart of Sun Yat-sen. His life in Honolulu and Hong Kong had already led him to think deeply on these lines, as we have seen. Here was an organization intended to advance the ideas which for some time he had held. There are no people in the world more given to form societies than the Chinese, and such organizations had in the past often had a powerful influence in the remedying of evils both locally and even in Peking. The guilds in Canton were very powerful and they had frequently protested against extortions of various kinds, and, although they were viewed with suspicion, yet they were feared, and heed was paid to their petitions.

This Society of Young China wished to extend the democratic principles of government existing in the villages, so that the people might have some voice in provincial and national affairs. The first thing they had in mind was education on modern lines. They valued the classics, but they knew that the educated man, according to Chinese standards, while learned in the classics, knew nothing

of the world or of modern science. They burned with zeal to do their part to bring China out of its stagnation, which was impossible under the old system.

Most of the young men who took part in this progressive movement, and in the first attempt at revolution, had been educated in mission schools. Americans and British had missions in Kwangtung, and there were also the Basle and the Berlin missions. While the missions did not purposely teach anything against the government, yet their teaching inevitably led to a spirit of revolt against injustice and wrong. When the young men and women were freed from the fear of evil spirits and the wrath of the gods, their minds were open to see the evils of ignorance, fraud and cruelty.

With his heart stirred by association with the men of Young China, Sun Yat-sen went to Canton and there found his friend Luke Ho-tung, who had been with him in Choy Hung when he had mutilated the gods. He was quite ready to join in any movement which had for its object the improvement of conditions in China. Secret meetings were held by those in sympathy with them and plans of procedure were discussed. They were convinced that the first step to take was to endeavor to bring about a reform in the system of education. They decided that the best way to accomplish this was to get the guilds of Canton interested, and these were quietly approached to see whether any assistance could be obtained from them.

These guilds were of ancient origin

and their rules were a law to their members. They were democratic and rendered protection and aid to members when they got into trouble. Years before Captain Boycott had given his name to a coercive method in Ireland, the guilds had used it and it had served their purpose well. Their protests had been heeded by Viceroy and even by Peking.

The plan of Dr. Sun and his associates was to get the guilds to petition the Manchu government to inaugurate a change in educational methods, and as an opening wedge, to ask for the establishment of agricultural schools that the people might be taught better ways than their primitive style of farming. But the guilds were conservative, they could not be brought to see the advantages of foreign methods, as advocated by those who had come under the influence of white men. Besides they were not seeking trouble and knew that any suggestion of changes made to the Manchu government, would be likely to lead the authorities at Peking to imagine that the Cantonese, who had often given them trouble, were trying to get something which would upset the existing order. They declined to have anything to do with the matter.

The young progressive party was discouraged but not dismayed. They at once organized what they called, "The Educational Society", the name in their judgment avoiding all appearance that it was a political movement. Of this society Dr. Sun was the acknowledged leader. He had foreign learning and experience, and a natural capacity for leadership, so

he now came to the fore, a position which he retained until his death.

The bold young men decided to petition the Peking government, setting forth the desirability of establishing agricultural schools, and pointing out the advantage it would be in improving the condition of the farmers by the variety and increase of crops. It was all couched in literary language in the most approved form, and it avoided any references to grievances. To this document Dr. Sun appended his name, not Sun Yat-sen but a new name Sun Wen, and by this he was always known at Peking and by those with whom he had formal communication. It became in fact his official name which he signed to all documents, including his will, made during his last illness.

Wen is the Mandarin pronunciation of the character and it represents the idea of literacy. It is the term which appears in Wen Li, which means the literary language as used by scholars. In the Punti it is Wun, and in Hakka, Mun, but of course the character is identical in each case. Sun Wen meant Sun the Scholar.

Up to this time he had five names, but this does not appear strange to Chinese. The five were, Tai Cheong, his boy name; Tuck Mung, his marriage name, never used; Sun Yat Sen with its two meanings; and Sun Wen, his official appellation.

The petition aroused grave suspicion in Peking. The proposed innovation showed foreign influence, and the feeling against foreigners was strong among the members of the Manchu government. Especially was this the case with the old Dowager

Empress, the real ruler, who, with all her natural ability, was densely ignorant of the world outside of China. The reply was emphatically unfavorable. The old learning had made China great, there was no need of imitating the ways of barbarians whose methods threatened injury to the country.

Peaceful means having failed, and respectful appeals having been rejected with disdain, the Educational Society recognized that if any change was to be made it would have to be brought about by revolution. The members were young men of a class which had no influence, they knew of the rigid conservatism pervading all the strata of society, they knew their weakness and that their numbers were few, but they believed the people could be aroused. They believed the way to arouse them was by accusing the Manchus of being the cause of all the corruption and oppression which existed. The Manchus were usurpers, they were not Chinese. The Cantonese hated the Manchus and these young men believed that if some open act of revolt were staged the people would flock to their standard. They determined to put their belief to the test. It is pitiful to think of them in their poverty and weakness, plotting a revolution.

To those who have read the foregoing story it will be seen that the stand which Dr. Sun now took was the result of gradual development. He was naturally of an independent and determined disposition, his life abroad, his association with foreigners, his reading books on history and government, had all made him dis-

satisfied with conditions in China. He was of strong convictions and fearless when questions of his beliefs were concerned. This was shown when he refused to submit to his older brother in Honolulu, and when he defied the gods and incurred the anger of the villagers. Now when the Manchus had rejected reasonable petitions, the spirit of revolt took possession of him. They were to him the embodiment of injustice and wrong, he would devote his life to accomplish their overthrow.

He knew that many dynasties in China had been overthrown by the

uprisings of the people. He had read of the French Revolution and studied the writings of Rousseau. He knew the great gains for freedom and progress which had been brought about by revolutions, and he believed the only hope for China was the overthrow of the Manchus. So it was that he became a thorough revolutionist and giving up his medical practice he threw himself with all his ability into the movement. As a leader he developed extraordinary qualities and had the implicit confidence and enthusiastic support of his associates.

(To be Continued)

ONE LITTLE APACHE

By GLADYS LOUISE WOOD

COME to Paris, the pre-war Paris; to a typical cafe where an orchestra played a rhythmic tango, while in the center of the dance floor an exotic couple performed with skill the intricate steps of the bizzarre dance of the Argentine. At one of the tables where the music was syn-copated by the popping of champagne corks, a party of South Americans watched the dancers.

"Truly," exclaimed one of the women, "that girl is little Elena."

"Never!" replied her companion. "Elena was a refined child, with the face of a Madonna. You are mistaken. This frowsy-headed creature is not Elena."

"Let us ask the 'garcon'."

The waiter shook his head. The young lady was not Senorita Sanchez. She and her partner were brother and sister. They had only recently appeared and taken Paris by storm. That was all he could tell them.

From out of the corners of her heavy-lidded eyes Elena, the dancer, saw the party of South Americans and pointed them out to her partner.

"Speak with them, *dulcita*," he suggested.

"And give up my wonderful freedom? No! No;"

Fermin, her partner, smiled with pleasure. "Then you are not sorry that you ran away with me?"

"How can you ask such a question? I am like a tigress which has been caged and, at last, unrestrained, is enjoying freedom with her mate."

The eyes of Fermin took on a far away look as though he would peer into the future.

"Of what are you thinking, my beloved?" the girl asked.

"Of you, my little tigress. *Estoy siempre pensando en ti*. I am always thinking of you."

At another table a North American woman interrupted her husband's laborious efforts to order dinner in French by exclaiming:— "Look, Thomas! Isn't that young fellow handsome?"

The husband turned an indifferent glance towards the Argentinian. "Hmmm. His hair's too long. Needs a cut."

"But how black and soft looking it is, and; no matter how fast he dances it never gets rumpled. If only you—"

"He is good looking, if one cares for the dark, slender type of man, but you chose a blond husband, my dear." He smiled indulgently as his wife continued:—

"See how skillfully he holds her. They move as though they were one. It must be heavenly to dance with him."

"I'll send for him to dance with you," the husband volunteered. It

was before the day of the 'gigolo', but the American was not mistaken that the wise French proprietor had already learned that the good-looking, clever dancers intrigued his American patrons.

When Elena and Fermin finished their dance the garcon handed Elena a card. "Merely an American doctor," she murmured, with a shrug of her pretty shoulders, and motioned for Fermin to follow her to the table of the Americans.

* * *

The charming dancers from the Argentine danced the nights away without a thought of an end to their rainbow. Fermin suggested that they become teachers of the tango, but Elena shook her head and Fermin said no more. He was content in the knowledge that his loved one was happy.

However, the novelty of the tango and the dancers from South America, eventually waned. Other things and other people attracted the attention of the fickle public. The owner of the hotel where they lived was the first to treat them like ordinary human beings by reminding them that they owed a large bill. Then, instead of being invited to dine in beautiful homes or the finest cafes, they were left to drift to the commoner places. Instead of being the idols of a select few, they were the pets of the plebeian.

When the American doctor invited them to go on a slumming tour they were delighted to accept. A guide took them to a little cafe hidden in the bowels of Montmartre; such a place they would have spurned a short while previous. At a table adjoining theirs were three rough-looking men

and two girls.

"They are real Apaches," whispered the guide. "Do not let them see that you notice."

"This place is unclean. Couldn't you have chosen a better place?" the doctor asked in his best book French.

The voices at the adjoining table grew louder.

"This is no place to have brought the ladies," declared the Argentinian.

"You wished to see the real Apache," protested the guide.

The sound of a sharp slap interrupted. One of the apaches had struck his girl across the face. The tourists gasped. The girl began to cry. Again the slap, followed by words of abuse. The girl wept and pleaded.

The American doctor jumped to his feet. Before anyone knew what had happened, he had hit the abusive apache between the eyes. The other apaches jumped to their companion's assistance. Fermin joined in the fight. The place was in a turmoil! The Yankee's fists were still flying when he landed in the street.

"Monsieur should not interfere with an apache," sputtered the guide.

The doctor's wife fluttered up to her husband like a proud mother bird.

The little dancer put up her hand to readjust her hat and was surprised to find that in the excitement she had lost it. "O, la, what is one hat more or less?" she laughed with a shrug of her shoulders.

A man appeared and with an elaborate bow handed Elena her hat. "You are lucky, mademoiselle, that you lost the hat but kept the head," he announced and then was gone.

* * *

A few days later Fermin was seated alone at one of the tables on a crowded "terrasse" when someone came up and spoke to him. It was the man who had returned Elena's hat. Fermin invited him to have a drink and after they had laughed over the fight the stranger observed;—"Do you know, Mos., it was very foolish to go to such a place."

"Oui. I realize that, but we wanted to see the real apaches."

"But, mon ami, those were not real apaches. They were ruffians hired to give sight-seers a thrill. Your Yankee friend lost his wallet and a ring or pin, but he will be repaid by the pleasure he will derive from bragging of his heroics with an apache."

"Perhaps you are right."

"I KNOW I am right for I am Jules, a REAL apache."

Fermin gaped in surprise.

"If you would care to mingle with real apaches I will take you tonight; provided you leave the Yankees behind."

* * *

That night Elena raised a glass of absinthe to her lips. "This looks like angry cream," she said with a smile.

"It is the cream of the Gods," Jules told her.

"I have never drank it before. It tastes just like licorice. Now I am a real apache."

Jules raised his glass. "To the little Queen of the apaches."

"To MY queen," interpolated Fermin.

"And now, my friends, Jules has gratified your desire to see the apaches; will you grant him one request?"

"With pleasure," Elena instantly responded.

"What is it?" asked Fermin.

"Dance for Jules."

Fermin laughed at the small demand and Elena shrugged her shoulders. "The floor is not good and the place is too small but Jules has gratified a whim of Elena. Neither Jules (nor any other apache) has ever seen Elena dance, so she delights to give that pleasure."

At a signal from Jules the orchestra, consisting of two guitars, a violin and an accordeon, struck up an Argentine tango. Fermin, the proud lover, rose and the dance began.

As they danced Jules watched with eager eyes. An apache is adroit, never crude, so Jules was content to watch and wait. This was but the beginning! Some day she would dance with him. . . .

* * *

Elena and Fermin returned frequently to the little cafe. Fermin gambled a little and as for Elena—the mysterious apache cafe (or was it the mysterious apache?), fascinated her.

One night Jules introduced them to an elderly gentleman who had admired their dancing. They were chatting and drinking when Fermin was called away. Neither Elena nor Fermin suspected that this had been prearranged by Jules.

The apache had waited. He had refrained from making any advances toward the girl for he saw that she had eyes for no one but Fermin; while the Argentinian, in turn, never let her out of his sight. But, now, Jules felt, HIS time had come. He would put a drug in her drink, she would be taken ill before Fermin could return and he, Jules, would of-

fer to take her home. Home, yes, but to HIS HOME.

Jules slipped a powder into the drink that was served Elena. He stood some distance away, watching until he saw the lids of her large, black eyes droop heavily. Slowly a great drowsiness seemed to overpower her until she swayed uncertainly and fell forward on the table.

Jules walked over to the prostrated girl—just then Fermin returned unexpectedly. He rushed to Elena's side. "Madre de Dios! What has happened?" he demanded.

"Mademoiselle is ill," sputtered the old man. "I've sent the garcon for some ammonia."

Fermin lifted Elena's head and she opened her eyes only to close them again. "Elena! Mia chiquita! What is wrong?"

"He—something—in my drink," she stammered.

Fermin leaped at the old man and grabbing him by the collar, pulled him to his feet. "You roué! You would drug an innocent girl!" the Argentinian would have struck him but Jules caught him from behind.

"I swear I did not do it!" mumbled the old man. "We were talking when she suddenly became sick."

Elena looked up and laughed foolishly. "I'm better now," she sighed, but her head dropped back on her arm.

"Take her to a doctor," the stranger fumbled in his pocket and drew out a bulging wallet. "Take her to a doctor. I'll pay, only don't make a fuss."

Fermin struggled in vain to free himself. The old man put the wallet

on the table near Elena and hastily left.

The girl picked up the purse and fingered the coins absently. "Money, money—plenty money—just because Elena is one little bit sick," and she laughed mirthlessly.

* * *

The next night Elena was completely recovered. As she danced with Fermin, a gorgeous emerald flashed fire from the new anklet she wore.

* * *

The American doctor was practicing in Paris, so Elena and Fermin invited his wife and him to go to the apache cafe one night. They had just finished dinner when the doctor received a message. "Rotten luck. Just when I'm having a good time I have to leave. A patient is seriously ill—perhaps dying. May I be excused?"

Elena dismissed him with a smile.

"People may come and people may go, but I could dance forever," the doctor's wife smiled at Fermin, "providing my partner were an alluring Argentinian." Turning to Elena she added:—"You don't mind letting your handsome partner dance with me, while my husband is assisting some poor soul to die?"

Elena turned to Fermin. "Go, my faithful one. Never keep a lady waiting."

The two had no sooner started dancing when Jules sat down opposite Elena. "So, the little Queen is deserted."

The dancer shrugged her shoulders.

Jules continued:—"I'll buy champagne and drink your health from your little slipper."

"Bah! It is an ancient trick, *mon ami*. Besides, Elena has no desire to see Jules drink wine from her pretty but soiled slipper."

"Ah, *Mademoiselle Caprice*, I am sorry you do not like the compliments of your humble admirer. Perhaps it would please you more to know that the gentleman who is seated at the center table has begged all night for an introduction to the beautiful tango dancer."

Elena made a little moué! "I do not like his looks."

"Then let me introduce him to you and you can have some fun. You can pretend to become ill and see if he becomes as frightened as the other old fool of a few nights past."

"Pretend to be ill—pretend so that there will be a scene and then he will give me money?"

"Oui! Why not?"

"But that would be blackmail!"

"Call it what you like. I know the man has a wife and children at home. He has no right to be here."

"And we shall punish him?"

Jules nodded. "I knew my beautiful, little friend would not disappoint me."

"And now, *mon chere Jules*, give me the drink that makes me ill."

"There is no need of the drink. You can pretend." He wanted to aggravate her desire for the drug. His original plan had gone wrong, nevertheless, she would soon be in his power for she craved the drug already. Even now she was persisting. "I would rather get divinely sick. I forget everything; besides, there will

be no danger of his suspecting."

"*Tres bien*, if you insist. But first you must dance with me. Come! *Fermin* and the fair blond have finished their dance. Now it is our turn. Jules may not be able to tango as well as the handsome Argentinian, but he can teach you a wonderful dance, *l'danse Apache*."

Jules left Elena and went to speak with the musicians. A moment later they began to play a wild but plaintive strain. Jules returned to the table and catching Elena by the hand, pulled her into his arms.

The dance began with a series of long, smooth glides like the slinking of some wild animal. Then faster and faster they moved until they were turning around and around. The apache tossed his little partner high into the air. He wanted her to feel his skill. She laughed and was like a feather in his arms. He caught her closer about the waist, but she bent back and away from him. Nearer he crushed her, but her body swayed in his embrace like a wind blown flower—back and away until her head almost touched the floor. Gradually she let him draw her erect, then breaking away, spun across the floor with a series of fast whirls. Jules followed with feigned indifference and skillfully caught her with one hand. She clasped her arms about his neck as though in meek submission, but with a quick backward movement he swung her off her feet and turning with his weight on his heels, sent her body floating through the air. Elena thrilled with delight in the dance while the blood rushed to the cheeks of the apache as he saw her crimson lips so tantalizingly near his own. The

music stopped. Jules unclasped the arms from about his neck, and, though he would have liked to twine them around his heart, he flung her away from him as though he had no desire for her. Elena fell to the floor—a seemingly abused creature, but she quickly regained her feet with a smile. The people at the tables burst into noisy applause.

"*Merci, mon ami,*" Elena murmured to Jules. "It is a wonderful dance—and now I must go and teach it to my only love."

Jules made no reply, nor did he follow her to the table where Fermin was seated.

* * *

In the nights that followed Jules showed Elena how easily she could dupe the men. The drug he gave her made the girl indifferent to the fact that she was doing wrong. She enjoyed outwitting the purse-proud men. It enabled her to live again in luxury. She felt the hold that Jules was getting upon her through the drug, and in an endeavor to break from his influence said to Fermin;—"Tonight, *mio amore*, you and YOU ALONE shall be my accomplice. A very rich man wishes me to dine with him."

"You must stop this Elena. It is not right," protested Fermin.

"I will go," she persisted. "He must pay for his annoyance. You will wait in the adjoining room and at the right moment, help me to disappear swifter than a flash of lightning."

* * *

That night the piquant Elena sat opposite her rich victim and was a most alluring coquette. He immediately professed his consuming love.

She laughed. '*Monsieur* was so swift.' The dinner had only gotten as far as the entree when he insisted on feeding her. In the room adjoining Fermin paced the floor. By the time the desert was served the millionaire could restrain himself no longer. He caught Elena in his arms and kissed her. Fermin came near to bursting into the room, but he heard Elena rise and say:—"Pardon, *mon-sieur*, the room is hot. I will return in one little minute."

The door had scarcely closed behind her before Fermin had her in his arms. "You permit that '*cochon*' to kiss you? he burst forth.

"Well—and if I did? It was such a little kiss and he paid dearly. It is never more than a kiss so you should not complain. Come! We must fly from here!"

When they were speeding through the night, Elena leaned against her lover and opening a bag she carried, drew out a handful of coins. Pulling off his cap she spilled them over the top of his head, laughing as they tumbled all about.

"*Dios, Elena! Que pensas? What are you thinking of?*"

"*Siempre pensando en ti. Always thinking of you,*" she answered and held up a scarf pin where he could see it. "Especially for you, *amante*. A gorgeous diamond set in a *fleur-de-lis* of sapphires. But Elena will have it changed. A diamond in a heart of rubies. Then you can carry the heart of Elena always with you."

A uniformed figure suddenly appeared in the path of the machine. Fermin slammed on the brakes.

"That was a good stop for one who

travels at such speed," the gendarme told him.

"My sister is ill! I am rushing her to the doctor!" declared Fermin and to his surprise the man motioned him on. As he threw the car into high, he glanced at Elena as she leaned against the shoulder. Her face was drawn and pale, but her eyes smiled wickedly.

"Verily, amante, I am far from well. We must stop at our little cafe. I met the 'cochon' I robbed elsewhere and he has no knowledge of the place. This is the last time."

Fermin agreed. How glad he was this was the end. They were dancing a tango with their customary blasé manner, when Elena murmured in her partner's ear. "Mira, Fermin! The man—over by the door—"

It was the millionaire but the dancer's little feet never faltered as she stepped lightly through the intricate steps of the tango. He was joined by three more men. "The police!" whispered Elena at the same time dancing as though she hadn't a care in the world. They even passed close enough to hear him say:—"There she is, dancing with her lover. There—passing in front of Jules—the one who told me."

The music stopped. She walked nonchalantly from the floor, never showing the rage she felt because Jules had betrayed her.

The millionaire rushed up to Elena. "You little vampire! You thief!" he shouted in her face.

Fermin stepped between them. The man called him a vile name and tried to push him aside. Fermin swung at him and he toppled over against a table. Another man twice the size

of Fermin grabbed the Argentinian and they sprawled on the floor. The apaches joined in the fight; all, excepting Jules who stood back in the shadows. Fermin regained his feet only to fall again. There was a breathless silence—then a laugh. Jules was laughing. Fermin forgot his adversary. Jules was laughing—Jules who had betrayed Elena. Fermin turned wildly on the apache and hit him squarely between the eyes. A shot rang out! Fermin's feet suddenly crumpled beneath him.

Elena sprang like a tigress at Jules. "Cochon! Pig!" she screamed and hit him in the face with her purse full of money. He grabbed her hand. She scratched his face and hit him again and again! He caught her by the hair! She fought and kicked and when he drew his hand away filled with her raven locks she only laughed and fought the harder. He caught her and pressed his long fingers into her tender throat. She could not breathe. Everything turned black.

Zing! A shot! The fingers on her throat relaxed. She could breathe again. She could see. Jules lay writhing at her feet. One agonizing groan and he was dead.

Fermin. He was near—leaning against the wall. "Ricca—you are—safe. I—with—his—gun." He fell heavily.

* * *

The police believed that Fermin had been killed, but Elena, who had been the sweetheart of all Paris and queen of the Apaches, dragged her wounded lover to an obscure room. The wound in Fermin's head needed skilled medical attention, but Elena feared to trust anyone. There was

their friend, the genial American doctor. Perhaps he—Elena determined to take a chance, and going straight to the doctor, told him everything.

"Poor little one," he said when she had finished. "Of course I will do anything to help you. I am a doctor and your partner needs my medical aid, but, even if it were a crime, I fear I should do it for you regardless, because, little apache, I love you."

Elena looked up, her dark eyes wide with surprise. "You love me?" she questioned doubtfully. "But you are married."

"Yes, and because I am, I wish I did NOT love you. When I married I loved my wife. We were happy, until I was stricken ill. She nursed me all through my illness. It was a breakdown caused by overwork. I damn near died. Then I rallied. I was rested, refreshed, had a new lease in life. But with my recovery came a hatred for my wife. I can't explain it. You wouldn't understand if I did. I hated her as much as I once loved her. For years since then I have lived a lie out of sheer gratitude for her devotion."

"You are telling me you loved your wife," interrupted Elena, "and now you love me? How very peculiar. If I were to love you, you might become ill and grow to hate me, too."

"No, child. You don't understand. I love you and always will."

"However it would be, mon ami, I do not love you. I never can and never will. Most men I fool, but you—you have been my friend. You have said that you will help Fermin—Fermin, the only man Elena loves. Do not make me buy your aid with lies."

The doctor hesitated, then picked

up his case. "Very well, little lady. Where is your partner?"

* * *

The doctor called daily to see Fermin and one afternoon when he was sleeping Elena told the doctor that she had not slept for days from watching him. "Will you not give me some—medicine?" she pleaded. "I need it, badly."

The doctor frowned. "Poor little lady, you are tired and worn. He is better. Relax your vigil and take a good sleep."

"But I cannot sleep. Fermin insisted that I try this afternoon. I tossed and turned so much that I got up for fear I should disturb him. I am so nervous."

"Nervous?" The doctor gave the girl one keen scrutinizing look. "You want morphine."

Elena clutched his sleeve and looked up into his face like a pleading animal. The physician shook his head.

"Oh, please, it is so easy for you. You said that you love me, but the only thing I ask, you refuse."

"Shame, little wanton. I love you, yes, I love all that is good and beautiful in you. I want to help you overcome this misfortune."

"Bah! Do not preach or prattle of love. You know what I am suffering and you can relieve my suffering. Be merciful rather than profuse."

The doctor hesitated, then opened his bag and handed her two pellets. It was enough to eliminate her suffering, but not enough to do additional harm.

Elena tossed them into her mouth and gulped them down without any water. "You have saved my life!"

she gasped, dramatically.

The doctor took her by the shoulders. "You must try—"

"Try? Yes. Certainly," she replied with a low laugh.

* * *

The doctor did not see Elena for several days and then she appeared unexpectedly at his office.

"Fermin is fine," she told him. "To-day he went out for the first time, and I came because—"

The doctor tried to take her in his arms.

"No, no! You are wrong." Elena said with a sly laugh. "I came because, in a fit of temper, I threw something at my poor little Pekingese dog and hurt his head." She took the dog from under her arm and handed it to the doctor.

Then it was the doctor who laughed. "So you have brought me another patient. If it were anyone else, I would tell them where to take their dog, but I'll fix him up for you."

The dog yelped as the doctor washed the wound. Elena burst into tears. "It was my fault. I did not mean it. I was unnerved. I—"

"I know." The doctor got a vial, from which he gave her two pellets.

Elena took them and threw her arms about the doctor. "You are so good. You understand this dreadful craving."

"There, there. I know you have reached the stage where you need it."

The doctor held her close. Elena ran her fingers up and down the lapel of his coat. His heart ached for Elena. If only he could cure her. He had given her a lesser quantity of the drug this time. A picture of his beautiful blonde wife flashed

across his mind. She was so sweet and pure, but the sweetness that he had once loved now seemed insipid. The doctor was of a frank, analytical nature and living a lie was extremely difficult for him. He gazed down into the dilating eyes of the bizarre Elena. How he wanted her. He alone, could and would save her from herself. He failed to notice her slender, white hand flutter in back of him until the fingers closed on the vial that he had momentarily left on the table behind him.

"You have saved the life of my lover, my little dog and myself," she said. "And now I must hurry away before I find myself in more trouble. She gathered up her dog. "Good-bye, dear doctor, and be assured of my eternal gratitude."

The doctor tried to detain her, but Elena hurried to a waiting taxicab.

When the machine drove up in front of the hotel Elena looked out to see that no police were anywhere around. There were none, but in the shadow of a nearby building Elena saw Fermin. Beside him was a yellow-haired woman. The doctor's wife.

Elena rushed to her room in a daze. Her man—alone—with the doctor's wife. She laughed hysterically. Fermin came in. He greeted her with his usual ardor and when she asked him where he had been he told her but made no mention of the yellow-haired woman. Had it been a chance meeting, Elena knew he would have told her. But the way she had clung to his arm, that was enough. Elena told him she had hurt the dog and taken him to the doctor. Fermin smiled. "You are so tender-hearted, but you must not spoil your

beautiful eyes with tears. I also am tired. We both need rest," but Elena persisted with her questions until he told her he had been here and there but the doctor's wife was not mentioned. She was still questioning him when he fell asleep.

Fermin did not know how long he had slept, when he suddenly awakened with a sense of danger. Elena crouched over him, wild-eyed, her hair disheveled. Something flashed in the moonlight. It was a dagger!

"Elena! You are mad!" exclaimed Fermin, catching her menacing arm at the wrist.

"Perhaps, traitor. Today you betrayed the love Elena gave you. Tonight—" She wrenched her arm free and struck him. He caught her arm again and they struggled—now in the moonlight—now in darkness. A cry—and the girl fell limp to the floor. The dagger slipped from her fingers. . . . Fermin found the lights. He could see no wound, but the girl's face was ghastly pale.

"I cannot bear to give you to another," Elena whispered. "I wished to kill you—but I die, instead."

"No! No! Come!"

"It cannot be otherwise. It was—too much."

"Hush! Let me lift you to the bed . . . So."

With a sigh she settled back against the pillows, and murmured. "Fermin loved Elena in our beautiful Argentina and for love of him she ran away to wicked Paris. Elena has

been bad but her love for Fermin was always good—"

"Do not talk any more. You are upset. You have taken too much morphine."

"It matters not—now. I have stolen, but never from one who needed. I have loved—but—only you—madly. Tell me, my lover, tell me—that you love me."

"Certainly, preciosa, devotedly, passionately."

"Before I die—"

"Hush, adorata! Do not speak of death. Tomorrow you will be feeling better."

"No. It is—too late."

"I will buy you a new ruby anklet, if you will only be good."

"For the first time—gems mean nothing to Elena." She caressed the scar on Fermin's forehead. "It is for Elena, that you carry this wound," she murmured.

"Yes, if it were not for my brave little sweetheart, I should not be here."

"Hold me fast in your arms, amante. It is not for long," and she nestled close to his side.

Fermin kissed her passionately but her lips were icy-cold.

"Adios — amor — siempre — pensando en ti." (I am always thinking of you) The limpid black eyes rolled heavenward, a madonna-like expression crept over the features of the little apache and she breathed no more.

HAWAII PAST AND PRESENT

By ALBERT PIERCE TAYLOR

BEARING the autograph signature of Liliuokalani, queen of Hawaii from 1891 to 1893, a pamphlet issued by the Library of Congress in 1898 presents a comprehensive list of books and articles about the Hawaiian Islands, which was at that time considered a basic list for research and general reading.

It was prepared by A. P. C. Griffin, assistant librarian. His introduction, while listing books concerning voyages to Hawaii from 1778 and on, is, in fact, a comprehensive brief history of Hawaii. It is as follows:

The first definite information about the Hawaiian Islands was given by Cook in his "A voyage to the Pacific Ocean, undertaken by command of His Majesty for making discoveries in the northern hemispheres, in the years 1776-1780," London, 1784, 3 vols., 4°. There are numerous editions of Cook's accounts of his voyages, of which the Library of Hawaii has several.

In 1786 the islands were visited by Portlock and Dixon, both of whom wrote narratives of the voyage, published independently at London in 1789 under identical titles: "Voyage round the world, but more particularly to the northwest coast of America, in 1785-88." La Perouse made a short stop at the island of Maui in May, 1786, described in his "Voyage autour du monde," Paris 1797 (Eng-

lish ed., London, 1799). Meares, in his "Voyages made in 1788 and 1789," describes a visit of a month's duration in 1788 at Hawaii.

Lieut. George Mortimer, in his "Observations and remarks made during a voyage to the islands of Teneriffe, Otaheite, Sandwich Islands," London, 1791, gives a brief account of a short sojourn at one of the islands.

Captain Ingraham, an American naval officer, describes in "Journal of the Hope" (manuscript preserved in the State Department) a visit in the spring of 1791.

Marchand, in "Voyage autour du monde, pendant les annees 1790, 1791, et 1792," Paris, 1798-1800, gives a notice of a visit in October, 1791.

Capt. James Colnett made several visits to Hawaii in 1791-1793, described in his "Voyage to the South Atlantic and round Cape Horn into the Pacific Ocean," London, 1798 and 1804.

Vancouver made visits, extending over periods of several weeks, in 1792, 1793, 1794, recorded in his "A voyage of discovery to the North Pacific Ocean, and round the world, in 1790-95," London, 1798, 3 vols., 4°; 1 vol., F°.

Captain Broughton touched at the islands in 1796, as related in his "Voyage of discovery in the Doedalus, to the North Pacific Ocean, 1795-98," London, 1804 (French ed., Paris,

1807). Turnbull's "Voyage round the world in 1800-1804" describes a stay of one month (December 1, 1802-January 1, 1803) on the islands.

Richard J. Cleveland's "A narrative of voyages and commercial enterprises," Cambridge, 1842, records the events of a trading visit in 1803.

Krusenstern, the Russian navigator, spent three days only at the islands on his voyage round the world in 1804, as related in his "Voyage autour du monde," St. Petersburg, 1809-1812 (English ed., London, 1813). Lisianski, another Russian officer, made a short stay in 1804; an English edition of his narrative was published at London in 1804 under the title, "Voyage round the world in 1803-6." Mariner's "Account of the natives of the Tonga Islands," etc., London, 1818, 2 vols., has a note on a visit made in September, 1806.

Archibald Campbell's "Voyage round the world, 1806-12," Edinburgh, 1816, describes a stay among the islands from January 27, 1809, to March 4, 1810.

A. Delano's "A narrative of voyages and travels," Boston 1817, has a chapter giving an account of a visit in 1800. Peter Conway's experiences in Hawaii in 1815-1817 are related in MacCarthy's "Choix de voyages," Paris, 1821-22.

Kotzebue, on his voyage to Russian America, made explorations about the islands, which he describes in his narrative published at St. Petersburg in 1821-1823; an English edition published at London in 1821 in 3 vols. Choris, the artist of Kotzebue's expedition, published his productions in "Voyages pittoresque autour du

monde," Paris, 1821-1823, in folio.

A French expedition round the world, under the command of L. C. de Freycinet, visited the island in 1819, as reported in his "Voyage autour du monde, fait par le ordre du roi, pendant les annees 1817-20," Paris, 1824-1844; the scientific results of this expedition are given in Arago's "Promenade autour du monde," Paris, 1823. Two missionaries, Daniel Tyerman and George Dennet, record their experience in the island in 1822 in "Journal of voyages and travels in the South Sea islands," London, 1831, and Boston, 1832. The Russian expedition under Kotzebue in 1823-1826 visited Hawaii; see his "Journey round the world," London, 1830, 2 vols.

Capt. Benjamin Cowell's "Narrative of four voyages," New York, 1832, gives an account of a week spent in Hawaii in June, 1825. Capt. F. W. Beechey was at Honolulu in May, 1826, and from January to March 1827; see his "Narrative of a voyage to the Pacific and Bering Strait, in 1825, 1826, 1827, and 1828," London, 1831. Duhaut-Cilly's "Voyage autour du monde, principalement a la Californie et aux iles Sandwich, 1826-29," contains account of a visit of two months in 1828. Lafond de Lurcey's "Voyages," Paris, 1834-35, has notes on a visit made in May, 1828.

In 1829 the islands were explored by an expedition under command of Hiram Paulding, the results of which are given in Paulding's "Journal of the cruise of the United States schooner Dolphin," New York, 1831.

The principal succeeding voyages

of exploration in chronological order are reported in: Meyer's "Reise um die erde," Berlin, 1843-35 'visits in 1828, 1831, 1833, and 1837); Reynold's "Voyage of the United States frigate Potomac, New York, 1835; Warrinner's "Journal of a cruise in the United States frigate Potomac," New York, 1835; Fanning's "Voyages round the world," New York, 1835 (4th ed., 1838); Bennett's "Narrative of a whaling voyage round the globe, from 1833 to 1836," London, 1840; Ruschenberger's "Narrative of a voyage round the world," Philadelphia and London, 1839; Vaillant's "Voyage autour du monde, 1836 et 1837," Paris, 1839 (records valuable scientific results); Sir Edw. Belcher's "Narrative of a voyage round the world, 1836-42," London, 1843; Du Petit-Ehouar's "Voyage autour du monde sure la fregate la Venus, 1838-39," Paris, 1841-1849; Laplace's "Campagne de circum-navigation de la fregate l'Artemise," Paris, 1841.

The expedition under Wilkes made extensively explorations and scientific investigations on the islands, which are fully recorded in "Narrative of the United States exploring expedition, executed in the years 1838 to 1842, under Ch. Wilkes, U. S. N.," Philadelphia, 1845, 6 vols., and in the special reports of the Scientists who accompanied the expedition, viz: Baird (Herpetology), Brackenridge (Cryptogamie), Casshin (Mammalogy and Ornithology), Dana (Crustacea), Gould (Mollusca), Gray (Phanerogamia), Hale (Ethnology), Pickering (Races of men), Wilkes (Hydrography).

The above constitute the principal accounts by navigators and explorers, to which Martin's "Catalogue

d'ouvrages relatifs aux iles Hawaii," Paris, 1867, has been a helpful source of information.

The books treating more directly of Hawaii are enumerated in the following list, which it has been my aim to make as complete as consistent with preparation in a given time, particularly as to more important books.

(EDITOR'S NOTE:)

To the above list may be added general books on the history of Hawaii, regarded as standard works, including:

"History of the Hawaiian Islands," by J. J. Jarves, 1847.

"The Sandwich Islands," by Manley Hopkins, 186....;

"A Brief History of the Hawaiian Islands," by W. D. Alexander, 189....;

"Hawaii by Hawaii's Queen, Liliuokalani," by Liliuokalani, 1898;

"Under Hawaiian Skies," narrative history of Hawaii, by Albert P. Taylor, 1922; 1926;

"A History of Hawaii," by Hawaiian Historical Commission, Professor R. S. Kuykendall, author.

HAWAII'S HISTORY IN TABLOID

(Continued from June Number)

1843—February 25. The King under pressure from Lord Geo. Paulet and the English Consul, Mr. Simpson, cedes the islands provisionally to Great Britain and the English flag is hoisted on the Fort in Honolulu.

" —March 14. Mr. Simpson leaves with dispatches from Lord Geo. Paulet for England, and J. F. B. Marshall on behalf of the King, leaves in the same vessel.

- 1843—July 6. U. S. S. "Constellation," Commodore Kearney, arrives at Honolulu.
- " —July 26. H. B. M. Ship "Dublin" Rear-Admiral Thomas, arrives at Honolulu.
- " —July 31. Admiral Thōmas restores the sovereignty of the islands to the King; Hawaiian flag re-hoisted and saluted.
- " —August 25. Gen'l Wm. Miller appointed English Consul General at Hawaiian Islands.
- " —November 28. The independence of the Hawaiian Kingdom recognized jointly by England and France.
- " —The Masonic Order established in Honolulu.
- 1844—First Silk (197 pounds) exported from these islands. Raised on Kauai by Ch. Titcomb.
- " —July 6. The U. S. Government formally recognizes the independence of Hawaiian Islands.
- " —July. The newspaper "Polynesian" established in Honolulu.
- " —December 3. Haalilio, one of the Hawaiian Commissioners to England and France, dies on his passage home.
- 1845—March 23. Mr. Richards returns to Honolulu with the remains of Haalilio.
- " —May 20. The first Legislative Assembly, under the Constitution of 1840, opened by the King in Honolulu.
- " —June 7. Kekauluohi, the Premier (Kuhina-nui), dies.
- 1845—June. John Young, son of John Young, Sr. and Kaoanaeha, appointed Premier.
- " —First Coffee (248 pounds) exported from Honolulu.
- 1846—February 11. Commissioners appointed to settle land-claims.
- " —Oahu Temperance Society formed. J. F. B. Marshall, first President.
- " —March 26. French frigate "Virginie," Admiral Hamelin, arrives at Honolulu and restores the \$20,000 exacted by Capt. La Place in 1839. The French Consul General, Mr. Perrin, arrived in the frigate.
- " —March 26. Treaty with France negotiated.
- " —March 26. Treaty with England negotiated.
- " —June 9. U. S. frigate "Congress," Commodore Stockton, arrives at Honolulu with the U. S. Commissioner A. Ten Eyck as successor of Mr. Brown, recalled.
- " —October 29. The Danish frigate "Galathea" Capt. Steen Bille, negotiates the treaty between Denmark and Hawaii.
- " —December 10. Excelsior Lodge I. O. O. F. instituted in Honolulu.
- 1847—June 2. Keahikuni Kekauonohi, wife of L. Haalelea and daughter of Kahoanokukinau and Kahakuhakoi w. and grand daughter of Kamehameha I, died in Honolulu.

- 1847—September 11. The first theatre in Honolulu, the "Tespian," opened, corner of Maunakea and King streets.
- " —November. Mr. Richards, Minister of Public Instruction, died.
- 1848—January 8. Treaty with Hamburg negotiated.
- " —February 1. The French Consul, E. Dillon, arrived in the French ship "Sarcelle."
- " —Royal Hawaiian Theatre 89
- " —June 17. Royal Hawaiian Theatre opened, corner of Hotel and Alakea Streets.
- 1848—The Measles raging through the islands. Commended in the fall of 1847.
- " —W. P. Leleiohoku, Governor of Hawaii, son of Kalaimoku and Kuwahine, (w), died.
- " —Gold discovered in California, and in August the first party of Hawaiians, native and foreigners, started for the gold diggings.
- 1849—Beef first exported from the islands by Mr. French—158 barrels.
- " —Admiral Tromelin, of the French frigate "Poursuivante," lands his forces and seizes the fort in Honolulu and the King's yacht "Kamehameha."
- " —G. P. Judd, Minister of Interior, sent to United States, England and France on a diplomatic mission. He is accompanied by the Princes Lot and Alexander.
- " —December 20. Treaty with the United States negotiated.
- 1850—Return of G. P. Judd and the Hawaiian Princes.
- " —June 8. W. C. Parke appointed Marshal of Hawaiian Islands.
- " —December. Rowe's "Olympian Circus," the first of the kind, arrived at Honolulu.
- " —December 20. Honolulu Post-office established.
- 1851—January 11. Election of Representatives.
- " —June. Court-house in Honolulu built, now Hackfeld & Co.'s store.
- " —July 10. Treaty with England negotiated.
- " —August 7. Treaty with Bremen negotiated.
- " —December. Sailor riot in Honolulu.
- 1852—January 25. The first consignment of Chinese coolies arrive from Hongkong.
- " —February 10. Eruption of Mauna Loa, Hawaii, flow of lava reaching within seven miles of Hilo.
- " —July 7. "Stranger's Friend Society" organized in Honolulu.
- " —July 1. Treaty with Sweden and Norwal negotiated.
- 1852—December 6. Hawaiian Constitution granted by Kamehameha III, and proclaimed.
- " —December 17. First Hawaiian Cavalry organized in Honolulu.
- " —Fungus first exported.
- 1853—March. Beginning of Small-pox epidemic, which swept over all the islands of the group and only abated in October.

- 1853—April 28. Arrival of Mormon missionaries.
- " —September 12. Variety Theatre opened in Honolulu.
- " —Resignation of Dr. G. P. Judd from the Administration; E. H. Allen appointed in his place.
- " —November 14. Arrival of steamer "S. H. Wheeler," afterwards named the "Akamai," from San Francisco; enrolled in the coasting
- " —December 20. First regular Census of Hawaiian Islands taken.
- 1854—June 1. Fort at Lahaina demolished by order of Government.
- " —June 1. Honolulu Steam Flouring Mill Co. started.
- " —October 14. Steamer "Sea-Bird" arrives from San Francisco and is enrolled in the coasting trade.
- " —October 24. Steamer "West Point" arrived from San Francisco and is enrolled in the coasting trade under name of "Kalama."
- " —December 15. Kauikeaouli Kamehameha III died, and Alexander Liholiho, nephew of the late King proclaimed as Kamehameha IV.
- 1855—January 10. Funeral of Kamehameha III.
- " —June 13. A Paki, son of Kalanihelemailuna, and grandson of Kamehameha Nui, King of Maui, dies in Honolulu.
- " —July 7. Varieties Theatre in King street, Honolulu, burnt down.
- 1855—August. Rev. H. R. Hitchcock died at Kaluaaha, Molokai, aged 55 years.
- 1856—June 19. Kamehameha IV married Emma Rooke.
- " —June 22. Mormons arrived en route for San Francisco.
- 1857—The Fort at Honolulu was demolished.
- " —Konia, widow of A. Paki, died.
- " —May 29. Victoria Kamamalu was appointed Premier.
- " —July 18. John Young (Keoni Ana), the Premier, died.
- " —David Malo, the celebrated Hawaiian historian, died, and was buried on the summit of Mt. Ball, back of the Lahainaluna Seminary.
- 1858—May 20. The Prince of Hawaii was born.
- 1859—April 20. J. Piikoi died.
- " —July. The Civil Code of the Kingdom was promulgated.
- " —July 23—The Post Office Department was established.
- " —Sept. 9. W. P. Kinau, son of Leileiohoku and R. Kiilikolani, died.
- 1860—February. The Custom House building was begun.
- " —July 17. The corner stone of the Queen's Hospital was laid.
- " —August 29. Lot Kamehameha visited San Francisco.
- " —Sept. 5. The steamer "Kilauea" arrived, to run between the islands.
- " —Sept. 23. Rev. R. Armstrong, D. D. President of the Board of Education, died.
- 1862—April. The island of Palmyra became a dependency of the Hawaiian Kingdom.

- 1862—August 27. The Prince of Hawaii died.
- " —The Lahainaluna Seminary building was destroyed by fire.
- " —October 11. Bishop Stayley and the Church of England Mission arrived.
- 1863—November 30. Kamehameha IV died, aged 29 years, and Lot Kamehameha succeeded to the throne, as Kamehameha V.
- 1864—July 7. The Constitutional Convention, called by Kamehameha V, convened, to frame a new Constitution.
- " —August 3. The King dissolved the Constitutional Convention.
- " —August 20. The King proclaimed a new Constitution.
- " —Levi Haalelea died.
- 1865—May 6. Queen Emma left Honolulu on board of H. B. M. S. "Clio," for a visit to England.
- 1865—October 19. R. C. Wyllie, Minister of Foreign Affairs, died aged 67 years.
- " November 30. The remains of the Kings were transferred from their old tomb to the Royal Mausoleum.
- 1866—May 29. H. R. H. Vivictoria Kamamalu, Premier of the Kingdom, and heir apparent to the throne, died.
- " —October 22. Queen Emma returned to Honolulu from her visit to England.
- 1867—March 5. The corner stone of the Pro-Cahtedral of the English Church was laid.
- 1868—April 2. Great earthquake at Kau, followed by a burst of mud from a mountain side and a tidal wave which, together, caused great destruction of life and property.
- " —Great erathquake felt severely all over Hawaii.
- " —Lava flow at Kahuku.
- " October 19. Kaona, the false prophet, incited insurrection at Kona.
- " —November 24. H. H. M. Ke-
kuanaa, Governor of Oahu, and father of Kamehameha IV and V, died, aged 75 years.
- 1869—July 21. The Duke of Edinburgh arrived at Honolulu.
- " —August 2. The lighthouse in the harbor of Honolulu was lighted for the first time.
- 1870—April 4. Jubilee of the American Mission to the Hawaiian Islands.
- " —April 19. The "Wongawonga," first China steamer, arrived from Sidney.
- " —September 20. Queen Kalama, widow of Kamehameha III, died, aged 53 years.
- 1871—March 18. The new Post-office was opened for business.
- " —September 14. Thirty-three whale-ships were abandoned in the ice, in the Arctic.
- 1872—March 1. The Hawaiian Hotel was opened to the public.
- " —March 20. The corner-stone of the new Government House (Aliiolani Hale) was laid.
- " —Kamehameha V died, aged 43 years.

- 1873—H. R. H. W. C. Lunalilo was elected King by the Legislature.
- " —January 9th. The King took the oath to support the Constitution in the Kawaiahao church.
- " —July 12. G. P. Judd, M. D. died, aged 70 years.
- " —September 7. The great mutiny at the Barracks occurred.
- 1874—February 3. H. M. Lunalilo died, aged 39 years.
- " —February 12. David Kalakaua was chosen King by the Legislature.
- " —A great riot in Honolulu, during which the Court House and Legislative Hall were sacked by the mob, and several members of Legislature were fatally injured.
- " —February 13. The King, Kalakaua, took the oath to support the Constitution.
- " —February 14. H. R. W. P. Leleiohoku, was proclaimed heir-apparent to the throne.
- " —Nov. 17. The King departed for San Francisco, on a visit to the United States, on board the U. S. S. "Benicia."
- " —December 8. The Transit of Venus was observed at Honolulu.
- 1875—February 15. His Majesty Kalakaua returned to his Kingdom on board the U. S. S. "Pensacola."
- " —October 16. H. R. H. Kaiulani was born.
- " —Nov. 23. The remains of King Lunalilo were placed in the Royal Mausoleum expressly constructed to receive them in the Kawaiahao church yard.
- 1876—February. The Government sent forward an exhibit to the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition.
- " —Aug. 15. The Reciprocity Treaty was ratified.
- 1877—May 10. A great tidal disturbance at Hilo occurred, which lasted all day, and did great damage along the shore.
- " —July 23. The first telegraph and telephone line was constructed on Maui, connecting Haiku with Lahaina.
- " —Dec. 24. A destructive fire occurred on the esplanade, Honolulu.
- 1878—March 13. H. H. C. Kanaina, father of King Lunalilo, died.
- 1878—The inter-island steamer "Likelike" arrived at Honolulu.
- " —Sept. 8. W. L. Moehonua, former Minister of Interior, died.
- 1879—The Kahului railroad, reaching from Kahului to Paia, was opened.
- " —The first Steam Fire Engine was imported.
- " —December 31. The corner-stone of the Palace was laid.
- 1880—The first Artesian well was bored in Honolulu.
- " —The system of telephonic communication was established in Honolulu.

(To be Concluded)

UNIV. OF MICH.
JUL 10 1929

NIHIL HUMANI NOSTRIS ALIENUM

AUG 10 1929

THE HONOLULU MERCURY

EDITED BY DAVID EARL



Golden State, Limited

By Margaret Rosser

AUGUST

1929

50¢ a Copy

Hawaiian Islands

\$5 a Year



Portals to a New Environment

WE WELCOME

The Makers and Readers of the Honolulu Mercury who are contributing to the literary expression of Hawaii. Cooperation and good connections of Hawaii's Literati will bring good results.

BISHOP TRUST COMPANY offers unexcelled financial connections in Hawaii. For twenty-three years its progress has been marked by sound business practice, so that today it is the outstanding company of its kind in Hawaii.

BISHOP TRUST COMPANY, LTD.

Wall & Dougherty, Ltd.

JEWELLERS SILVERSMITHS
STATIONERS

DIAMONDS PEARLS
WATCHES AND WRIST WATCHES
ABSOLUTELY DEPENDABLE

1021 BISHOP STREET
OPP. BANK OF HAWAII
HONOLULU

THE HONOLULU MERCURY

The Contents for AUGUST 1929

STUDY OF A WAHINE	
From a sketch by A. T. MANOOKIAN.....	Frontispiece
SUN UP IN HONOLULU	
By MARY DILLINGHAM FREAR.....	1
GOLDEN STATE, LIMITED	
By MARGARET ROSSER.....	5
THE OUTLOOK FOR FILIPINOS IN HAWAII (Part II)	
By KILMER O. MOE.....	13
AN HOUR IN THE NIGHT	
By IRMA THOMPSON IRELAND.....	24
THE RUG FROM SHIRAZ	
By KATHERINE L. WORRELL.....	27
AMIGO MIO	
By JAMES G. BLANEY.....	29
JOURNEY OF VANCOUVER'S VOYAGE TO THE PACIFIC	
(Third Installment)	
By THOMAS MANBY, Master's Mate on board the Dis-	
covery, Vancouver's Vessel.....	39
AN OFFICE SKETCH	
By KIL LARNEY.....	56
SUN YAT-SEN (Chapters V-VIII)	
By the Right Reverend HENRY B. RESTARICK, Retired	
Bishop of Honolulu.....	62
PESCATORE	
By CARLO ZUCCA.....	81
DIAMOND HEAD.....	84
PRINCE SAVAGE	
By JOHN F. EMBREE.....	85
EDITORIAL.....	88
HAWAII PAST AND PRESENT	
By ALBERT PIERCE TAYLOR, Librarian, Archives of Hawaii....	93

THE HONOLULU MERCURY: Published Monthly: 50 Cents a Copy: \$5.00 a Year: Canadian Subscription \$5.50: Foreign Subscription \$6.00. Volume I: Number 3. Issue for August, 1929.

Copyrighted in 1929 in the United States. All rights reserved. The whole contents of this magazine are protected by copyright and must not be reprinted without permission.

Published by David Earl: Editorial and Advertising Offices: Hawaiian Electric Building, Honolulu, T. H. Post Office Address: P. O. Box 3146, Honolulu, T. H. Advertising Manager: George E. Reehm, Honolulu, T. H. Printed by The New Freedom Press, Honolulu, T. H.

Application made for entry as second class matter under the act of March 3, 1879, at the Post Office at Honolulu, T. H.



Study of a Wahine. From a Sketch by A. T. Manookian



The HONOLULU MERCURY

VOLUME I

August 1929

NO. 3

SUN UP IN HONOLULU

By MARY DILLINGHAM FREAR

“SO she is really coming home! How like her not to let me know until after boarding her steamer. But, just as well. Radiograms save letter writing.” Peter pressed his hand against himself as if he had indigestion. “Queer, but I feel a bit breathless and tired—as if—as if chains were being put on my feet—a bit draggy. Chains—it isn’t the irritation of the metal, one gets used to that, but the weight—the lack of freedom. Jove, I’ll take a spurt of freedom now!”

Luckily for Peter the mosquito campaign in Honolulu had been so completely effective that he felt no concern as he slipped on his dark silk kimono and straw sandals. There was still a screen door to slam behind him, kept no longer against mosquitoes but as a symbol of privacy, admitting air but no other intruder unobservant of knock or bell. The Mexican creeper reached down from the pergola over the front steps and pulled his hair. “Chain of Love, yes, you deserve that teasing name, bothering a man with your ever-present tendrils. I’ll have Morioka trim you short in the morning. Oh, no, I won’t. She will be here. Why

didn’t I do it when I could? Plucking the tiny pink heart-shaped flowers from his curly head as he crossed the lawn of close-cropped *manienie* grass, he cast his pillow and blue calico *kihei* into the hammock under its individual *lanai* of *hau*.

“Great Caesar, wasn’t I in luck to get this holding!”

There was no doubt of the truth of that. A corner of a lease-hold next to Fort Armstrong, reached by a short and obscure lane, gave upon the shoal water adjoining the newly deepened harbor. But few rods from the shore the surf broke heavily upon the reef at high tide and sang under its breath at the ebb. A group of coconut palms, planted some score of years ago, threw, as they leaned over the low wall of cut-coral blocks, a patterned shade to the moss-strewn beach of white sand. A grotesque *hala* tree twisted gargoyle features and dropped long spiny-edged leaves which passing children gathered into bundles and took home to their mothers to weave into mats and hats. When the flame-colored heads of fruit shook down their treasures, the same children, ever watchful, secured them for *leis*, as heavy in odor as in sub-

sance and, when tired of this adornment, chewed the juicy husks as they would sugar cane.

"Small recompense," Peter would comment, gazing at them over his pipe, "but who shall discriminate between a child's taste for any and every queer fruit and a man's acquired but tenacious claim on tobacco!"

At this season the *hala* was in flower, the long, white, speared and pennoned bracts about the nestling spadix perched upon the trees like tropic birds. Tonight in the lustre of the half moon (a curved basin of pale gold set upon an altar cloth of white cloud with one attendant star, the lighted taper of an unseen acolyte) these seeming birds swayed in their sleep as if to follow the moon-path across the rippling western waters to the shadowy, amethyst mountains of Waianae.

Disturbed by the swinging of the hammock, a lizard dropped from the *hau* tree upon Peter's shoulder and ran down his right arm. Recognizing the touch, Peter laid his left hand over it.

"Curious beastie, do you never sleep? What are you eating now—a-days since the mosquito has joined the doldrums, no deodars,—say, now, am I asleep, I mean the dinosaurs? Poor pickings, beastie? Yet you wouldn't harm me, even if you would a fly—could you get one in this ant-policed town! Haven't seen so many of your family on the ceilings of late. How cannily you whitened your skin to match your surroundings and how unshamedly you showed your menu through your happily distended hide! Are the good old days for you gone

by? Adaptability, my friend. That is nature's greatest lesson for man, beast or plant. And what about the mineral kingdom, eh? Madame Pele's hot stuff—How quickly it cools! Walk on the grey crust with the red lava flowing under! Craggs of *aa*, hard as rock, sharp as glass—and in a few years the *ohelo* is pushing its berries through decomposing soil; the *lehua* is waving its red feathery flowers and offering its velvet gray leaves to any stalwart enough to climb over the cruel floor to pluck them."

The lizard had escaped from the lecture as well as the confining hand. Peter lit his pipe and leaned back in the hammock. Dropping his sandals he let his bare feet sweep the dew from the grass and pondered.

"Adaptability. Married; single; together; alone. How much of all that is in the mind. How often the single are married in mind; married to the imagined ideal companion. Just as often the married are single; single in the direction of their mind stuff, however hampered in expression. How lonely two can be together! How companioned one can be alone! Solitude is a mistress that gives and not demands. Could anything be as horrible as the condition of a Siamese twin? Chains. Freedom! She is coming in the morning. And what have I done with my freedom?"

Study? Exercise? Old cronies? The old favorite on the bookshelf by his bed was a little more thumbbed. The tobacco box was low. A path was worn by one pair of feet under the hammock.

"Hi, yah! !" Peter gave a vigorous

kick and flung clean over the wall the heavy blueish body of a centipede. He struck a match. Yes, there were the unmistakable twin holes of the centipede's nippers in his great toe.

"Jove, but what a fuss she would make over me!" he exclaimed. The ammonia bottle—oh, I must have given that to Morioka after he burned the yellow-jackets' nest. He surely needed it!" and Peter gave a wry smile. "Well, we'll try the power of suction and Mother Earth." With lips on the offended member, he quickly removed much of the poison and with a bit of mud from the wet circle around the plumieria tree, made a comforting poultice. After another slowly puffed pipeful the pain was dulled.

"If a centipede met a crab," mused Peter, his thoughts following the late marauder along the beach, "which would win? I can see them backing and filling, 'After you Alphonse', 'After you, Gaston', yet a man and his wife—do they hesitate, both of them, to show their fang power? . . . By the way, what time must it be?"

Peter's watch was on the bureau, but the sacrament of the moon was long over. A cock crew. "That's nothing in Hawaii" said Peter. "Cocks, like women, have no idea of time. . . Well, if I'm to be up to bathe and shave before meeting that early boat, it's time to turn in . . . Chains. . ."

But no chains impeded Peter's haste for sleep, once he was ready. He was just swifter than the dawn stealing up behind Diamond Head, making a thin dark silhouette of that stone image that is alike the shrine

of the returning pilgrim and that of the abiding islander. And before the dawn moved silently another silhouette, a steamer with graceful, yacht-like lines, black until the sun with a laugh struck her broadside and painted her white as an albatross.

The mynahs shook themselves in the banyan trees and began a chorus of raucous good (or bad) mornings. The pigeons under many eaves initiated a long and sweet though monotonous program of fluting. The ring-doves remembered their minor query of yesterday and the day before and, thinking of nothing new, asked it again. The little Indian dove added faint grey notes and a Mongolian thrush, lured from the haunts of Tantalus Heights by Peter's papaia grove back of the kitchen, ran a long gamut of exultant joy in tones that would have thrilled Peter, save that he slept. How he slept! If any chain bound him now it was "slumber's chain."

Out from the pier at Fort Armstrong shot an outrigger canoe. Its wake of silver, ruffling the midnight blue of the harbor, pointed mockingly back almost to Peter's hammock, but its laughter was nothing to deaf ears.

Snoring is so unbecoming! There lies Peter with the morning light in his eyes. His wife has always been so thoughtful and conscientious in shielding his eyes from light! Is this sleep-drugged man Peter the punctilious in meeting engagements?

It is not the sun nor the harbor that is laughing now, nor does a new flute-like voice belong to the pigeon! The Lieutenant neighbor, alone but smiling, is pushing his cane from Peter's moss-strewn beach and is waving goodbye to his sole passenger

whom he has just landed there,—a young and pretty woman in what she calls a “nifty” sports suit. It is of sunrise colors and as she mounts the stile over the old coral wall day has really dawned.

“Peter, what are you doing here? Peter, you funny old darling, why you’re asleep! Peter, precious,—why you’re walking lame!! O Peter, what is it—blood poisoning!!! Peter, are you sick—have I come home to lose you!!!! Why, Peter, you’re not shaved!!!! How long—Oh! Peter, darling, I’ve thought of you as having as good a time as I’ve had—so free—boo, hoo,—and everything—But here

I am and I promise never, never, never to leave you again!”

When at last he could release himself from strangling embraces, Peter manfully drew himself together. “One can never sleep much the night before, you know. I’m sure you were on deck half the night. I was up—looking out on the . . . sea . . . till just now . . you know . . fell asleep. Awful sorry . . . no, it’s nothing but a mosquito bite . . . I mean there aren’t any more mosquitoes since you went away . . . great . . . Come on in . . . My, but it’s good to have you home again! Do you hear the thrush? There is papaia for breakfast.”

GOLDEN STATE, LIMITED

By MARGARET ROSSER

HOW many times have I heard that God's greatest gift to human kind is possessed by those who are natives of California? More times than I care to remember.

California, where God came and left all his most precious treasures. Californians, God's chosen people. California, where the sun shines brighter—where the breeze blows better and where that end of the Pacific Ocean smells sweeter. Pity unto those not born on California soil and to those who have not lived there and breathed her exquisite air or enjoyed her unique sun.

All this and more have I heard about Sunny California. 'Tis a good thing for my reader that I can't remember all the virtues I have heard and read about California.

And so it was, filled with all that propaganda that I packed my modest wardrobe, withdrew my meagre savings and betook myself to God's Country.

I arrived in Los Angeles one sunny February afternoon, all eager for the wealth which nature offered in California,—the wealth which the rest of us poor humans living in the rest of the world must live without.

After bathing and changing my clothes at the hotel I set forth to look the place over. I strolled up Fifth Street, hit Broadway and circled around to the Square. So this

was the business district? I could not fail to notice the six, seven and eight story buildings. I decided this couldn't be a very busy town—why even the Biltmore, one of Los Angeles' finest hotels, was only 12 or 13 stories high. Evidently the people of Los Angeles didn't believe in scaling the heights.

I noticed numberless vagrants slouched on benches and sprawled on the ground of the Square. Walking along the streets I saw thousands of would-be Mary Pickfords with their pretty little curls poking from under their hats. The girls were, with few exceptions, the "baby type"—no snap and get up. The men were fairly decent looking in a sickly way. They were not strong and healthy looking. Both the men and women looked like hot house flowers and they strolled along languidly like convalescents. I observed an Owl drug store on every corner. That was my first impression of Los Angeles.

Returning to my hotel I lounged in the lobby to get a different viewpoint, if possible, of the people coming and going and I found that, with one or two exceptions, everyone walked leisurely; in fact, they looked to me as if they were just poking along and had no inclination to reach their destination. A middle aged woman came and sat alongside of me. She said:

"It's very warm this afternoon, isn't it?"

"Yes," I answered, "is it always as warm as this?"

"Oh no, this is very unusual weather. You are a stranger?"

"Yes."

"How long have you been here and do you expect to stay?"

"I arrived only this afternoon—if I like it I shall stay and if I do not like it I won't."

"You will love Los Angeles—everybody does."

"This is your home?"

"Yes, but I live out of the busy section—we live out quite a ways. I am to meet my daughter here to go shopping."

"Tell me please, why are all the office buildings and hotels built so low?"

"So low?" The lady looked surprised and I was not altogether sure she understood what I meant.

"Why yes, you see back East our office buildings are 20, 30 and 40 stories high and some of our hotels are much higher than than."

"Is that so? I have never been East so of course I don't know, but we cannot build too high here on account of earthquakes."

"You mean you have earthquakes?" I asked incredulously.

"Well, we don't have them but we can have them—it is possible. California has had earthquakes."

"Yes, of course, only I had forgotten." Funny I hadn't remembered this one disagreeable feature about California but then I hadn't been reminded of that by my traveling California acquaintances.

After three days at my hotel I decided to do this town better before

leaving so I rented a one-room apartment in the Wilshire District. The girl at the information desk in the hotel suggested that locality. The apartment was comfortable and reasonable. I must admit also that my grocers were reasonable too.

I visited Hollywood and experienced my greatest disappointment. It was just like any other section of any other city. Street cars, buses, cafes, movies, and traffic cops. Of course, I did not get much of a peek at the film stars' homes because I learned that they build them up in the hills and, I do believe, to hide them from the public or, maybe, to hide what they do from the public. Anyway I can't understand why rich people hide their beautiful homes from the poor people, especially the rich movie people because their beautiful homes are built with our money. And that is not a broad statement. If we didn't like them they would not become stars and if they did not become stars they would not be rich and if they were not rich then they could not build beautiful homes in the hills where we couldn't see them.

I was amused when I received a letter from my young nephew asking how many movie stars I had seen and how many I had talked to and a note from my young brother asking me to "please ask the stars if they wouldn't send their autographed picture, especially Tom Mix." I felt cruel when I had to write them that I had seen only one star and that was Lewis Stone (I saw him one afternoon in the Brown Derby) and that I had not said even "Howdy do" to one of them.

I stayed in Los Angeles five weeks and all I can remember is my suffering. I suffered all day from the heat—it gave me headaches and made me sick at my stomach and when the sun went down I froze nearly to death—I suffered all night. The apartment was equipped with radiation but I never found out what for, the radiators were always like big pieces of frozen iron. Sometimes I thought that they had moved the building from the East and forgotten to learn what the radiators were for and not knowing used them for inside antennae: at least that is what most of the people in my building used the radiators for. I used to wear my stockings at night because my feet were so cold, I slept in my bathrobe over my pajamas and threw my coat over the bed covering. I was so cold it was impossible for me to be comfortable until 10 or 11 o'clock in the morning and by noon I was again roasting like a pig in front of a barbecue.

I gave the Ambassador Hotel a thorough once over and handed it a casual compliment. I compared it unfavorably with some of our more pretentious hotels at the winter and summer resorts in the East.

Everyone I met told me that I would probably like San Francisco because people who didn't like Los Angeles usually liked San Francisco and there was no mistaking the inference in their voices that if you did prefer San Francisco you were indiscriminating and of lowly taste. Several people said "there are *some* people who prefer San Francisco."

I left Los Angeles on the good ship Yale and arrived next morning in

San Francisco. The rain was a white sheet, the thickness of which obstructed my view of the hills and the Golden Gate. Well I'd always heard about the rain in San Francisco so I was not disappointed. Along with a good many of the crowd I waited almost an hour for a taxi and then had to share it with a fellow passenger on the Yale.

He dropped me off at the St. Alfonso Hotel and when I registered from New York the clerk hauled down a key and rang for a bell hop. I asked him the price of the room and he said 7.50 per. I told him I didn't want to pay more than \$5 a day. He silently hauled down another key and I was escorted by the bell hop to a dingy, musty old smelling room on the fourth floor. Later I was told by a San Franciscan that if I had registered from Los Angeles I'd probably have secured the 7.50 room for 4.00 as the hotels in San Francisco had two rates—one for people from Los Angeles and the other for the people from the rest of the world.

Anyway I had a nice clean bathroom and I used it—I had a splendid hot bath and prepared to turn in for a few hours sleep. I had remained up all night on the trip up from Los Angeles thanks to the girl sharing my stateroom. She, very inconsiderately developed sea sickness and as she was occupying the upper berth, that was rather a risky position for me to be in. Every time I attempted to enter my stateroom that evening, I would just back out in time to avoid that which had been burdening her stomach so I gave up in disgust and parked myself in a good solid

chair in the lounge and, having a generous supply of cigarettes, passed the night there. I was pretty tired and groggy and it was good to crawl in between the sheets.

As I was dozing off there came a rap, rap at my door. I reluctantly pulled myself out of bed and slipping on a robe went to the door. There stood peering up at me, the funniest little man I had ever seen. He wore a derby, an overcoat which reached almost to his ankles and carried a walking stick. I must not forget that he wore a twisted mustache which reached from cheek to cheek. He was not more than five feet tall. He asked in a squeaky little voice:

"Is this Miss So-and-So's room?"

"No it isn't," I growled at him and slammed, I mean slammed, the door in his face. It frightened me to look at him—he seemed so uncanny, like a dwarf or something.

Half an hour later another rap came to my door and so it was all during the afternoon, the evening and night. Several times I asked who was there and each time there was no answer. I opened the door—there was no one in sight. It frightened me and my appeals to the clerk over the phone availed me nothing but a raging temper. Each time the clerk would say that it would not happen again and each time I believed him. I would have left the hotel that evening but I was so dead tired and sleepy that I hated the thought of dressing again. At that I would have been better off for I did not sleep till nearly morning of the next day.

The next morning I checked out of there having found a room with bath for 12.00 per week in a small but nice

new, residential hotel which the girl at the information desk at the St. Alfonso had recommended to me as reasonable and respectable.

When I registered at my new hotel I asked the clerk what was wrong with the Hotel St. Alfonso and if that was not a decent hotel. He laughed and asked me why. I told him my experience of the night before. He asked me what floor I was on and when I told him he laughed some more and informed me that that floor was the one on which some questionable ladies lived. Then, for the first time I knew what those raps on my door meant.

"Do I look questionable?" I asked the clerk.

"No, of course not. I beg your pardon, I should not have put it that way. You see the St. Alfonso is a very popular hotel and they are pretty well filled up all the time. They probably didn't have a room at the price you wanted on any other floor."

"Well, that was a terrible experience to subject a guest to," I said.

"That is only what I have heard—you must not believe that everyone on that floor is questionable and then too there is every probability that the hotel clerks do not know what is going on. They can't know everything."

"Well if there is one rap on my door in this hotel before I phone you to the contrary I shall leave immediately. I haven't slept for two nights and I'm going to make up for lost time. Do not disturb me for anything."

I dismissed the whole thing from my mind and after a good hot bath turned in and slept until four o'clock

the next afternoon without waking. When I did get up I had almost forgotten the entire affair.

Several days in San Francisco brought me to the decision that I would like to remain there but to do this I must have a job.

I had run into my fellow passenger on the Yale and the taxi and he took me to Tait's at the Beach. He proved to be a good dancer and I enjoyed myself thoroughly. I did not feel so much alone. The morning after Tait's he called me up and I felt that I was beginning to know people in San Francisco. I made an engagement with him for dinner the following evening. Perhaps that had something to do with my wanting to stay in San Francisco, but I do not admit it.

Have you, my reader, ever looked for a job in San Francisco? If not, and you are of a mind to do so, don't. Not unless you know some influential native son. If you do, you might, through him, attempt to execute your inclination. Take that tip from one who knows!

Naturally I scanned the papers every morning. I realized if I stayed in San Francisco I would have to work and one of the best known ways to get a lay of the land is to watch the ad columns.

This is where I had my experience with God's chosen people in God's Own Country for truly San Francisco, and not Los Angeles, is where God deposited his treasures. I was given to understand that San Francisco was the only city in the world. To understand that Los Angeles was just an over-grown hick town which had sprung from the red clay brought

there by the well-known corn fed Iowans. San Francisco's definition of Los Angeles was that it was just Greater Iowa—a place to be sneered at, sneezed at and, by less well-bred people, spit at. "Still, I argued, it was all California."

The first ad I answered was for a secretary. The address was a number on California Street—what I used to call San Francisco's Wall Street. The man led me into his private office, seated me beside his desk and took up several file jackets. He spread many pictures of automobiles, auto trucks and engines on the desk before me.

Turning to me he said:

"Are you a native?"

"No," I answered, "I am from New York."

"Well it doesn't matter. This is a financing company. We finance the rebuilding of heavy machinery. Automobiles, grain carrying trucks, ordinary trucks, etc. We are just getting organized and what we need is a young lady for the position of secretary to the President. I am the President. The position will pay well and I am sure that the environment will be pleasant."

"Yes," I said, "it sounds interesting."

"Now, the thing is," he continued, "we want someone with at least \$3000.00 to invest. In that way we will be sure of her cooperation, loyalty and interest. There is no doubt that a person's interest is where their money is. Is that not so?"

"Naturally, please go on."

Greatly encouraged he began again with renewed zest.

"On the money invested with us we

pay from 10 to 12 percent and, understand, it is a sure thing. We do not reinvest that money unless we know that it will be a safe turn over. Do you follow me?"

"Is that not a high rate of interest on money?"

"Not in California—it would be back East but not here. We have to pay high interest to get the money."

For more than an hour he talked on and I listened. I decided if he could be so inconsiderate as to take up my time on a fool's errand then I could take up his time. Besides I was learning something—he was not.

When he finished, he said:

"Well, there it is, what do you think of it. Are you interested?"

"Yes, I found it very interesting but tell me, would you expect me to hand over my \$3000 to you, a total stranger? Your proposition may be sound enough but there is not one girl in a thousand who understands this sort of thing. Generally speaking women do not understand investments. On the other hand do you consider it fair to a girl, who is looking for a position, to advertise for a secretary and have her spend carfare and time answering your ad and then spring this on her? Why did you not state in your ad that it was essential for the applicant to have \$3000 for investment purposes? After all your talking this past hour I can't tell you heads nor tails of your proposition. Where would I come in with my \$3000?"

"Well, you would be drawing interest on your money, you would own stock in the company and you would be drawing a salary. That's something, isn't it?"

"It doesn't matter. I do not possess \$3000, and if I did, I wouldn't invest it in a company I know nothing about."

"Why did you allow me to take my time to explain it to you?"

"Because you seemed to enjoy doing so and besides why did you not ask me if I had \$3000 before you started? Now, I think, you have wasted enough of my time on a misleading ad and I will be going. I hope you have enjoyed the little rehearsal as much as I have. Good-day." And I left the office.

That discouraged me quite a bit, I admit, but a few days later I recuperated my spirit and started out fresh again.

My next application was made to an oil company. The ad requested that applicants be there at 8:00 o'clock sharp. At 7:50 I was posted outside the door of the stated office and even at that early hour there were three ahead of me. Two of them were from Oakland. As we waited like a bunch of cattle lined up, more came and yet more. By 8:15 there were at least 20 girls waiting. At 8:55 (55 minutes late) two men came along and unlocked the door—herded us in and shut the door behind them.

I was the fourth to be interviewed and as I stepped into the inner office the man at the desk looked at me admiringly. He probably observed that I looked more or less intelligent.

"What has been your experience?" he asked.

I told him I had had more than two years in legal work; that I had done court reporting and that I had worked two and one half years for

a constructing engineer. I had written references with me.

He seemed well pleased and asked me what was the lowest salary I would accept and I told him \$100 a month. It hurt my pride to be willing to work for that, but I was certain that if I did get the job they would pay me more later. I also realized by this time that I stood little chance of getting a job in view of the fact that I was not a native of California.

He asked me to take a test, which I did and I transcribed it perfectly.

"They will have to go some to be better than you," he said. "When could you start?"

"Immediately," I answered.

"That's fine, let's see now, today is the 14th. Oh, by the way, I forgot to ask you, Are you a native of California?"

"No, I'm not, but does that make any difference?"

"Well, er, hm, that's too bad. You see, er, we sort of follow a rule here—that is, we like to employ girls whose homes are here if possible. However I'll think it over and let you know my decision. Can I reach you by phone?"

I knew by his actions and words that it was all off. Just because I was not one of God's chosen people I couldn't have the job.

"No you cannot reach me by phone," I told him. "I am not a native and I do not want to be if they are all like you. Furthermore, I do not want to work for you because I am open-minded now, but if I worked for you I'd probably get to be like you and no amount of money could compensate me for that.

"How would you Californians like it if the business people in the East eliminated all California applicants? If one of your girls came to New York and we asked her if she was a New Yorker and when we found that she was not, put the taboo on her—how would you like that?"

"It's all very fine for us to come to your California and spend our money—to support your hotels and your amusement houses, isn't it? It's fine, all the stunt advertising you do, isn't it? So you are one of God's chosen people? A native son? Well take my advice and go East and grow up. Go East and see where God landed first. God may have given California the sun, the climate and the fruit trees but he gave us something far greater than all that—He gave us the Good-fellow Spirit. In the East we are all Americans, whether you be from California, or Florida, Wisconsin or Illinois—we are all Americans. California belongs to me just as much as it belongs to any native son. You Californians love your state so much you stifle it. It is a wonder to me you people haven't realized that it is considered bad taste to praise and boast something which belongs to you. I should think you would enjoy hearing a few visitors express their appreciation of your cities. If California is so wonderful why tell us about it—won't we be able to find it for ourselves? Back East we do not care whether you love our State or not—the city is there for you—take it or leave it. The beauties of the East are apparent and do not have to be pointed out.

"I once heard it said that when

Wilbur was appointed Secretary of the Navy he would try to move the Navy Department to California and that he would probably cut the Atlantic Fleet in half and bring the other half to California and join it to the Pacific Fleet.

"Of course we all know that did not happen but it wouldn't surprise me one bit if Mr. Hoover moved the White House to California and brought the Monument along to put in his back yard to use as an observation tower. He would have to have some means of keeping in touch with his people, hence the monumental tower, because if he ever got the White House across the border line of California he would never want to leave the State—I shouldn't think he would—being a native son. At last we have one of God's chosen people in the White House. Good-by."

I was breathless when I left the office. I felt as though I would not talk again for another week. I was all for going back home, it was so discouraging.

That just about settled me but the next morning I awakened with fire in my heart and hell in my eyes. I would show these bigoted Californians that I could get a job. I would have the satisfaction of having wrung a job out of them if only to keep it for a week.

At breakfast I scanned the ad column again and jotted one address down. I gulped down my coffee and headed for Market Street. I sure had hate in my heart that morning under God's special fog and drizzle.

Entering the door given in the ad I asked a girl at the desk if the Head of the office was in. She inquired if I had answered the ad and when I said yes, she announced me by phone, then told me to go in.

I entered and saw a huge burly man sitting behind a magnificent desk. The whole office was very richly furnished—quite the nicest I had been in.

"Are you a native?" he asked.

"Are you?" I countered.

"No," he said.

"Then neither am I," I answered.

"Where is your home?"

"New York but I have worked in Philadelphia and Chicago."

"Philadelphia is my home but I've been on the Coast for a long time. Are you planning to stay in San Francisco?"

And so the conversation ran. After giving me a test and inquiring as to my experience he told me I could start immediately. I was surprised but I took the job. At last I succeeded in securing a job in God's Country but not from a Native Son.

THE OUTLOOK FOR FILIPINOS IN HAWAII

By KILMER O. MOE

(Begun in July Number)

II.

THE SITUATION IN PERSPECTIVE.

RELEASING SOCIAL FORCES.

The statement is often made no problem is really understood except as it is studied in perspective. The background material presented in the foregoing pages will serve to explain the social behavior in terms of his past; we will now study his reactions to the social forces that play upon his life in the present situation. A complete understanding of the manner in which the Filipino immigrant responds to the new economic and social environment in Hawaii calls for an insight into the life of the immigrant both from the Philippines angle and from that of Hawaii. It will be our purpose in the present discussion to enumerate some of the social forces that are giving to the Filipino a new social outlook in this modern day.

The principle effect of the American occupation was that of releasing a whole bundle of social forces that had been effectively bottled up for centuries under a calculated repression. Spain's attempt to curb all forms of self-expression on the part

of the Filipino and her determination to direct his energies along the narrow grooves prescribed for him by Church and State, resulted in an economic and a social retardation. It may seem like a typical American boast to claim that America freed the Filipino people from the tyranny of a medieval social order, but it is true nevertheless, a fact which is very vital in the developments which we are about to describe.

The Filipino people is today an outstanding group, occupying as they do a position in the forefront of progress as regards all other members of the Malay race, that is to say, they have gone farther on the road that leads to a responsible citizenship for the majority. They have traveled farther in a single generation under American rule than in three centuries under the rule of Spain. In evaluating this progress, it is only fair to remember that America built upon the foundations that had been laid by Spain.

It is not difficult to show that this claim for Filipino progress is not an empty boast. By listing a few economic and social facts that indicate the comparison between conditions as they now exist and those that held

sway thirty years ago. It is possible to get an idea of the essential truth. While data from these fields do not tell the whole story, they serve at least as an index of what has actually taken place.

ECONOMIC ADVANCEMENT. Let us take commerce as an index to a growing prosperity. In the year 1897, which is fairly representative of the last ten years under Spanish rule, the total trade of the Philippine Islands amounted to only 68,079,136 pesos, (a peso is equivalent to fifty cents) with a trade balance against the Philippines of 8,692,808 pesos. The total trade in 1927 had reached 542,851,113 with a balance in favor of the Philippines of 79,445,227 pesos. The balance of trade has been mostly favorable to the islands each year giving a total net balance for the twenty-eight years for which we have the figures of 405,000,000 pesos, which sum has gone to enhance the material well-being of the Filipino people.

The growth of population serves as another index to human progress. At the close of the Spanish regime the inhabitants of all groups numbered close to 7,000,000, while the population in 1927 was estimated by the Philippines Health Service to be 12,326,554. In less than thirty years there has been an increase of over seventy-five percent with an annual increase averaging almost two and one half percent.

The total budget in Spanish times seldom reached 10,000,000 pesos, while that in 1927 amounted to 132,125,319 pesos. In the same year the resources of banks and trust companies amounted to 256,392,743 pesos more than in 1897 which was about

5,000,000 pesos all told. On the credit side of the ledger we may place also 7000 miles of public highways and 791 miles of railroad, while the year closed with 132,633 registered net tons of shipping that had been licensed for coastwise trade during 1927. The same year a total of 1,095 direct entries of foreign vessels touched at the several ports of the Philippines as against an average of 62 in Spanish days.

The exports of sugar were 262,565 metric tons of raw, crude moscovado in 1897, and in 1927, thirty years later, it had gone to 553,000 tons of which ninety-two percent was centrifugal sugar manufactured by cooperative centrals with up-to-date milling facilities. The exports of copra (dried meat of the coconut) amounted to only 15,000 tons valued at 1,453,000 pesos in 1897, whereas, the exports of copra, coconut oil, copra meal, and dessicated and shredded coconut products in 1927 amounted to 450,000 tons valued at nearly 100,000 pesos.

SOCIAL PROGRESS. The same degree of progress could be traced in the fields of education, public order and public health. A significant fact in the program is that out of a total budget of 129,992,253.63 pesos in the year 1926, no less than 25,424,434.32 pesos were spent for education which sum is approximately one-fifth (19.65%) of the total. With this money it was possible to provide educational advantages for 1,099,306 pupils representing 35.56% of the actual school population. With the sole exception of Japan, this is by far the highest school enrollment in the Far East and exceeds that of many

countries of Europe. Even with that, the Bureau of Education is still confronted with the problem of providing schools and teachers for approximately two million children who, at this writing, are deprived of their birthright of a free public education.

These remarks should not be taken as an attempt to place a money value upon advancement. What measure of value can be placed upon the work of banishing illiteracy, releasing the people from the tyranny of fear and superstition, or that of looking after their physical and social well-being? All that can be accomplished by way of figures is to point out the fact that the level of living and of thinking has actually been raised in so far as the earning power and the purchasing power of the people are concerned. With added means at his disposal, the Filipino has responded with an endeavor to find the means to gratify a growing taste for the better things of life, and in so doing, is building up markets for the products of American farms and factories. It is the same urge that is responsible for the desire of the Filipino immigrant to seek his fortune in Hawaii.

LOSING FAITH IN OLD TIME PRACTICES. The release of human forces was not accomplished, however, without a great many social disturbances. Traditional practices had crystalized into set forms and these did not give way as easily as one might think. The Filipino people, isolated as they were previous to the American occupation, were bound to fall into traditional grooves. In that respect they were only following a law of human behavior. There are isolated tribes in the mountain regions of the Philip-

pinos that are living today under the same social order that the group possessed a thousand years ago. The mode of life was passed on from generation to generation with little or no change. With such an example close at hand, it is not difficult to trace many of the inhibitions of the lowland Filipino back to his traditional past also.

Social demoralization tends to set in when a large enough number within the group become sceptics with regard to traditional beliefs and practices such as ruled the Filipino people for a considerable length of time. When the members of the group can no longer be guided by an implicit faith in their old-time practices, they are in a bad way pending the time when they are able to set up something else to take the place of the old one. The lowland Filipino has undergone an experience of this character. His progress in the new adjustment marks the essential difference between him and a member of one of the pagan tribes of the isolated mountain districts.

ADAPTABILITY OF LOWLAND FILIPINOS. Through greater contact with the outside world the lowland peoples took on ideas and practices which have opened up for them a new outlook and which has given them many advantages in the task of adjusting themselves to the demands of a modern age. They possess a power of assimilation, but it is an acquisition that was acquired by easy stages and over long periods of time. Hedged in under the protection of Spanish institutions there was little danger that revolutionary ideas would take root in the sterile soil of Filipino social

environment of that day. Every idea, therefore, that did find a hospitable lodging so that it had a chance to germinate struck its roots deep into the social structure. One might even conclude that the very inefficiency of decadent Spain was an advantage in that it gave the Filipino time to assimilate the material that the fates brought to him. He was gradually prepared in this way and in due course of time found himself quite able to meet the flood of new social concepts upon the coming of the Americans that might otherwise have overwhelmed him. He accommodated himself to the new social demands by bending before the storm. The Filipino was able to avert the tragedy that overtook the Hawaiian when contact was finally established with the outside world.

The wonderful adaptability that characterizes the lowland Filipino is due to the fact that he had assimilated the essentials of western culture under the tutelage of Spain and because he had made previous contact with the Arab, the Hindu and the Chinaman. He was not hide-bound as are the mountain tribes, but, if anything, too receptive to outside innovations. This trait stands him in good stead whenever he migrates to other fields of endeavor such as Hawaii. That he has thrived and multiplied under the ordeal may be gathered from the study of the figures above quoted.

To the average American with his high social outlook and his tremendous purchasing power data of this kind may not signify anything, but to him who is familiar with conditions in Asia, they tell a remarkable story of social advancement in spite

of traditional handicaps. Any new adjustment like that of the Filipinos is bound to have been a painful experience.

DISILLUSIONMENT. The release from the old-time class tyranny was hailed with delight during the first years of American occupation, but this period was followed by one of disillusionment and a loss of faith in democratic institutions that promised so much and gave so little. The masses in the Philippines as elsewhere are easily duped. Popular government soon drifted into the hands of the ilustrados where it still remains. This element formed a combination with the more astute members of all classes and perfected an oligarchy of wealth and political power. This statement is not made to disparage the ruling class for it is difficult to see how it could have been otherwise, but merely to show that the road to responsible citizenship is a long and difficult upward one to travel, and one in which there are no short cuts.

What is of greater interest to us in this study is the fact that the Filipino of today is getting a taste of the better things of life, a taste which he is determined to gratify. He is no longer content to plod along in the old caste-ridden social order that is so common throughout the Orient. Unlike most of the peoples of Asia, the Filipino is occidental in culture, in social training and in mode of living. He is demanding goods in greater quantities to gratify a new-formed taste for things that belong to western peoples. His standard of living is consequently higher than are those of other Orientals.

All of which spells progress; but it also means social upheaval and unrest. The forces pull every which way, and oftentimes in opposite directions. Old worn-out practices cling to the masses, particularly in the outlying barrios, where custom and tradition persist with a tenacity that is little understood by the people of the towns. On the other hand, the new leaven is everywhere working, pulling down, reconstructing, and affixing new values. The one-time jungle foot-path gave place to the cart trail, and that in turn to the highway over which the forces of civilization move along with increasing volume and speed. The village friar, who in the days of old, directed the lives of rich and poor, finds himself in the same position as the mother hen with a brood of ducklings. The hero in every community is he who has broken away from the old routine, and who is striking out for himself in new lines of endeavor. The old under such circumstances, is apt to be very much under-estimated, while the new is exalted far beyond its real merits. In Filipino communities the "Bagong Tao" (the man of the new age) is everywhere acclaimed and this individual proceeds to raise havoc with old traditions.

THE SCENE SHIFTERS. The social factors play upon the situation and the result is a changing social order. —Peace and security under the American flag; the extension of roads; the spread of liberal ideas through the medium of public education; better facilities for travel; more and wider contacts with world movements—these and many others of a

like nature, are the scene shifters in the particular world drama that is being enacted on the Philippine stage.

The struggle is one of contending forces.—The old, the new; the venerable, the ultra-modern; old age and youth—these grapple with one another for power and prestige, and youth seems to be winning. With it all, the Filipino is turning his back more and more upon any indigent culture that he may possess, or that of Spanish origin with its sanction of time, while at the same time he is reaching out for the more transient elements of exotic growth.

The composite picture that comes to the writer is that of a surfaced road winding over the countryside like a silver cord. It connects the villages which are strung upon this connecting chain like beads. The road is bordered by bamboos which are relieved from time to time by clumps of palm trees and by wide-spreading mangoes. Houses of grass and of nipa line the road with thatch and walls of woven bamboo exactly as was described by Pigafetta who wrote in 1521. Here and there one may see a more pretentious dwelling of Spanish architecture, where lives the ilustrado or the well-to-do.

A more careful observation will disclose the fact that every village has its village school housed in a structure that usually stands out as the most important feature in the barrio. This marks the predominating American influence, while the church on the plaza marks that of Spain. Back of the road and behind the rows of houses are the open fields where the water-buffalo plods along at the urge

of his driver pulling a plow of a design that must have been in use before the days of Abraham. Hundreds of men, women and children may be seen in the fields setting out rice plants by hand or, at the time of harvest, cutting the ripe grain either head by head with little knives that fit into the palm of the hand, or by means of crude sickles in the manner that Ruth must have followed while gleaning in the fields of Boaz. But for the churches of Spanish design, the concrete school houses, and occasionally a modern municipal building, the general type of architecture is that of the Malay who learned from his jungle experiences how to shelter himself against sun and rain in the most approved manner.

The open road is making of the Philippines a land of contradictions. It is a situation in which modern life makes contact with the middle ages. The tao looks up at the passing motor vehicles from his back-breaking toil in the fields and dreams of the day when he too may escape from the hateful grind. You may imagine with what eagerness he grabs at the chance of going to Hawaii where men are paid double wages and where he is free from the painful necessity of thinking too deeply on the question of his future needs. Singular isn't it, that he goes to Hawaii, the land of opportunity, to seek his fortune and finds it under the self-same conditions from which those who have been born there turn away in disgust.

INDIVIDUAL INITIATIVE. One of the innovations brought about by American intervention was the greater em-

phasis that is being placed on individual initiative. This new quality tends to make the tao seek greater freedom of action, an influence under which many of the old restrictions of his class are passing out of existence. The public domain was thrown open for settlement and the laws were modified in accordance with the more democratic ideals of the western hemisphere. But the tao soon found that although he might escape from the tyranny of his former master, he was still helpless in the face of economic law. He had to find food, clothing and shelter for himself and his family, and for this reason, was forced to think and to assume responsibilities that formerly had been the sole prerogative of the ruling class.

Besides, a new generation was growing up around him, his own children for the most part, who had attended school and who had acquired expensive tastes. It troubled him greatly to find that the simple life on a low level of existence, which he and his class had been content to live for so long, was changing into a complex one that was difficult for his tao mind to understand. Turn whichever way he might, there was no escape from the insistent demands which the new order had injected into his life.

PLANTATION COMMUNITY SUITS FILIPINO IMMIGRANT. What a relief it is for the Filipino immigrant to find that life as it is organized in the plantation community of Hawaii throws the burden of thinking upon the management. In this respect the good old days of ilustrado overlord-

ship have been resurrected with the advantages of higher wages and better treatment. His adjustment to the new environment being reduced to a physical one, he soon falls into the routine of his work. So long as he remains under the management he has no difficulty; it is when he leaves that trouble begins. But more of that in later discussion.

The Filipino immigrant is drawn entirely from the tao class. There are no ilustrados to be found on Hawaiian plantations. A few may come to Hawaii, but they come as exploiters and hold themselves aloof from the work of the plantation community. They very likely move on to the mainland as soon as they find the opportunity.

THE ILOCANOS. It is claimed that more than eighty percent of the Filipino immigrants are Ilocanos, that is to say, members of that ethnical group that inhabits the north west coast of Luzon. In view of their preponderance in number as regards Hawaii, it may be well to describe this group more in detail, particularly as regards their fitness for the work on Hawaiian plantations. Here again it becomes necessary to get a view of them in perspective in order to understand their reactions.

The background material given in previous pages explains the situation in the Philippines as regards the division of the population into separate groups with marked differences in language and social customs. There is still another factor that has written an indelible mark on the character of the people—that of the physical environment.

As regards the Ilocano, the harsh

conditions of his natural environment has made him a different being really from the easy-going Filipinos in the more favored locations. This group has from time immemorial occupied the narrow coastal plain known as the Ilocano Coast. The strip of fertile land between the mountain and the sea has been over-populated for a long time, and this has made it necessary for the surplus population to seek gainful occupations outside of the home provinces, at least for a part of the year. Many have even been forced to migrate to other sections of Luzon, to places where the pressure of population was not so keenly felt. Because of these experiences the Ilocano is par excellence the pioneer and settler of the Philippines.

The hard struggle for existence has furthermore resulted in making the Ilocano both industrious and thrifty. By force of circumstances he has had to exert himself in order to live and, because of the hard work that he was forced to do, he has acquired the habit of industry. The long dry season along the Ilocano Coast is very severe, a time when the blazing sun shrivels everything up. He who fails to make provision for this season will be sure to suffer for his lack of foresight. As a consequence, the Ilocano has learned to lay something by against the time when the fields are bare. This trait seems to be inborn and he takes it with him wherever he goes. The Ilocano people may well be called the Scotch of the Philippines.

FILIPINO THRIFT. It is a trait that is often remarked upon by plantation managers in Hawaii who marvel at the Ilocano's ability to save money. A sum amounting to at least \$100,000

goes back every month from Hawaii to the Ilocano provinces. It goes back to help support the families of Ilocano laborers that were left behind in the homeland.

There is, furthermore, a constant stream of Filipinos returning to the Philippines after the completion of their contract in Hawaii. These carry back with them considerable sums of money, but this cannot be accounted for because the money is handled solely by the laborers themselves. The savings banks of Hawaii reported on June 30, 1928 that the sum of \$2,830,518 was on deposit to the credit of Filipinos in the territory. During the same year there was deposited with the Hawaiian Sugar Planter's Association by Filipinos who were returning to the Philippine Islands the sum of \$191,377 which these ex-laborers wished safeguarded and transmitted to the Philippines for them. 3504 laborers returning to the Philippines were questioned and it is recorded that they had saved while in Hawaii \$780,849 and that they had sent home to the Philippines for use by their families \$1,172,019. There are no complete records for those who stay on in Hawaii and who work and save for themselves and to help their people in the homeland, but enough reliable information is available to show that the industry and thrift of the Filipino immigrant, and particularly of the Ilocano, is no mean asset to Hawaii and to the Philippine Islands as well.

OTHER MOVEMENTS OF FILIPINOS. Migration to Hawaii is only a part of the larger movement to relieve the congestion in the over-populated

areas. The homestead movement was largely by Ilocano settlers who occupied the vacant lands of Nueva Ecija, the Cagayan Valley and elsewhere, but there were many from other groups as well that took advantage of the opportunity to improve their economic situation. For many generations the seasonal workers have gone forth from the Ilocano Coast to the rich valley of the Agno in Pangasinan Province to harvest rice. Many of the harvesters remained and founded towns and barrios of their own. At this writing at least half of the population of this populous province are Ilocanos as is that also of Nueva Ecija and the provinces in the Cagayan Valley. The story of the Ilocano is another proof of Filipino adaptability.

There are other sections in the Philippine Islands that bear out the same conclusion. The Island of Bohol has for generations furnished pioneers and settlers for the north coast of Mindanao, while the people of Siquijor migrate to other islands to find gainful employment and oftentimes remain as permanent settlers. The urge is strong in this element of the population to improve their living conditions and this force helps to break down old traditions and prejudices in the interest of a material development.

ECONOMIC OPPORTUNITIES IN THE PHILIPPINES. It should be noted that the Philippine Islands offer within themselves many splendid opportunities for economic advancement. We are dealing, in fact, with an island empire comprising a land area of 114,400 square miles. This area has a varied topography, extensive

coastal plains, river valleys and upland plateaus. The mountain areas are generally heavily forested with valuable timbers, both hard and soft. The coastal plains, river valleys and upland plateaus not yet appropriated for agricultural purposes are covered for the most part with luxuriant grasses. Because of an abundant rainfall, the rivers and smaller streams are numerous on all the principal islands. The coast lines of many of the islands, particularly of Luzon and Mindanao, are quite broken and irregular, with numerous gulfs, bays, peninsulas and capes. Good harbors, therefore, abound throughout the archipelago. It will be seen that these natural advantages are of the sort that lend themselves to development and exploitation.

POPULATION CONGESTED IN OLDEST SETTLEMENTS. In spite of the various factors and influences set forth in the preceding pages, the population is very unevenly distributed. Although the gainful occupations are of a primary character and extractive in nature, such as, lumbering, agriculture, fishing, etc., the fact remains that the native population is still very much congested in the oldest settlements where the people have stayed on in spite of the better opportunities to be found elsewhere. The Filipinos have been slow to migrate to the better favored, unoccupied lands for reasons that have already been explained. The movement of which the migration to Hawaii is merely a phase, is really one of breaking down old prejudices and of opening up new fields and new visions to Filipino ambition and endeavor.

The island of Mindanao may be

cited as a case in point. Although it comprises about one-third of the total area of the Philippine Islands, it was credited by the census of 1918 with only one-eleventh of the total population,—this in spite of the fact that it lies entirely outside of the typhoon belt and has the largest areas of fertile land in the entire group. This condition may be accounted for in part, by the fact that the Moros of Mindanao and Sulu were for centuries hostile to the Christian Filipinos of the northern islands and that the Spanish government was unable to maintain peace and orderly control, but we must also take into consideration the reluctance of the Filipino to leave the place in which he was born. It is only of recent years under the strong hand of American sovereignty that migration of Christian Filipinos from the north has been encouraged and that development has been undertaken with safety, a movement that is just fairly getting under way.

REASONS FOR GOING TO HAWAII. Having lived for eighteen years in the Philippines, and having spent ten of them in the homestead country of Central Luzon, I have been very close to the movement of settlers and of migrations, particularly those of the Ilocanos. Knowing the general situation as I did, it always seemed to me a great pity to have many of the best workers migrate to Hawaii when they were so sorely needed to help develop the latent resources of the homeland. This attitude, I have later come to realize, was based on a lack of perspective on my part. After all, isn't the migration to Hawaii but a part of the greater awakening that

is taking place in the Philippine Islands? What is 60,000 emigrants, selected though they be, out of a population of 12,500,000? The big factor is the broader outlook that is being opened up for the Filipino people. When it comes to a last analysis, every Filipino who breaks away from the cramped surroundings of his home village and who strikes out into a wider, freer and more wholesome environment, is a greater influence in the ultimate solution than he who plods along in the traditional ways of his fathers.

This is not to say that the tao realizes any such fine distinctions. To him the breaking of the home ties is the one great obstacle that looms up in the way. Any place whatever outside of his native village is to the tao a foreign land. Hawaii in comparison with other places, wins on its merits for it offers greater material advantages to the prospective migrant. In my endeavor to help the cause of developing resources that lie closer at hand, I have interviewed many of those who contemplated migration to Hawaii.

"Why don't you go to Mindanao or the Cagayan Valley and take up a homestead?"

"Oh senor, I have no money with which to buy work animals."

"They have malaria in those places. Hawaii is a healthy place."

"It is very hard to be a settler. One must suffer for many years."

"My compadre came back poorer than when he left. He lost his land to a land-grabber, a scoundrel *pico-pleito*, who swindled him."

"They will pay me double wages in Hawaii and my expenses going and

returning. The work is hard, but I am strong and healthy. I can save more money in Hawaii."

"They do not cheat you in Hawaii. Here a poor tao is helpless. I would rather work in a place where I am sure to get everything that is coming to me."

These answers are typical and go to show that the tao mind has a practical turn in that he thinks in terms of immediate rewards. He does not respond to any patriotic appeal to sacrifice for the good of his native land, but asks in a most matter-of-fact way, "What is there in it for me?" The same query is beginning to have more and more force when he signs a contract as a tenant, or when he seeks employment as a laborer. Perhaps the best way to show the actual situation as regards his preference for Hawaii is to present the wage scales of Hawaii and the Philippine Islands and set them side by side.

TABLE I.

Comparison of Daily Wages in the
Sugar Industry of Hawaii and
of the Philippines

(See page six of *Bulletin of the Bureau of Labor for March 1926.*)

It should be noted in this connection that the dollar he earns in Hawaii is really not worth two pesos of the Filipino's earnings in the Philippines, because of a difference in cost of articles of prime necessity. A better ratio calculated in terms of retail prices of the things that Filipinos most consume as these were actually taken in the markets of Manila and in those of Honolulu, would be one dollar to one pesos-and-one-half. But

even so the advantage in favor of Hawaii is too evident to be overlooked by the Filipino laborer. The stream of gold that goes back to the Philippines and the economic position of those who return is positive proof in the simple mind of the tao that Hawaii is a land of opportunity.

TABLE II.

Comparison of Prices of Commodities, Manila and Honolulu

THE SITUATION IN HAWAII. It remains for us now to turn to the situation in Hawaii for an analysis of conditions that have given rise to a demand for Filipino laborers in such large numbers. A study of this character goes back to the days of the Reciprocity Treaty in 1875 when sugar was enthroned as the arbiter of Hawaii's destiny. The native supply had already proved woefully inadequate to supply the needs of an expanding industry. With the new outlook for sugar the world was scored in search of suitable labor to man the plantations. Chinese, Portuguese, North Europeans, Polynesians, were all given a trial. The Chinese, after all, were found to be the most economical and their numbers increased rapidly up to the time that a better labor supply was thought to have been found in Japan and Korea. The annexation of Hawaii to the United States automatically brought the Chinese exclusion law into effect and this closed the first source of labor for good. The Japanese then began to arrive in large numbers and this continued right up to the time when the Gentlemen's Agreement was signed by the government of Japan

and the United States. Under the terms of this understanding Japan voluntarily agreed to keep her laborers out of United States territory. This forced the planters to seek a new source of labor with the result that Porto Ricans and Filipinos were both given a trial. The latter proved the better of the two and from that time forth, they have been coming in ever increasing numbers. The Philippine Islands remain at this writing the only source of labor for Hawaiian plantations. Filipino immigrants came at the rate of a little over a thousand per month in the year 1928.

Why do they come in such numbers?

A more careful analysis will be made of this question in a further discussion. Viewing it in perspective it will suffice here to say that it has been the story of every racial group that has come to Hawaii in the capacity of plantation laborers that its members have sought a way out of plantation work and into other lines just as rapidly as their economic condition would permit of the change. The result has been that their places in the field have been left vacant and had to be filled by other recruits. This is the history of the Chinese and the Portuguese; it is getting to be more and more the case as regards the Japanese. As for the island born of all nationalities they seem to have acquired an inborn distaste for plantation work and shun the fields as they would a pest house. This general exodus is the Filipino's opportunity.

(To Be Continued)

AN HOUR IN THE NIGHT

By IRMA THOMPSON IRELAND

THE Philippine Scouts used to hate Corregidor for a station because there were never enough comfortable quarters and because the colony was slapped on the side of a hill in the blazing sun, the only shelter from which was formed by clumps of banana trees that seemed to shut in the hot air and fan one with it.

Lieutenant Lester had only been on "the Rock" a few weeks when he was ordered on detached service; and young Mrs. Lester, left alone with her little girl and one native servant, was known to be timid and hysterical at times. It was understood also that her condition must excuse her somewhat, for the second child was expected in a month or two.

Everybody felt sorry for Judie Lester, of course, and humored her a lot, but other people's ills grow wearisome with constant telling; so after awhile the neighbors dropped into the habit of changing the subject rather abruptly when she began on her usual tale of woe. It seemed that she was always hearing footsteps on the gallery outside her window or someone breathing in a room that was supposed to be empty. One night she dreamed that her husband had been attacked by Moros and it took the whole neighborhood to quiet her.

Lieutenant Lester had been away about two weeks; and there came one

of those stifling black nights when it seems as if the world stands still. For a wonder Mrs. Lester had been sleeping soundly, but when the clock in the sala told off the hour of two she opened her eyes and tried to understand why she could not move her body or even lift her hands.

Silently she strained to see into the inky substance of the room, but could barely distinguish the outlines of her bed. Instinct warned her to be still and breathe as if she were asleep. She listened for Margery and was grateful to hear the child's respiration, quiet but regular.

Then as her eyes grew accustomed to the darkness she saw that one shadow seemed to detach itself from the others and move from place to place. Recalling the position of the furniture she knew when the shadow was in front of the dressing table, the chiffonier, and then—the baby's crib! Her heart stood still at a possibility that she knew must not be harbored if she would keep from screaming. But the sinister thing passed on around the crib and came close to her bed. She knew what it would mean if she moved or even whispered a prayer, so she prayed in her heart for her life and the little lives given to her keeping.

The shadow bent close to her bed, stooping, slithering along until it

reached her head and she could feel the pulsations of an evil breath withheld. The mosquito net above her was lifted slowly, and a horny hand brushed across her face, slipped under her pillow and out again. Still she breathed and prayed and marvelled that she did not die.

The shadow went as it had come and was crawling across the room when a footstep crunched on the gravel outside. The sentry! But she dared not call, for the shadow stood over Margery's crib, and she knew without seeing that it held a knife!

Crunch! Crunch! The steps grew fainter as they passed on down the line. Still the shadow poised in menace over the baby's crib. The clock struck the half-hour and slowly, imperceptibly the thing of horror sank to a lower level and remained a vague sinister blot between her and the sleeping child. The minutes dragged and trailed upon each other through the pregnant stillness of the night. Judie knew that only her eyes were living things; all the rest of her was dead, but *they* burned and burned, and something in her ears was going tchick—click! tchick—click! The minutes merged into years and the years rolled into eternity. She knew the end had come; that she was at the edge of the world—slipping, slipping—it was almost over. What was that—a clock? One—two—three—it was getting gray outside! Swiftly her half-closed eyes swept the room. The shadow was gone. The night was empty of its dread and Margery was still asleep. Somehow—she never knew what power was given her to bring her dead limbs to the floor—she

crept out of bed and staggered to the telephone.

"Hello! Sergeant of the guard? Mrs. Lester—a prisoner has been—here—in my house—gone now—send somebody—."

The Sergeant grunted and shrugged, but called the Officer of the Day. "Lieutenant Green? Sergeant of the Guard. Sir, Mrs. Lester just telephoned that a prisoner has been in her quarters. What shall I do, sir?"

There was a muttered exclamation not intended for the telephone, and then: "Very well, Sergeant; send someone to investigate at six o'clock. It's probably nothing but a bad dream."

At six o'clock the Sergeant with a detail of the guard rapped at Lieutenant Lester's quarters but received no reply. Then they aroused the one sleeping servant in the shed and entered through the kitchen door. In the bedroom they found Margery whimpering at the side of her crib, and on the floor beneath the telephone was Judie Lester in a crumpled heap.

When the doctor came he sent post haste for a nurse and one of his assistants. Neighbors came forward with belated sympathy and offers of help so that within a few hours the crisis was over and a new little scout was howling lustily for attention.

One morning when Judie was stronger she told the doctor of her hour of terror in the night. He smiled and soothed her, saying that she could not have lived through the strain of such an experience. She must have dreamed it.

"But, doctor, he put his hand beneath my pillow and took my watch, a diamond pin, my husband's wedding gift, and a sapphire ring that was my mother's. I have had the nurse look everywhere but she cannot find them."

"Probably some of the native servants. I'll have them all questioned and searched as soon as we can get them together."

Judie sighed and gave it up. No one would believe her story; she could scarce believe it herself.

"Are there any prisoners missing from the stockade, doctor?"

"Yes, I believe there are two, but they have been gone a week now. No doubt they have succeeded in getting off the island by this time or have

starved to death somewhere in the bosky. The scouts are still searching. But you mustn't worry any more. We will advertise the loss of your jewels in Manila. Perhaps you will recover them, but to be frank, I am very doubtful."

It was late that night that the two prisoners were found. One of them had crawled back to snatch food from an unprotected ice-box, and the scouts followed him into the jungle, where they found the other one nearly dead from starvation and exposure. They were taken to the stockade to be searched and among the articles found in their clothing were a diamond brooch, a sapphire ring, and a lady's watch with the initials J.H.L. engraved inside the case.

THE RUG FROM SHIRAZ

By KATHERINE L. WORRELL

Here in my bachelor den it lies.
I look at it with brooding eyes,
This rug from Shiraz woven fine
In colors like the ghosts of wine
And greening fields in morning light
And palm tree shadows in the night,
With yellows gleaming here and there
Like a wood-nymph's streaming hair,
And tender blues that glow and shine
Like eyes that once looked into mine.

O! Rug from Shiraz do you see
The havoc you have wrought in me?
Love, wine and roses are your warp,
Your woof the colors of desire.
Have you not long since had your fill
Of spirit fires that scorch and chill?
Sometimes I am afraid of you.
Right now that strand of glowing blue
Looks at me like a human eye.
I heard a sound! Was that a sigh?
God! I can see two slim hands
Holding a shuttle. There he stands!
The weaver: "Yes, I am here and you heard me sigh.
A thought lies heavy on my mind.
No man can die while his work still lives.
I would not weave all this again for any price,
But it is finished now and I am glad.
The work may not be very finely done,
But through it runs the deathless wish
To make it beautiful."

"First comes this azure strip. How careless
But how fine the weaving is.
The sky was just that blue above the low
Gray walls of Ispahan, when I a lad
Ran singing through the streets, wise only in this:
I did not envy even Hafis in his marble house.
Youth is so rich and ends so soon."

"This yellow strip is interesting, too.
With the first gold I earned, I bought a foolish toy.

Was it so very foolish then? It gave me joy.
I could not buy in later years, when I bought many
Precious things that vanished long ago."

"This white strip here I like the best of all.
My first shy dreams of love were woven into this.
Sometimes I worked until the moonlight touched
My hands and in the stars I saw the outline
Of a longed-for, unfound face.
I never found her and the years passed on
Taking away the longing and the dream."

"See here this vivid crimson pattern?
Her mouth was red like that,—a wayside weed,
With glamor in her eyes.
On summer nights we met beneath the tamarinds.
I snatched at happiness and took what we called love.
Mad weaving this, the strands too loose or drawn too tight
Like thoughts of hate and passion blended.
But that too ended long ago."

"This strip of green, what splendid careless weaving this,
Done when the thoughts were far away.
How they did call to me, the long-grown, pale green rushes.
Beside the Zenda Rud, that wise old river,
Singing as it runs because it knows the joy of wandering.
I longed to follow it. Ah, had I gone how different
This pattern might have been! But that is passed."

"This strand of black. No! No! Why linger with the
Hours of agony that draw a scar across the heart.
They ended long ago."

"These tender grays. Perhaps they are the best of all.
The little fears and cares and pains that mellow all
The rest like the soft nap upon an ageing rug.
Yes, it is finished now. I am content.
The weaving might have been far better
And the colors chosen with far greater care,
But through the pattern runs the deathless wish
To make it beautiful."

"Why do you stare, you phantom figure by the fire?
Do you not know love, hate, joy and suffering?
Have they too passed away? I thought they were
Eternal then, three centuries ago before I died.
Died, did I say? A foolish word.
No man can die while his work still lives.
Speak to me, phantom. Answer this. Are you a weaver, too?"

O! Rug from Shiraz, do you see
The havoc you have wrought in me?
I thought my life work nearly done.
Perhaps it has just begun.

AMIGO MIO

By JAMES G. BLANEY

Paris, May 13, 1918

“**A MIGO MIO**”:

Sleep eludes me tonight, and the experience is a novel one. It is disgusting, especially when I consider how little cause there is for this fit of insomnia. I, an M. D., forty-five years old, of recognized iron nerve, of proven stout heart, to be so disturbed as to be unable to force my sensibilities to respond to my will and SLEEP while the opportunity is mine, as these same sensibilities have been trained to do through all the years of my professional life; and all because I chanced to meet in one of the corridors tonight a new nurse bearing a resemblance, fancied or otherwise, to a little American girl, the sweetheart of my youth! This has been a busy day, a particularly busy day in a series of busy days covering a period of four years; and tomorrow holds no promise of being less busy, indeed for many tomorrows every ounce of my strength, every faculty of my brain, will be needed. In full possession of the knowledge of the requirements before me and of the importance of rest, I yet am utterly unable to rest. I have lain in bed three hours staring into the dark and saying to myself, “I am going to sleep now—yes, of course sleep is the thing now! And again, “Every

one is looked after for tonight—I must sleep to prepare for tomorrow. I must sleep—sleep—sleep—” and all the time I am growing more keenly awake and seeing more distinctly the new nurse!

Why, I’ve even tried that silly old notion of counting sheep, counting them forwards, and counting them backwards, and scattering them over fields, then herding them to the fence and forcing them to jump over one at a time, the better to count them. And even as I count I see a demure little maiden standing aloof watching me: her eyes express concern, as though she would like to help, but there lurks a merry little twinkle in the corner as though she sees something funny in the situation! Funny! Bah! there is nothing funny about it, I tell you, and yet I find myself smiling, having caught the infection of that nurse’s smile. But, come to think of it, she wasn’t smiling when I saw her in the corridor, and for all I know maybe she never smiles, or maybe—but where are those silly sheep? They are as elusive as that girl’s smile—here they are. Now I shall count them: two, three, four—this one is bob-tailed—six, seven, eight—this one is black; (what do YOU know about black sheep? Why you look too innocent to have ever heard of black sheep.) Twelve,

thirteen—oh! that one made a pretty jump, thirteen always was my lucky number. By Jove! I hadn't thought of it before, but this is the thirteenth of the month and 'twas tonight I saw the new nurse, just as it was on the thirteenth of a month long ago that my little American sweetheart—Bosh! I angrily cry as I jump out of bed. I throw on a heavy bathrobe, turn on a light and pick up a late medical journal, received by this day's post from New York. I open the magazine at random and am confronted by a full page illustration of twenty thousand American nurses! Splendid looking young women, answering their country's call! I am amazed, though, that their faces are all exactly alike—why that would be impossible, and suddenly I realize that between me and the printed page is the face of her I met in the corridor, so like the face of the sweetheart of my youth! I am enraged and fling the book from me. I carefully select from my library a heavy volume and resolve to steady my mind by reading the most approved method of grafting skin; that boy we fixed up this morning was surely a sorry looking sight when he was brought into the operating room, one jaw shot away by shrapnel, but he'll come out all right and have a nice looking face, not as nice as the new nurse,—but—dog-gone it! I slam the volume back on the shelf, and snatch up a late novel—one that was delivered to me too late tonight to do with as I shall do tomorrow: take it to my patient in number 29. It was just outside 29 I saw the new nurse; maybe she would enjoy this excellent new book. It is light enough

to be a relaxation after a day's work. I'll order another for her, and a box of sweets would be acceptable, no doubt, to munch as she reads, and—And with a jolt, I realize I have forgotten 29. I do not smoke, yet wish I did, for doubtless the weed would be soothing just now. . . .

I have mused for some time, giving my thoughts full sway, and at last have decided to write you a letter, which obviously I shall never mail, not knowing WHERE you live, nor WHETHER you live. And Uncle Sam would have a hard time delivering a letter addressed merely, "AMIGO MIO, Somewhere in U.S.A."

"Amigo mio! Do the words bring a thrill? We were but children, you and I, when we heard them spoken by a gypsy boy to his lady love, but we were not too young to sense the ardent expression of his eye and the passionate quality of his voice. "Amigo mio" we translated to our own satisfaction: "Love of mine." And if FRIEND meant in the common acceptance of the term what it does to me, our translation would not be far from right. And we resolved, you and I, to call each other "Amigo mio" and vowed to be true lovers ever. We kept that pledge through the happy days of childhood and early youth. Even after you had moved to California, during the few months of our correspondence your letters and mine always began as I begin this one which you will never see; and I thrilled always as I read, there was for me such a wealth of meaning in the two little Spanish words.

It was after I had gone to New York to college that your letters

ceased to come and I confess I was too busy with the new life to more than merely wonder why you didn't write. I had taken lodging in a rather elegant home where the ridiculously low rate I was charged was explained by the landlady, Mrs. Moore, on the ground that she craved the society of young people. Mrs. Moore was a typical "woman of the world;" she possessed both beauty and brains in large quantities, and a liberal share of this world's goods. She was thirty-five years old, splendidly poised, while I was a lad of nineteen, raw and uncultured. She spurred my ambition, picturing a radiant future for me "when I should have completed my education abroad." Now I knew the little legacy left by my parents would scarcely finance my four years of study in New York, and I entertained no thought of studying abroad. But I was flattered that I had been mistaken for a man of wealth, and made no denial. I made few acquaintances, fewer friends. My time was completely filled, for always Mrs. Moore had something planned ahead, excursions to this place or that for the week-ends. Her husband had been dead "years and years" she said, adding: "I've led a buried-alive existence and now I'm going to resurrect myself. I shall get acquainted with little old New York all over again while I am introducing you to my city." Occasionally I demurred, for I was paying the bills and knew my money was vanishing too rapidly for comfort; but my protestations were weak, I acknowledge, for I was having the time of my young life.

Six months passed and there came one day a letter postmarked in that far away California town where you had gone more than a year before. I recall how my heart quickened with anticipation as I broke the seal, and how tenderly I loved you as I read the salutation: "Amigo mio". But there was nothing in the body of the missive to indicate those words still meant to you "Love of mine," and I remembered that our translation had been too liberal, that "amigo" means "friend" and that "friend" does not always mean "lover!" Apparently I had become to you just a casual acquaintance: another had become what I had once hoped to be, for you mentioned you were soon to be married, thus inflicting upon me a wound, the scar of which I still carry. On the heels of the letter followed the formal announcement card, and in my boorish anger I burned both, not caring to know the name you would wear through life, nor where you should dwell. I felt that I had been outraged, and in my insane fury failed to take cognisance of that other emotion that I know now was a consuming love and longing for you. During the twenty-six years that have passed since that terrible day, stormy winds have swooped down upon me and I have been driven from my course by more than one tempest; but something stronger than my own will has always checked me, sometimes on the very verge of a fatal precipice, and helped me to grope my way back to the road of honor. Until this night, when I saw your counterpart in the new nurse I did

not know that the innermost shrine of my heart has been kept sacred to you, Amigo mio! You have been the ruling factor of my life, to you has been given the wholesome love of my heart, to you is due whatever measure of success I have attained. Yours has been the influence that has guided the surgeon's knife that in my hand is reputed to be used with almost miraculous skill; yours the spirit that has shown me how to make death easy when it has been impossible to prolong life! Amigo mio, a man can love but once—I have loved you, and being deprived of the natural expression of love in the companionship of the beloved, I have devoted myself with undivided attention to my profession. I am a success, made so by constancy to one woman, for in my heart of hearts there has always been your image!

After one glance at your wedding announcement, it was angrily consigned to the flames to be followed as angrily by your letters, a tiny bit of ribbon, a glove, a pressed flower—all souvenirs of our happy days together. Every reminder was destroyed and I tried to make myself believe that you were not to be preserved even among my memories. Mrs. Moore petted and comforted and soothed me back into a state of outward calm without appearing to notice my disturbed mental poise. Your name was never spoken; so far as I know she never suspected your existence, for I would as soon escort an angel into the depths of Hades as I would introduce your name into so unclean a mind as hers. But I was flattered and, therefore, comforted

by her attentions and her ministrations to my physical well being; if I sometimes wondered what her friends thought of the peculiar relations between us, my mind immediately gave back the answer "she has no friends." Months passed, and there came a day which I can never forget: I was studying really very hard, and was interested to absorption in my work. My slave-like devotion to research had brought me to the notice of a famous surgeon who frequently allowed me to witness his skillful operations. I had spent some hours with him on this memorable day and had gone home saturated with what I had seen. I went directly to my room. I recall that I sank into a chair, folded my arms upon a table and buried my head therein. I must have looked dejected—I certainly felt dejected, for it seemed such a long and hopelessly difficult way from my unenlightened mental level to the majestic height of knowledge on which dwelt my surgeon-friend, and which was the pinnacle of my own aspirations.

As I sat brooding I was not conscious of another presence in my room until a hand was laid caressingly upon my shoulder and a honey-sweet voice whispered: "Is it so hard for my poor dear boy?" and when I nodded affirmatively she asked:

"Would it not be less hard if you were less selfish?" I raised my head, and inquired what she meant by selfish. Her eyes filled with tears, greatly enhancing her beauty because softening the natural hardness of her handsome face, and she replied:

"You know it is equally hard for

me; and it will be harder to bear each day as time goes on. Is it not possible things might be easier for you if you MADE them a bit easier for me?"

I got up then from the chair and stood facing the woman, fiercely demanding her meaning. She permitted a tear to fall and another to gather before she answered:

"Do not be cross with me; I crave only your happiness, my own is of little moment in comparison. But if it would further your happiness, my own peace of mind would be doubly sweet!" Filled, as I was, with a sense of my smallness in the surgical world, it was hard to readjust my mind to a comprehension of Mrs. Moore's words, and again I demanded her meaning.

"Put it in English!" I angrily exclaimed, and admirably controlling herself to just the right degree of emotion, she said:

"You are a medical student—surely you must know my physical condition. You are but twenty years old, while I am thirty-five. You are under legal age, so in point of law I have no claim—nor have I any desire to force you to do that which would be distasteful to you. I repeat your happiness means more to me than does anything else. But if as a man of high standards and high ideals you wish to make the amend honorable. . . ."

"You mean you want me to marry you!" I blurted out, amazed, repelled, yet withal flattered by her appraisal of me.

"Only if YOU wish it," she answered; "I am in miserable health, I probably have not many years left,

and I surely do not want to be a mill-stone about your neck, nor to harness your fresh young life and the wonderful career I feel awaits you to an immovable post that would proscribe your limitations!" The speaker paused, but as I said nothing, she went on: "It is but natural to suppose that you will some day meet THE woman—you may already know her—the one you will want to make your wife; when that time comes I do not want you to be hampered by me!" Another eloquent pause and then, falteringly:

"But whether your wife or not, I shall have the joy of being the mother of your child. The other woman. ."

"Stop!" I cried, for I could not have "the other woman"—you, Amigo mio, brought thus to my mental vision. I was stunned by Mrs. Moore's revelation. Had my faculties not been numbed, I must have doubted her veracity, but instead I saw only the woman's plight and her self effacement for the man she loved. As that "man" happened to be I, a lad under twenty-one, my chivalry swept over me and dominated all other emotions. She had been willing to sacrifice for love—could I do less for honor?

"Let us proceed decently and in order," said I. "Mrs. Moore, will you marry me this very hour?"

"You make me most happy," she replied; "But do not call me Mrs. Moore, call me Ophelia!"

And so we were married! Little need I tell you, except that I soon realized Ophelia had misrepresented things—she wanted a husband and resorted to deception to secure one!

But I plunged more and more deeply into my studies and was able to get real joy from my books, and from my hospital service. At the end of the first year of married life, a son was born; during the second year Ophelia died. About the same time my mother's only brother died in far off Alaska, and I inherited his rather large fortune. The only condition to his will was that I should take his name. This I was glad to do, for I had finished my course in New York, and now that I had the where-withal, planned to continue my studies in the old world. Inasmuch as it would be a new world to me, I was not averse to entering it under a new name. So I invested half my funds in a reliable trust company for my infant boy, arranged for his care by a trustee of the company, and left my native land.

I have been a wanderer much of the time, but for long have called Paris home. Thus it is that the world war finds me with a hospital of my own near the thick of the fight in France. Twice have I been visited by my son, both times during the summer vacations in his childhood. We exchange letters at rather irregular intervals, and he can never know of the heart-hunger I have for him—doubtless he has no such longing for me. Now he is twenty-five years old, and I know not where he is but hope he is doing his share in these strenuous times for the patriotic love of his country.

Amigo mio, I have spent the night pouring out my heart to you! It is a new day, for from my window I see a faint pink glow in the eastern

heavens. And I feel strengthened, and strangely refreshed. This has not been a selfish desire to roll my burdens upon other shoulders—you will never read this letter; therefore, you will not be oppressed by the sorry tale of my life. But just to open my heart has helped me, has calmed my fevered spirit and I know now what that look of serenity means that comes to a fellow after he has talked to the priest, and mumbles something about "getting it out of my system!"

Also there is forming in my mind a determination: I shall seek out that new nurse and woo her! It is foolish to think a man can love but once. In face and form this girl might easily be you—is it not reasonable to suppose she may still be like you in disposition, in character? And if so, should it not be easy to lead her into that holy of holies, and enthrone her in the shrine held sacred to you but unclaimed by you? God grant it may be done! And so, Amigo mio, I sign myself,

Yours, with new purpose,
John Deere, M. D.

* * *

November tenth.

Amigo mio:

'Tis said a fool repeats his folly; six months have passed since I wrote that foolish letter which I "mailed" in a pigeon-hole of my desk, and here am I repeating the folly. The one letter looks lonesome, I am writing this to keep it company! No, dear one, I shall be honest with you—I am writing this one in an effort to analyze my own heart:

Her name is Mary Armstrong—

that little girl who so closely resembles you, and acting on the impulse that came to me with the writing of that message to you last spring, I have cultivated an acquaintance that has ripened into friendship, and that I have reason to believe may culminate at the altar. True, she has a suitor, a young captain with the A. E. F. "somewhere in France" and she makes no effort to conceal her fondness for him. I am hoping her affection is sisterly in its quality, but even if it be of a more sentimental sort, I shall nevertheless press my suit, for "all is fair in love and war" and this is both. Love making in an army hospital is not easy—what I mean is, opportunities are lacking for the moonlight stroll, or the sitting-out of dances, or the leisurely drives down leafy lanes, or the whispered nothings which mean so much in the normal courtship: our only moonlight strolls are from one ward to another, or across the darkened court to the contagious tent, always seeking the deepest shadows, not for the stolen caress of a lover, but for the greater protection from enemy air-raiders; our only drives are when we occasionally slip away to a nearby village to assist into the world some little life that has no right to be, but which, as physician and nurse, we have an obligation to save; our only whispered nothings are instructions as to what to do for number 6 or 26, or a report on the condition of 5 or 25—whispered because of the need of quiet, and "nothings" because of the already definite hopelessness of the cases whispered about. The terrible

scenes of suffering and the intimate acquaintance with Death which make up the daily life of my little Mary have sobered her before her time, but there are occasional flashes of joy, even of wit, so like you, dear one of the long ago, that often in imagination I address her as "Amigo mio", and find myself wondering if my warmth of feeling is really for Mary, or only a revival of the old love for You. But when Nurse Mary raises to mine her big blue eyes from which the tears seem ever about to start, and asks even the most prosaic question, there is something so sweet, so musical in her tone as she pronounces my name that she seems to insert a comma between the "doctor" and the "Deere" making it sound like "Doctor, dear" and my silly heart does queer things. Today in one of those rare moments when we found ourselves alone together I was about to tell her of my love for her (feeling sure at the moment that, contrary to my theory, a man can love twice) a convalescent soldier came hobbling on his crutches with a telegram for Miss Armstrong. He lingered as did I, fearing bad news, but exclaiming "This is almost too good to be true—my mother will be here tomorrow!" the happy girl threw her arms about my neck, kissed me on each cheek and on the forehead, then, her color heightened and her eyes glowing like two stars, she hurried away on the twenty-four hours leave I readily granted her. Never has Mary looked so like you, Amigo mio, as when her face shone with the happiness her mother's message brought—from a professional

bit of machinery, she was transformed into a radiant, gorgeous bit of human sunshine. And I, poor dub, do not know whether to be buoyed with hope or cast down with despair. "Surely," I argue, "she must love me or she could not have embraced and kissed me—the crippled soldier who brought the good news was standing by and he received no such manifestation of affection!" "But" comes the answering argument, "if she loves you as you desire to BE loved, could she have revealed it in the presence of a third person? She cares for you, no doubt, but only as she might care for an older brother!"

And here I sit in my private rooms awaiting such time as I shall be privileged to meet Mary's mother and enlist her as an ally to my cause. And as I wait I see ambulances pouring into the avenue that leads to my hospital, and I know new cases are arriving from the Front.

Adieu, then, for I must be

"The Doctor"

* * *

Christmas Day.

Amigo mio:

Sorting the papers in my desk, I have just come upon these letters and have decided to write one more, to complete the record.

November tenth, the day on which I last wrote to you, was the final day of hostilities, and the latest ambulance to arrive brought a chap to whom I found myself instinctively drawn, though why I did not know, for his face was so covered by dressings received at the First Aid Station, that I could not see whether he

was any one I had ever known. He wore the uniform of an American and the insignia of a captain. He had more the matter with him than the shrapnel wounds on his face. By the time I had set one fractured leg and sewed up a bad flesh wound in the other, a nurse had removed the temporary bandages and washed the blood from his face and head. Picture my consternation to find myself looking into the unconscious eyes of my own son! I had not seen my boy since his early childhood, and here before me was a soldier who was every inch a man. In a very frenzy of anxiety, I scrutinized the face and knew that the features, though mature, were the features of that little boy I had loved and neglected. Oh, I knew him for my own flesh and blood! Tenderness, yearning, remorse brought me to my knees by that cot-side, and with all my soul I begged to be given the wisdom and the skill to so minister to this stricken man as to restore him to life and health. Never have I worked so frantically, so faithfully, so prayerfully as I did over this, my own boy. Throughout the war I have been quite a self-satisfied person: I have thought I was performing a big service to mankind in establishing a hospital of my own, saving a few lives perhaps—often only making the end a little less painful. But as I worked over my own lad's mangled body, I realized that not until that hour had I given my real self to the cause. May God forgive me, for now I know what mothers and fathers have suffered from the letters we have sent to parents of those brave

soldiers for whom we thought "we were happy to do all in our power during their last hours."

After twenty hours of unceasing labor on my part, and most exciting though delirious portrayal of battle on his part, my patient slept; in another two hours he opened conscious eyes and looked inquiringly about him. Mixed with my joy was a severe pang caused by the realization that I was not recognized. Yet how could I have dared hope it would be otherwise? He was but a child when last he saw me—let's see: 'twas sixteen years ago, and I was wearing a Van Dyke, the fashionable hirsute adornment of the day, while now I am innocent of any unsanitary facial covering.

My professional mind checked the impulse to proclaim my identity and bade me wait till the injured man had regained a bit of strength. Giving minute instructions to the watching nurse, I slipped away to make the rounds. But at every possible chance I rushed back to my own room, where I had had my son carried, to see if all were well. On one such visit I opened the door softly and entered unnoticed. By my bed on which lay the soldier for whose life I was making such a heroic fight, knelt, not the nurse I had left there, but another. Her back was toward me, but I recognized her instantly. The unbandaged hand of the boy I love lay on the blanket tightly clasped in the hand of the girl I love! And she was murmuring those soft phrases of endearment which do more than any physician's skill to hasten convalescence! By all the rules I

should have been submerged by bitterness—should have asked myself, "Was it for this I gave back the life that was all but gone? Did I save you, my son, only to have you rob me of this priceless treasure?" Instead I walked into their presence, laid my hand over their own clasped ones, and fervently breathed: "Bless you, my children!"

"Oh, Doctor, Deere!" exclaimed Mary with her accustomed comma, "I want to introduce to you my fiance, Captain Francis Dayton." And as I grasped the hand of that blessed soldier, I turned the tables of surprise upon those two unsuspecting infants by saying, "Captain Dayton, from the hour of your birth I have craved your happiness, and I rejoice with you in this hour, even as I congratulate you upon having won the sweetest girl in all the world and thank you for the gift of so lovely a daughter."

"A daughter?" questioned Mary, "what do you mean?"

But that one unbandaged hand was now groping for mine and as I felt his manly grip I heard his words—weak, whispered, but infinitely sweet to me.

"It means, dear girl, that this is my father, Dr. John Dayton-Deere, for whom my heart has hungered, and now that I have you both I am content to. . . ." His voice trembled into silence and he dropped into a long life giving sleep. I left then for I knew Mary was fresh from her day off duty, while I was pretty well worn and in sad need of rest. As I left the room, Mary called softly:

"Doctor Deere, will you please send

a messenger to my room and tell my mother I am detained upon a case." I promised and quietly closed the door shutting happiness within, and intended going at once to my study there to face alone my misery—misery and loneliness! They to be my companions for evermore!

Seeing no orderly, and going in the general direction of Mary's room anyway, I decided to deliver the word myself. In a few moments, then, I rapped upon Mary's door and opened it in a response to a voice from within.

Amigo Mio, you know the rest! Expecting to meet the mother of my never-possessioned but never-the-less forever-lost Mary, I came face to face with You! Oh, Amigo Mio, in that instant I knew the Truth: that only in so far as Mary is like You, in so much as her temperament reflects yours, her mother's, have I loved her. Only to that extent has she occupied that sacred place in my heart, dedi-

cated once and forever to You, Amigo Mio, "Love of Mine."

The weeks that have followed have been busy and happy ones. The war is ended, and today—this day of "peace on earth, good will to men" is to bring the crowning joy into four lives. Two weddings are to be solemnized in this gray old hospital, two weddings in which your daughter and you are to be the adored brides of my son and me. It is beautiful to witness the radiant happiness of our children, who of course, think no one was ever so happy as they. But I wonder if our mature years and the long heart-breaking periods of loneliness have not rendered us—you and me—more appreciative and, therefore, more receptive of "our" happiness. Be that as it may there is in my heart a "peace that passeth understanding." Amigo Mio, with God's blessing, Love of Mine, forevermore,

John.

THOMAS MANBY

Journal of Vancouver's Voyage to the Pacific Ocean (1791-1793)

(Continued from July Number)

Tomaha Maha wishes to inflict some punishment that it might deter others from the like pilfering practices. We resigned her to his disposal, only begging not to be too severe. He left us very much displeased, hurried on shore and passed immediate sentence on the poor Girl. She underwent an everlasting Taboo from ever again going afloat and her Father to pay a tribute in Hogs for his daughter's dishonesty.

March 1, 1793 The King and his brother Terree Myty came on board to breakfast brought some fish just caught with a Canoe full of young Cocoa Nuts: by the wish of the latter we attended him to the Village of Korowah to see his residence. We landed on the spot where Capt. Cook received his deadly wound. The man who gave the fatal blow is still living and intends coming to us in a day or two. We remained some time where the scene of horror was committed. A large concourse of Natives drew about us, and an old man made a long speech relative to that day of destruction; he wept considerably in the midst of his harangue, as did many others of both sexes. The old orator soon evinced the cause of his grief as

his two sons fell in desperate conflict.

My heart sympathized with his sorrows, and I mingled a sigh with his numerous bystanders that were then in tears for a husband or brother or friend. They lay much of the blame on Terreboo the late King for not attending Capt. Cook to his boat after he promised it; altho' it is related in the Narrative he would willingly have gone had not his Wives prevented him. The bones of the immortal Navigator are placed beneath a heap of stones close to a Morai, about a quarter of a mile from the spot of destruction.

The Village of Karooah contains about one hundred and fifty houses: it is built on a bed of Lava; we saw many spots where the liquid steam retained the exact appearance it had cooled in. Even in these barren spots they contrive to cultivate the Cloth Tree and have plantations of it without any other protection to the root than a few stones piled round it.

Our walk was very short as the sun had heated the lava so much that we felt it very plainly through our shoes. We retired to the habitation of our friend who spread Mats in the shade of Cocoa Nut Trees and produced a

roasted Hog a Dog and Vegetables. The premises of this Chief were encompassed with a stone wall six feet high: in one corner stands a small Morai with a few Images all of which were well supplied with provisions. Terre Myty is acknowledged to be one of the greatest Warriors of Owhyee; he showed us many Trophies gained in battle at Mowee; one of them the skull of a Chief he killed by throwing a spear through his body. His skill in throwing the spear greatly surprised us, as he scarce ever missed his mark at thirty yards. At the usual hour of dinner we returned on board and found the Botanist arrived from a six day excursion he had taken to the interior part of the Country, highly gratified with his jaunt and considerably enriched with many unknown productions belonging to the vegetable kingdom. The first few miles of his journey he speaks of as being laborious and unpleasant from the large tracts of Lava hills and rugged vales he was necessitated to pass over before he could arrive at the desired field of observation, and marks these difficulties being got over, a level woody country amply compensated the Botanical Genius. Every tree perfum'd the Air with gratifying scents; their foliage charmed the eye, whilst their branches formed complete parasols. The Woods were every where intersected by well beaten paths that made travelling easy. and the various enchanting scenes which were continually attracting the attention of the party gave a zest to their trip they spoke of with raptures. Tomaha Maha previous to their departure appointed guides and a numerous train

of attendants under the direction of a Chief to carry their baggage and provisions. Two musicians were likewise of their party and a group of dancing girls to amuse them after the fatigues of the day. But few inhabitants were met with in the inland parts and those only living in temporary huts where they were carrying on the operations of cloth-making and felling timber for Canoes. The trees were in general of an amazing size and required a considerable share of labor to bring them to the ground, particularly as many of the artificers were at work with the Native implements of the country consisting of stone and shells ingeniously fitted in small handles clearing the tree of its numerous branches. It is a work of time, and then fashioning it to the rough form of a Canoe is all they do to it on the spot.

As these immense canoes belong to the King or principal chiefs they order every Male inhabitant of one or more Villages to repair to the Woods and bring it down. The strength of numbers applied with good will will render the burden easy without a wish of quitting until they have performed their task by placing it in the Dock-yard of their Lord. Sugar cane and fruits grew almost every where in spontaneous abundance; on these the labourer subsists. Mr. Menzies met with no other wild quadrupede but Rats. The Birds were numerous, most of them possessing the most beautiful plumage imaginable, and in melody they far surpassed European Songsters. In the low swampy grounds Ducks of different kinds were numerous, but not a reptile was seen during the Expedition.

AT ANCHOR IN KARAKAKASIAH
BAY OWHYEE

March 4, 1793. The weather having been for some day exceedingly fine enabled us this morning to finish our Rigging and report the Chatham ready for sea, well stowed with Wood and Water; and every corner of the Vessel full of refreshments. The Discovery's defects being not yet made perfect detains us in the Bay; a delay not to be repined at, as the friendly and courteous behaviour of the Natives have long merited our warmest esteem: they have scarcely given us a single opportunity of finding fault.

The Worthy Chief Tomaha Maha is the watchful sentinel; he has placed his own Canoes about the Vessels to see that no improprieties are committed, and takes equal care of our friends at the Observatory: two Chiefs and a few trusty subjects have charge of the encampment with positive orders from the Sovereign to seize any one found within the taboo'd limits. His Majesty came to us almost in tears to relate the death of the Bull which has just expired. The Cows are sent in Canoes a few miles to the Northward where much better pasturage is to be found.

One of the Cows being with a calf, we are in hopes the issue will be of the male sex, otherwise our good intentions will be totally defeated unless we have it in our power to augment their stock by a further supply of this valuable animal, should we again return to the Sandwich Islands.

Before we became acquainted with these people we considered them as a ferocious and turbulent set of Sav-

ages. This character they are by no means entitled to, as they are mild and tractable: uncivilized, unpolished and in a true state of nature they possess great courage, and will not tamely bear an insult or injury; these few laws are strictly adhered to, and was their code more numerous, I conceive they would abide by them with equal promptitude. To each other they are free, easy and cheerful, and show more real good nature than I have seen in your better regulated societies. During the whole of my stay I was never witness to a quarrel: they delight in jokes, which were never known to produce an angry brow or uplifted arm.

In the Evening of the 5th Tomaha Maha with a large retinue paid us an unpleasant visit to announce the approaching Tababoora to take place at sunset, and last two nights and one day. Many were the importunations to remove this barbarous custom, but all arguments proved ineffectual. The good chief agreed to the absurdity of the ceremony but still insisted he was bound by the laws of his country to follow the religious tenets so strictly attended to by his ancestors. We kept the worthy fellow in conversation to the last moment and tried every expedient to get it removed, but in vain. He remained with us till the journeying sun was sinking in the West and then in haste took his leave. The King's departure was the signal and in an instant every subject followed his example.

The brunettes expressed considerable disappointment, and plunged into the Sea much dejected at being

so unexpectedly forced from our society.

The poor females undergo a much closer restriction than the men during the existence of the Taboohourou, not being permitted to move without their habitations and secluded from male visitors. At this period they weep and chant songs in honour of those Chiefs whose bones are lodged in the Morai, or place of worship. The Englishmen resided one in each of our vessels during our stay and had the sole management of regulating our traffic, having complete knowledge of the language, no trouble ever took place.

The situation Tomaha Maha had placed them in gives them considerable authority in the Islands: and their good conduct, I was happy to see had gained them the confidence and good will of every inhabitant.

On the 7th, at Sun rise the Tabooiou ceased. Joy and delight was ushered in with the new born day. In an instant our decks were covered with lovely women. Every Tar folded in his arms youth and beauty.

The Discovery being ready for Sea it was made known our intention for sailing on the following day. The friendly and generous King heard the intelligence with marked concern: and every Islander expressed the greatest sorrow. Tomaha Maha begg'd Capt. Vancouver and all the officers to visit him on shore in the afternoon to be spectators of a sham-battle in which their warlike exploits would be practiced.

The invitation was accepted, and that something novel might be exhibited on our part, various Fire-works were sent to the Observatory

to be thrown off after the close of the day. After dinner a large party from both Vessels assembled at the royal residence where we found the principal Warriors all ready to commence the battle. The beach was chose as the scene of Action: thither we repaired and found a large concourse waiting our arrival. Several large bundles of six feet spears blunted at the ends were piled, and soon after distributed to the fighting men.

The King headed his party of fifty: and another chief took the command of an equal number who were to plug the Enemy.

A shout was given by each party as a signal for battle: they then advanced to about forty yards trying to provoke each other by threatening gestures and making the most hideous faces imaginable. In my life I never saw such a distortion of countenances and conceived it impossible that human beings could draw features into such a variety of forms. During this time they kept approaching each other and when arrived at about twenty yards a terrific yell was given and instantly followed by a shower of spears: the adverse party made as quick a return and the battle became general. Many of them possessed considerable agility as they caught the flying spears before they reached their bodies and instantly returned them with great dexterity. Altho' their weapons were perfectly blunt some very awkward blows were given which always brought blood, and tore pieces out of several of their bodies. Tomaha Maha kept flying from wing to wing of his division encouraging his Troops and giving

the necessary orders, often advancing far in front to brave the power of the enemy. Numerous spears were thrown at him, the whole of which he avoided by falling or jumping. Few of his subjects equalled him in his warlike exploits, as his strength enabled him to throw his javelin an amazing distance and to the greatest nicety.

The stone slingers were stationed in the rear, but did not play their part for fear of annoying the British. The King's opponents kept for sometime giving ground and at last being hard prest made a speedy retreat behind some old houses where they changed their weapons to long spears of twenty feet in length; with these they rallied, but were as speedily attacked by Tomaha Maha's party, who using similar implements a famous onset now took place which soon gave victory to the King and his adherents. The mode of treating prisoners was then shown which completed the Sham fight. The vanquished few who had fallen into the hands of the Conquerors were dragged about by the legs and their brains beat out with stones. The Body is then cut up with shark's teeth knives and divided among the Warriors reserving the skull as a trophy for the royal commander. In real Battles the party that first gets possession of a Man and sacrifices him at a hazard is sure of gaining the honor of the day.

Even should their armies amount to thousands they will not stand their ground after this event, but instantly take refuge in the mountains.

Hostilities having ceased, all the Royal Family and some of the prin-

cipal Chiefs attended us to the Tents and partook with us in bumpers of Grog to the health of our beloved Sovereign King George the Third. Upwards of forty thousand people were assembled around our encampment waiting with anxiety the approach of dark to behold our performance. The first skyrocket actually staggered them with surprise as if with one voice a general sound was heard expressive of wonder and amazement. Balloons, Flower Pots, Roman Candles, Mines and Water Rockets astonished them past conception; they could only express the inferiority of Owhyee and praise the prodigies of Britannia. After amusing the gazing multitudes an hour we returned on board. leaving our friends to their meditations.

Early on the 8th, we got off the Tents and Observatory from the shore and made every preparation for sailing. Tomaha Maha and his Queens remained with us during the day frequently urging us to take more Hogs and vegetables. The Chiefs of the surrounding districts came to us with equal kindness bringing extensive presents of Canoes loaded with every kind of refreshments. They were presented with different Trinkets and the Englishmen were abundantly supplied with a large assortment of implements for cookery, Husbandry, Carpenter's tools and almost every article that could be of service to them; besides a large variety of garden seeds, which most likely add to our luxuries on our visit to Owhyee. The Soil about Karakakasah is bad and unfit for cultivation. Yet many spots of arable land, some of them to a large extent are to be found on

the East and West sides of the Island. All the southern parts are scarce anything but a rude and mossy heap of Lava. The nutritious roots brought to our market consisted of Tarro, Yams, Breadfruit, Mellons, Plantains, Bananas, Cocoa Nuts, Sugar Canes all excellent in quality but the Breadfruit and Mellons. The former of these is very inferior indeed to those met with at Otaheita which as well as the latter must owe their imperfection to the badness of the soil.

Yams not being a favorite food with them its cultivation is but little attended to; tho' from the avidity with which we purchased them I trust more will be raised by the following year. This valuable root forms the principal part of our Sea Stock, as being well dried in the sun and kept free from damp you may have them in perfection several months.

The Sugar cane grows to a prodigious size and is spontaneous in many places; they fatten all their Hogs on it which gives the pork a very superior richness to any I ever tasted in Europe. The lower class of people are constantly sucking this valuable stalk, which gives them both health and strength by its salutary effects. The leaves of this valuable plant are not without their utility, as it is in common used to thatch their habitations. Should Great Britain ever attempt to colonize any part of the North West Coast of America these Islands will give them a very ample store of provisions and provided industry is closely pursued a sufficiency of Rum and Sugar might with ease be produced; not only to supply our own settlements, but to carry a large quantity annually to the Chinese mar-

ket. The whole process might be executed at a very easy and cheap rate as the Islanders are particularly fond of being employed in your service. and show a great readiness in learning anything you will undertake to teach them. One great impediment would no doubt be felt by the want of a good harbour, as our present anchorage has as yet the preference to any found in the Sandwich Islands. It lays exposed to the S. W. and Southerly winds; but as it seldom blows from that quarter, ships would rarely in my opinion meet with accidents unless when those convulsions of nature ensue which now and then visits all tropical climates. The Bay Karawawaooh lies on the lee side of the Island, consequently it is completely sheltered from the trade winds. On the west extreme of the Bay stands the Village of Karasat, where the fatal catastrophe befell Capt. Cook, high and perpendicular cliffs on the North side, whilst the East side shows the Village Kahasah: in this village the royal family reside, and exceeds in size any of the surrounding ones. On the Southern extremity of the Bay is another village called Teharosah far inferior to the other two. Our anchors lay in 18 fathoms, a tolerable good bottom.

In the evening we weighed the shore anchor and made every preparation for sailing. This preparation spread like wild fire through the vicinity of the Bay. All ranks and degrees hurried off to the Vessels to lament our intended departure.

The friendly Tomaha Maha sent off many Canoes filled with supplies and farther begged of Capt. Vancouver to stop for a few hours off Toeyah

Bay situated on the S. W. part of the Island where he had ordered sixty large Hogs to be in readiness for us. Tomaha Maha and a party of Chiefs being assembled in the Cabin, Capt. Vancouver proposed to the King that he should make over the Islands to him in the name of King George the Third. A long debate ensued which terminated by Tomaha Maha's assenting to the proposal provided Capt. V. would leave a Vessel for its protection or a force with guns.

The Chief argued the point with great reason pointing out the imprudence of our accepting the Island without guarding it; as during our absence their inveterable Enemy Tietenec the King of Mawee would make his threatened invasion, perhaps with success, as could it be expected the Owhyeeans would fight with firmness for their Country if they had imprudently given it away to those who would not protect it? Their considerate reply totally put a stop to any further proposals. Altho' Tomaha Maha is the acknowledged King of Owhyee, he is an usurper as he seized on the throne immediately on the Death of the late King Tereebou. Altho' Tereebou left three Sons the two eldest made an attempt to recover their rights, their party was defeated and they gloriously fell struggling for their inheritance. In what manner these people keep their Chronological time is hard to determine, and by crediting the report of an old Priest, he assured me he could trace back sixty Kings that have governed the Island. This amount is most likely a good deal exaggerated. They say the Island was first peopled from a place called Riita.

I allow great probability to his conjecture, with the Idea firmly fixt in my mind that Riita is a conception of Otahita. The distance between the Islands is certainly great: yet from the many miraculous undertakings performed by small Vessels on the Sea. I must allow the tale not only to be plausible but very creditable: which Idea is considerably strengthened by the sameness of the language used by both people. The traditional Historian who gave me the above intelligence informed me that a few generations back white men visited the Sandwich Islands many of whom remained behind and were raised to the highest honors. From these Visitors it is recorded that the present branch of Royalty are descended. Who these Navigators were is very uncertain and as no confidential account could be learnt, our opinions on board the ship were divided which repeatedly gave rise to long arguments and frequent disputations. Many coincided with me in the opinion that these wanderers could be no other than the Spaniards, as it was well known they traversed thru' great part of the North Pacific Ocean in the middle of the fifteenth century in quest of adventures.

Documents are extant to prove that they discovered a cluster of Islands called Los Majos which discovery we can now safely aver does not exist where the old Spanish Charts place them. As the Discovery & Chatham have searched the spot with indescribable caution. The Latitude of the spoken Los Majos exactly agrees with that of the Sandwich Islands.

As the Longitude differs nearly twenty degrees, but considering the

very imperfect State of Navigation at so early a period I assure myself the Sandwich Islands are the Los Majos of the Spaniards.

At 3 A. M. the 8th both Vessels weighed and came to sail. Our movement at so early an hour created considerable confusion on board, amongst the females: several leaped overboard and swam to the shore, altho' the major part remained free from alarm. The Breeze blew very faint off the land which prevented our clearing the Bay before 5 A. M. tho' aided by all our Boats and several Canoes who voluntarily offered their Services to tow us clear off the shore. At 9 the King and all his family came to the Discovery where they passed two hours in great grief for our departure: and then visited the Chatham. The greatest concern was marked on his countenance and the true language of friendship. He kept continually inquiring if all our wants were gratified, offering Hogs and Vegetables which some of his canoes were filled with: but our decks were too abundantly thronged to make use of his generous intentions. The inquiry was made on our part, if we could augment his little store by anything we had on board, every present he declined, but begg'd a Plate, Knife and Fork. Of course, he had it, and we learnt he had made a similar request previous to his quitting the Discovery. One of his domestics remained on board during our stay in the Bay to learn the art of Cookery. And now that he was in possession of the requisites for the table, a tolerable Cook and every kind of implement for culinary purposes, The Monarch boasted with pride and

satisfaction that he should now live like King George. The Breeze from the Sea freshing up shortned the Visit of our Royal Friends, they embraced us all round and left the Vessel in tears wishing us success and a speedy return. At this moment our decks were filled with moistened eyes the pleasing Girls of Owhyee bidding adieu to the men they had attached themselves to, general sadness prevailed throughout: and for my part I felt it exceedingly. Macou'ah a pretty good natured Girl who had been a good deal with me, had been weeping all the morning and as the instant for separation approached her anguish became oppressive; with a bursting heart she implored to go the voyage: that was impossible, and to part necessary. To divert her attention, a few beads, ribbons, and other trinkets were added to her collection but her grief was not to be lessened by such baubles. The poor girl had grown fond: we parted—I was glad she was gone. Of all sights that sooth my soul to pity, nothing so effectually does it as a Woman in tears. I love and adore the Sex and deeply feel for their affliction. Late in the evening we got into the Bay of Toe Yaw, and not finding good anchorage both Vessels remained flying backward and forward to wait for daylight. At 3 A. M. deceived by a strong current and a thick haze, we were alarmed to find ourselves entangled with the breakers: an attempt was made to clear them by prep of sail, which not succeeding obliged us to the last resource to let go an anchor: the Brig happily brought up. As the rocks at this time were within ten yards of her stern with a heavy

surf roaring over them, our exertions were put instantly in force by carrying out Anchors and Cables which I feared would have proved but little avail had not a friendly breeze sprung up off the land which soon cleared us of danger. At 8 We joined the Discovery and stood towards a Village that stood in the N. W. part of the Bay. A fleet of Canoes immediately came out to us and two Chiefs of consequence came on board named Tianna & Kyamoka bringing with them the Hogs Tomaha Maha had promised. The Discovery took forty of very large size: and twenty came to our share with as many sweet potatoes from the Canoes along side as we pleased to take. Each of the Chiefs were presented with a piece of red cloth and an Axe they then took their leave and we shaped our course for the Island of Mowee. At night we brought to off the East end of Mowee and in the morning filled the run along the South side of the Island which presented a prospect not very grateful to the eye as the land was high and rugged with frequent mounds of Cinders caused by volcanic eruptions.

At noon we were off an Isthmus which nearly cuts through the Island. In this place we experienced very violent gusts of wind from all points of the Compass which repeatedly obliged us to clew up our Top Gallant Sails to preserve them from its fury. The Islands of Ranai, Moratoi and Ioharoo'ah were at this time in sight. The Latitude 20° 19' North.

At sunset we anchored, and at daylight again got under weigh with very bad weather. The day was passed in beating to windward, and in the

evening we procured anchorage about 3 miles from a large Village.

In the morning a considerable number of Canoes came off to the Ships bringing large quantities of Cocoa Nuts and Vegetables, but scarcely any Hogs: on enquiring for them they asured us they were now very scarce, as the Owhyee'ans when they invaded the Island had destroyed almost the whole. March 13th. An Ambassador arrived this day from the King (Tiater'e) to announce his intention of paying us a visit.

The Messenger after remaining some time on board was dismissed with a present for his Majesty consisting of Cloth, Beads and Looking-Glasses.

Amongst the various fruits brought to barter were a few Musk Melons. The eagerness with which we bought them occasioned a very abundant supply to be brought off to us: and in the course of the day I am confident not less than a thousand were purchased. Some seeds of this delicious fruit were given them a few years before by Capt. Portlock an officer belonging to the Navy but who then commanded a commercial Expedition.

An American is living with these people: he was left by a Boston Brig about six months before our arrival: he came on board our Vessels but met with a cool reception, as his character by his own account by no means entitled him to the least attention.

Capt. Vancouver being desirous to have a Bay examined that lay to the Eastward of our Anchorage directed Mr. Whitby and Myself to proceed on that service each with a Boat mann'd and arm'd.

At 4 in the morning we left the

Vessels: and soon commenc'd our Angles for the completion of the Survey. The morning was calm and serene till 8: at that time a sudden change took place by the whole atmosphere assuming an angry aspect, attended by hard squalls of wind from every point of the Compass. By 10 all hopes of executing our service was given up and we each tried to gain the shore.

Mr. Whitby being a mile nearer the land than myself, fortunately succeeded and avoided the fury of the Hurricane which blew at 11. Every moment kept increasing my distance from the shore in spite of all our efforts. The Crew jaded to Death by fatigue: the Boat nearly full of water ten miles from the land without provisions and still blowing with astonishing rapidity fast out to sea, at the mercy of the elements impressed us with but little hope of our preservation.

In this wretched state we existed five long hours expecting every instant to met the awful moment of our destruction by perishing in a watery grave. Cheering up the timid and applauding the brave occupied my time so far succeeded that each exerted his exhausted strength and kept the Boat from upsetting by baling out the water with their Hats as each intending wave tumbled it in upon us.

At intervals of this gloomy crisis, serious reflexion would at time grapple with the mind, and meditate on the threatening transition which then appeared inevitable by an everlasting separation from the world, and those we frequently love. Yes, Kate, at the solemn moments of expected

Death I implored Heaven to guard, protect you and make you the happiest of Women. I have long been firmly attached to you and should you remain single until I gain Rank and Fortune in my profession we may yet be happy. In the afternoon it pleased the Great disposer of all events to produce a sudden change in the Wind, and soon after to quiet the violence of the storm: this unexpected alteration gave joy and gladness to every grateful heart. The deprest in spirits roused from their stupor and aided the exertions of the fest. We soon cleared our Boat from Water, set our sails and stood in for the land with a favourable and spanking breeze which we reached at sun set to the surprise of our brother sailors who had for some time given us up for lost. A worthy Chief named Tomautoo brother in law to the King received us with kindness and hospitality: stripped us of our Cloaths, wrapt us in Island Cloth, and so completely dried our Cloaths in an hour that we were all as well as if nothing had happened, all attired in our own Jackets and Trowsers. This friendly and generous Chief then served up a sumptuous repast of Hogs and all kinds of Vegetables just taken out of the Earth very deliciously roasted: which to people in our state nearly drowned and half starved proved a welcome sight indeed. Fortunately we landed near one of the King's habitations which was given for our use, when Mr. Whitley and myself made a luxurious meal, drank the health of our absent friends in a Jovam Grog. The Harmony of our party was for a short time interrupted during the Evening by some

one of our attendants having purloined a knife. The instant the Chief became acquainted with the theft the whole of his retinue he carefully examined vowing vengeance against the perpetrator: he at length succeeded, restored the Knife; and then gave the culprit so severe a beating that we were obliged to interfere, to prevent his killing him. Our protector and guide took the same care of our Boats' Crews as he did of us, by providing for them a very ample repast; after which we directed the boats to be anchored about twenty yards from the Shore for the Night as Mr. Whitley and myself intended to sleep in our appointed residence. This amiable Chief whose considerate kindness I shall never forget, made known his having provided another house not far distant for me to pass the night in, as he presumed I would not wish to pass eight dull hours alone, and as the habitation we dined in belonged to the King, it precluded all Females from coming beneath the roof except the Wives of his Majesty. Of course without a moment's hesitation I acquiesced to Tomoutoo's proposal and was conducted to a neat well built mansion: near a grove of Cocanut Trees, it was a little paradise: in short it was the residence of Angels as it contained two beauteous objects of exquisite forms of elegant features. Phiavotos the eldest had scarcely attained her nineteenth year: Movinoo hardly her eighteenth. These, oh, ye Gods, were the partners of my bed. Ten thousand execrations did I vent, on the dawning day, that compelled me to break from the Arms of these bewitching Girls so lovely and endearing; being summoned to attend

the Boats that were all ready for proceeding. I was obliged to say farewell to the charming Phiavotos, the heavenly Movinoo. I displayed all my treasures before them, but could only prevail on them each to except a pair of scissors and small looking glass. They came down to the Boats to see me embark, and just before I left them they gave me two small pieces of Cloth folded up very curiously like a Ball which on opening I found to contain six pearls in each. Our party being all on board we proceeded with the Boats to execute our orders, attended by our friend the Chief in a large double Canoe who stated that he had received an express from the King directing him to attend us until our return to the Vessels, not only for the purpose of getting us supplied with whatever we might wish for, but to keep the natives in order, should they be inclined to be troublesome.

We reached the Bay early in the forenoon and after having settled its rocky boundary by a series of angles, we sounded it across in many directions, and found a sufficient depth to admit of its being navigated in all its parts, but unfortunately the Bottom was so thickly beset with large Beds of Coral Rock as to render it a very insecure Anchorage by its certain destruction to the Cables. The extreme points of the Bay lay four miles and a half asunder without any dangers except such as show above water. In the center we found a bank with only five fathoms on it; in all other parts we had seldom less than Ten, and never more than eighteen. From the entrance to the head of the bay, it measured a distance

of four miles. The Shores were not very throngly inhabited, the houses being in general scattered between two small Villages each containing about thirty huts, and as every inhabitant came out to welcome us to the village, I had an opportunity of seeing that each community consisted of an Hundred and fifty of both sexes.

We experienced the greatest attention from every Indian. Pigs, Cocoa Nuts and roots they offered without wishing for the least return; whilst the pretty Brunettes free from prudish Ideas led the way to the lonely Bowers and these yielded to our caresses without a thought of remuneration. After passing a few hours with these friendly people and partaking of an excellent dinner their liberality had provided for us, we wished them farewell after having distributed some Beads and other nicknacks amongst them.

Having now completed the survey of this part of Mawee and thoroughly satisfied ourselves with every thing relating to the Bay; getting back to the Ships next became the object of our attention: the wind being unfavorable, kept us in the Boats the whole of the night; but at an early hour in the morning we returned to our Mess-mates. On getting to the Chat-ham I found her preparing for Sea with all dispatch—with orders to make the best of her way to Nootka Sound to repair the damages her Bottom had sustained last year on the coast of America. Some intelligent Indians had dived under her bottom, and made so unfavorable a report that we had great reason to be alarmed for our safety. The dexterity and skill of the Divers sur-

prised us; two of them went down at the same instant, and with a piece of line exactly measured the defective part bringing up word that all the False Keel abaft the Main chains was entirely torn off; the Gripe a good deal shattered, and much plank and Copper beaten off different parts of her.

These serious reports left us no other alternative than risking ourselves by proceeding to Nootka, a distance of several hundred leagues in a Vessel by no means sea-worthy at a very tempestuous season of the year.

However it was necessary to be done, the hazard was forgot and we prepared for the want with the hopes the Winds would prove favourable, grant us a good passage, that all our defects might be made good before the Discovery arrived on the Coast. At noon we got under weigh and bid farewell to the Island of Mowee and shaped a course for the Island of Movato'e; the northern shores of which being but imperfectly ascertained, we were directed by Capt. Vancouver to make a survey of them. I now had leisure to make my enquiry respecting the transaction on board after I left the Vessels, and was informed that soon after our departure Tiatieve the King of Mowee and Whahoo, and Tio the Sovereign of Atooi had visited the Ships. A Robe of scarlet cloth abundantly trimmed with gold lace was instantly presented to each of the Monarchs by Capt. Vancouver. This mark of attention highly delighted the Royal Guests and totally did away a panic that had long prevailed for fear we should revenge the death of our Countrymen Lieut. Hengist and Mr. Gouch

who had been cruelly massacre'd by the Subjects of Iratsau last year at Whahoo. The Chiefs dined in the Cabin; and after drinking a few Glasses of Wine, Tiatru related the melancholy catastrophe, expressed how much he was incensed against the perpetrators of so diabolical a deed.

He was then absent from the Island, but repair'd thither as soon as the gloomy tidings reached him, and put three of the murderers to instantaneous death. Observing at the same time that some others equally guilty were well known, and should be ordered up to the Discovery on his arrival at Whahoo. Pressing affairs of the State would prevent his attending the Ship to Whahoo: but that he would send his brother to see that the Culprits were given up, that they might expiate their crime by forfeiting their lives. At the time we sailed Capt. Vancouver was using his exertions to bring about a reconciliation between Tiatiere and the well disposed Monarch of Owhee. War had for thirty moons existed and I trust on rejoining the Discovery to find the pacific intentions of the Captain have not been ineffectual.

During the 17th We ranged along the North side of Movatoi close in with its rocky Ironbound Shore, having passed the West end of the Islands by Sunset: during this run we did not observe a single opening in the land sufficient to yield shelter to a Boat; much less to a Vessel of any burthen: the whole appeared a complete inaccessible Cliff varying its height without any signs of Inhabitants, or living creature. The upper part of the Hills were every

where lost in clouds which streaked the vallies by a conspicuous foam from the majestic cascades that formed a torrent to the Sea. On clearing this Island we experienced a strong Gale at East with which we stood to the Northward and found ourselves by the last of the month to be in the Lat. of $33^{\circ} 40'$ N. & Lon. $216^{\circ} 26'$ West.

The weather had now become exceedingly cold, with a good deal of Rain, almost the whole of the Crew were attacked with violent colds, and some with fluxes: and to add to our mortifications not a day passed but several of our Hogs were committed to the Deep having perished by the severity of the climate. The whole of the 1st and 2nd of April we observed the Sea cover'd by a small kind of Blubber—known by the name in Natural History of Medusa de Venilla. This extraordinary appearance in the surface extended across three degrees of Latitude, and totally disappeared.

From the 3rd to the 5th it blew a perfect Hurricane; but being fair for Nootka it in a small degree compensated for the uncomfortable state of our Vessel: as every Sea broke with violence over her as she scuded before the tempest under a close reefed Main topsail: frequent squalls of Hail and Snow every hour annoyed us, which soon swelled the surgeons' list to an alarming degree; half of the Crew being confined to their Hammocks by the violent Rheumatisms brought on by the intenseness of the weather. Our Lat. on the 5th $47^{\circ} 53'$ N. and Longitude $231^{\circ} 23'$ East. Large flocks of Oceanic Birds kept us close company during the last

four days of the Gale.

They chiefly consisted of Albatrosses of an amazing size, Petrels & Mother Cary's Chickens. The Albatross appears the King of the feathered inhabitants of the Ocean: his body in size exceeds that of a Goose; some of them are found to measure fourteen feet from tip to tip of their wings: they fly with the greatest velocity, or rather skim over the surface of each angry billow, as the wing is never observed to move.

They vary in color, some of them being black, others brown, and some of light dun-color, but mostly white on the breast. The Petrels were brown and black and larger than a Pidgeon. The Mother Cary's chickens are of a jet black with a white spot on the rump: in size and appearance they greatly resemble the Martin. They certainly are the attendants of a storm, as at those times they are always more abundant.

THE DISCOVERY, AFTER DEPARTURE OF THE CHATHAM
—INFORMATION OBTAINED
AFTER THE TWO VESSELS MET AGAIN ON
THE N. W. COAST OF
AMERICA

peril they obtained the harbour of Trinidad in the Latitude 41° 4' North. Here they fortunately discovered the leak which was soon stopped by the skill of the Artificers. Our enquiries were now led to what passed after we left them at Mowee. They quitted the Island three days after us experiencing every kindness from the Natives during their stay.

The two Monarchs Tio and Tiatree remained on board the Discovery and were highly flattered with the reception they met with.

Every kind of animal supply was found scarce; which hurt the pride of the Chiefs, but still more the feelings of our Consorts on hearing that the horrors of War had desolated this charming Country by an army of thirty thousand men being encamped on its fruitful plains and abundant Valleys. Capt. Vancouver used this favourable moment to expatiate on the consequences of Warfare. The Sovereigns listened with attention, and soon gave their assent to his proposal, that a cessation of hostilities should instantaneously take place, and every other measure be pursued most likely to produce the inestimable blessings of peace. The glad tidings on being proclaimed gave joy to every heart and the manly Tio offered to volunteer the office of Ambassador and exchange the emblem of Peace with the Monarch of Awyhee. I therefore have not a doubt, but this group of Islands containing many thousand souls, will soon know serenity and happiness: for which Capt. Vancouver will ever be entitled to every praise humanity can bestow.

On the 9th of March the Discovery after bestowing some magnificent farewell presents to Tio and Tiatere, quitted Mowee attended by the Brother of the later Chief who took his passage for the Island of Whahoo in order to give up the Murderers who had imbrued their hands in the blood of Lieut. Hengist and Mr. Gooch the Astronomer.

The following day she anchored at

his destination in Whialita bay, and as the objects of her visits was to be kept secret Tomahomo, the Chief quitted the Ship in the first Canoes that appeared. The next morning he returned to her in a large double Canoe paddled by thirty men amongst which were three who had been the principal actors in this tragic scene.

They were invited into the Ship, and then secured. Then charged with the crime, one only betrayed signs of Guilt, and all declar'd their innocence. Capt. Vancouver and his Officers after a long investigation procured sufficient proof to prove the whole three guilty, and were unanimous in their opinions that each must die. This determination being stated to Tomohonoo and many other Indians who attended the examination as evidence against the accused, produced their approbation of the sentence: but in what way to carry the awful decree into execution underwent a long discussion. The Chiefs express'd a strong wish the Murderers should be taken to Sea in the Ship and their either hung or drown'd but as this would have defeated the grand purpose of Example; Capt. Vancouver insisted on their forfeiting their lives where the ship was; proposed the following day for the event and that the transactions should be made as public as possible, in order to strike on the minds of the Islanders that Murder would never pass unpunished. After long altercations it was resolved they should lose their existence by the effects of a Pistol; and an inferior Chief unsolicited, proposed himself as the Executioner; his offer was accepted, and the barbarians were

placed in close confinement.

They appeared thoughtful at first, but soon became cheerful, on seeing the Iron Fetters with which they were secured, considering it as an honour conferred on them, having their legs shackled in this invaluable Metal. They eat and drank with good appetites, nor did their approaching fate destroy their slumbers. In the morning the Criminals were brought from their confinement to the quarter deck and ordered to prepare themselves as the Hour of Death was not far distant.

With unconcern they talked to their Countrymen and acknowledged being present at the Massacre, but disavowed being the principals in the butchery. The Ship was surrounded by Canoes until after breakfast, when beat of Drum summon'd every man to his Quarters. The Great Guns being cast lose by the Sailors, and the Marines under Arms created some little panic, and caused many of the Canoes to quit the Vessel: others less terrified, removed to about two hundred yards from her, and there lay to witness the execution which every person acknowledged the Justice of.

At 1!—with serious solemnity Capt. Vancouver address'd his Officers and Crew on the necessity of making a capital example for the bloody outrage these cruel Monsters had committed towards our Countrymen; and as the Islanders had sanctioned the decree he thought punishment might procure safety to future Navigators.

The Chief and his adherents were next spoke to on the same subject and as an assenting reply came from

all quarters, the order for Execution was instantaneously past. The few Canoes near the Ship were again assured by Tomohomo that none would be hurt but the Guilty: this completely lulled their fears, and in silent expectation they waited the event.

In a double Canoe laying along side the Ship the first of the Savages for Execution was led, and there secured with ropes: he show'd not the smallest symptoms of fear persisting in his innocence to the last moment. Casting an indignant look at his Executioner when applying the Pistol to his Ear, a few words past beloged in his brain, and without a groan he expired.

His body was given to his friends who received it with great indifference and leisurely paddled ashore with it for interment.

The second was then lowered into the Canoe and secured in the same way as his Companion had been by the Discovery's men: he conversed a short time with the unnatural Chief who guided the implement of Death: he then laid his head on the side of the Canoe, and with manly firmness surrendered his existence.

The third on quitting the ship disengaged himself from those that held him, and threw himself overboard, his arms and legs being tied prevented his escape and being brought along side the Ship shared the same fate as the others. This scene being closed, the Canoes from all quarters repaired to the Ship as if nothing had happened; and some quarrelling ensued relative to the distribution of the Hair cut from the Heads of the Criminals. The Discovery was not able to procure any part of the Re-

mains of Hergist or Theo Gooch the Astronomer. And in respect to his Massacre. various statements were made; tho' all agreed that the Murderers tore the Bodies to pieces with savage ferocity; but had any Chief of consequence been on the Island at the time, this bloody event would not have happened.

Many presents were now bestowed on the principal chiefs who passed the day on board the ship, and were gratified at night by Capt. Vancouver ordering a grand display of Fireworks which to many created more terror than admiration. The show being over, our brother voyagers quitted Whahoo, touched at Atooi the next day, completed their water and then called at Onehaw for the purpose of procuring yams.

Unfortunately the season had prov'd unfavourable to the growth of this valuable vegetable; therefore after a stay of a few hours they said farewell and shaped a course for America. A very long and tempestuous passage was experienced; and to increase their vexations, the ship sprung a very dangerous leak which kept the pumps constantly going: anxiously did they struggle to make the land, which they at last effected near Cape Mendicino, and on the following day found a shelter for the Ship behind a few rocks in Lat. 41° 4' N. Stopping the leak became the first object of their serious attention, which luckily they effected, and procured a good supply of Wood & Water.

This anchorage proves to be the port of Trinidad, called so by the Spaniards who discovered it in 1775. An old Cross was found on the Sum-

mit of a Hill and some trinkets seen in the possession of the Indians were evidently of Spanish Manufacture.

A large Tribe of Indians inhabit a small Cove and carried on a friendly traffic with the Ship for Furs during the whole time she remained. The Bows and Arrows used by these people are beautifully constructed and handled with wonderful dexterity as they frequently killed a bird flying at thirty yards distance: the Arrows are pointed with flint, and some with bone. From the immense number of Bear and Deer skins in their possession, those objects appear to be

the Chief objects of their pursuit.

The women are spoken of as being excessively pretty, and very modest not one of them having yielded, altho' large presents were offered. The Country was not unlike to the rest of California, and the account given of this place by Mr. Daines Barrington was found truly correct. The exertions of three days having adjusted the defects of the Discovery she again put to Sea, and experienced dreadful Weather with adverse winds without intermission until

(THE END)

AN OFFICE SKETCH

By KIL LARNEY

I.

YES, I understand that, but you could at least have dinner with me. You understand of course, that I am not suggesting anything improper?"

Kay turned her head and looked out the window. "Of course, I understand. But why do you want to take me to dinner?"

"To talk to you—I enjoy your company. There are so few young girls that a man my age can enjoy being with. You are a pretty, charming, and above all, a clever and interesting girl. Now—is it so strange that I want to enjoy your company over a delightful dinner?"

"Well, you talk to me here in the office don't you? And besides it has never proven successful."

"What has never proven successful?"

"Oil and water."

"What have oil and water to do with a possible little dinner party for just you and me?"

"Oil and water have a lot to do with it—oil and water are employer and employe—they do not mix. You are the oil and I am the water. Quite clever people have tried to mix oil and water and they have failed. I do not consider you or myself more clever than they."

"I get what you mean, but" laying

his hand tenderly yet lightly upon Kay's pretty rounded knee, "this—we, well, we would be different. I want you to be my little companion, sort of a little pal to me. Good Heavens child, don't you realize what it would mean to a man of my age to be ble to enjoy the company of an interesting and pretty girl like yourself?"

Kay looked at him and smiled. He called her "child" and he talked so fatherly that she felt she was supposed to feel sorry for him but his eyes, Kay was thinking, had not a fatherly look in them. Kay did understand.

Kay pushed back her chair and attempted to rise but he detained her saying: "I wish, little girl, I could tell you some things, then perhaps you would understand. Sometimes I am a very lonely man."

"Why, Mr. McDonald, I can't understand why you should be lonely. You have your wife, your son and daughter, and your home. You have your clubs. Why you are President of this and Treasurer of that and an officer in a dozen or more organizations. What more can you ask? You are so much more fortunate than most men because you are, may I say, wealthy? No, Mr. McDonald, you can not be lonely."

Kay began to understand why some

men belonged to so many clubs. There was always a meeting to attend in the evening. Very convenient she concluded. She decided then and there that Tom would never belong to too many clubs.

"My children are away at school and in the summer they are at the country place, I hardly know my children. My wife,—well my wife, for all that she has been a wonderful mother and a good wife in her way, yet she has never understood me."

The corners of Kay's pretty mouth twisted in an amused smile. Oh why couldn't a man be original once in a while—even the most clever ones had the poorest and lamest excuses—in fact they all had the same excuse. They were all poor, lonely, misunderstood husbands. Sometimes she loathed men—she especially loathed them when they took such pains to lie to her. Well anyway at last it was out—he was just another one of that kind of husbands.

"Well, please don't say any more about it. You had better forget about that dinner because, to be honest with you, I do not believe in it. If you want diversion then get a girl you haven't looked at all day long. You don't want to spend the evening with a girl who reminds you of every letter you wrote that day and of all the little nuisances which annoyed you at the office."

Kay arose and left the office. As she walked across the room Mr. McDonald looked admiringly after her and decided he would not forget. Temporarily dismissing it from his mind he applied himself to the legal case he was studying. As an attorney Mr. McDonald was a very

brilliant man but with women he was, as most men were, dumb.

II.

"Hello, Sue, has Tom called yet?" Kay flung her hat on the davenport, flopped after it and reached for a cigarette.

"Yes, not ten minutes ago just as I came in—said he would call later. What's the matter Kay, sore at Tom? You look like you have a few words to say to someone." Kay's big dark blue and very expressive eyes flashed and the more she concentrated on her thoughts the darker her eyes became until they were large dark pools of fury.

"Oh Sue, I get so damn sick of having some old papa tell me what a 'sweet child' I am and how their wicked wives misunderstand them. Old McDonald has been pestering me for the last month to go to dinner with him. Says he likes to TALK TO ME. Any old time. Who wouldn't like dinner at the Drake, the Blackstone, the Stevens, or the Lakeshore Ath Club? But who in the name of Mark Antony wants to go with their boss who is married and has grown up sons and daughters? Then Sue, have you ever noticed they always use taxis when they are stepping out? Never use their own car. Taxis are good for only two things Sue,—getting drunken people home and serving as private suites for married men who are not with their wives, married men who are too honorable to have their wicked wives know."

"How do you know so much about it Kay? You seem to talk with authority."

"Gracious, Sue, I wasn't born yes-

terday and besides I've been doing secretarial work for six years and I've met a FEW girls who talk once in a while."

"Oh that's it, is it?"

"Don't get funny, Sue, you are so practical. It is amusing though, isn't it, the way we women are always complaining about men and yet we are peculiar too. We want the boss to like us, to like us better than any other girl in the office because the better he likes us the more secure our position is. We want him to admire us enough to allow an extended luncheon when we want to go shopping; we want him to think we are the best secretaries ever, and to admire us enough to raise our salaries now and then, but NOT to admire us enough to want to play the role of sugar daddy. That's all in the life time of a working girl in the big city. That's Tom calling now."

Returning from the phone Kay took up her position once more on the davenport, lit another cigarette and prepared to pick up the conversation where she had left off, but Sue left her chair and headed for the kitchenette.

"Oh, Kay, you are always trying to analyze people and the reason for everything they do. You ought to be thankful that the old boy likes you. Remember you are never docked in pay when you take an afternoon off and I'll bet that's more than most of the girls down there can say. Come on Kay, let's get something to eat—I'm getting thinner and thinner every minute. There's a hole in my stomach as big as a vacant watermelon."

Several days later Kay was sitting at McDonald's desk ready for dictation.

"Have you changed your mind and

decided to be kind to an old man?"

"No, I feel just as I did. You must not keep insisting upon that, Mr. Donald, because it is very disagreeable to me to have to keep saying 'no'."

"Well then why don't you say yes?"

Kay was looking out the window at the big steel structure being erected. Lord, what a man's size job that was. Think of a man conceiving a plan like that—erecting a building 20, maybe 30 stories high and yet these same men spent a good deal of their time coaxing their stenographers or secretaries to have dinner with them. Men *were* queer, they could be so brainy, so immense, and yet stoop to such trifling pastimes. She turned her head and looked out the other window. Yes, he was still talking—she brought her thoughts back to him. She heard something about his wife having grown old sooner than he had—then he was saying how really pitiful it was that one of a couple often outgrew the other. Now his wife wasn't interested in anything outside the home and she had always been so wrapped up in the children that she had never had much time to devote to him. Yes, he was often a very lonely man. Kay said nothing just sat and stared out the window and thought about the big city and all its secretaries and bosses, about all the Toms and Kays and wondered how much alike their experiences were.

At last he was dictating and Kay was much relieved. She felt if he had pushed the matter further that afternoon she would have been without a job by five o'clock because she had decided to resign if McDonald kept insisting.

III.

One Saturday afternoon Kay and three friends were to attend a charity bridge at the Edgewater Beach Hotel. On the appointed day Kay met Ruth and Ann in front of her office building.

"Hello girls, where is Helen?"

"Lo, Kay, Helen couldn't make it at the last minute. Dick decided he wouldn't go to the baseball game, and so insisted that Helen spend the afternoon with him, said she could play bridge all week—didn't have to pick Saturday, the only afternoon he was away from the office. Can you imagine that? He planned all week to see the game and just because he decided he didn't want to see it, Helen's plans had to go smash. Aren't men the selfish brutes? Running Snails! How a woman can change after she is married—from the dearest, sweetest, most precious and most perfect little bit of humanity to the most lazy, indifferent bridge-crazed hound, neglectful, stagnant brained woman one can imagine. Well, girls, that's married life—Kay if you go jump in the ring you're just a plain darn fool. With a good position and your freedom you are well off. And Harry isn't any different, if he hadn't gone to Indianapolis last night I'd probably be home now trying to coax him to eat a nice perfect luncheon."

"Oh, I guess working in an office and getting up at 6:30 every a.m. isn't the loveliest thing in the world. You girls are always crabbing about your husbands but I don't see any of you finding yourselves a nice job and settling down to it—leaving these beastly husbands and enjoying a little freedom. No, I guess married life

isn't all bad. There must be a good side to it somewhere because there are plenty of people hanging on to the old certificate. Well, I'll try it and tell you what I think of it after a few years. Maybe I'll see it your way, maybe not."

They arrived at the hotel and proceeded to the room in which the tables were set. They went on the chance of finding a fourth to fill in. The Chairman of the Committee, a Mrs. Hackett, received them and handed them over to a young lady who was assisting. Ann explained to her that their fourth had been unable to come and that they would appreciate a fourth person to fill in. The young lady left them and returned in a few minutes with a very attractive woman about 45 years old. She was introduced as Mrs. McDonald.

Ann and Ruth acknowledged the introduction and happily made ready to start the game while Kay kept thinking the coincident of coincidences had happened. During the conversation Kay learned that she was THE Mrs. McDonald. Kay found out that it was not altogether a natural thing to be able to play a good hand of bridge with your boss' wife playing as your partner or opponent—especially when that boss was pestering you to eat his dinners.

However, Mrs. McDonald proved to be a very companionable woman and a congenial bridge player—together a very charming feminine woman for all her 45 or so years. She was neither small nor large, rather, she was quite well built. She had on a good makeup, Kay observed, just enough for good taste. She was a woman any man should be proud

of after being his wife for 25 or more years and having grown children, Kay concluded.

Driving home Ann said:

"Why so quiet Kay? it isn't like you."

"Oh I was just thinking how attractive Mrs. McDonald is."

When Kay arrived home Tom was waiting so she hurried off to change her dress to go out with him.

"Say, Tom," called Kay through the closed door, "will you promise me something."

"Sure, Baby, what is it?"

"Well, Tom darling, every morning you get up and every night you go to bed I want you to say this 'Kay and I understand each other—Kay understands me.' I want you to say that so often that you will never forget it—will you do that for me?"

"Why, you silly little dear, what's all this about? Of course, we understand each other. Don't be foolish Honey."

"Oh not so foolish," murmured Kay.

"What did you say?"

"Oh nothing."

IV.

Monday at the office McDonald broached the subject of dinner again. Angrily Kay said:

"Mr. McDonald, if you want my resignation, why don't you ask for it—you are the boss around here and besides you might as well ask me to resign as to force me to do it. I have told you repeatedly that I do not approve of mixing pleasure and business. I like working for you—that is I like my work, and I'd hate to give it up, but that is just what I

shall do if you insist upon carrying this foolishness any further. And I don't feel sorry for you and I don't believe you are lonesome. If your wife neglects you, it is your own inflicted neglect. For—" and Kay paused a long time "I have met your wife. I met her last Saturday at the Edgewater Beach, we both were playing bridge at the same table and if you doubt my word go home and ask her. I think she is a very charming woman and you would be better off devoting your affection to her than belittling her to your secretary. She wouldn't be very proud of you as her husband if she knew about the cheap little scene being enacted in your office. You expect loyalty from the people who work for you and yet you set a very bad example for me. When you are not loyal to your own wife, what right have you to expect your employes to be loyal to you? Well, that's all, Mr. McDonald, I won't be in in the morning."

Kay started for the door, but McDonald detained her saying:

"Please come in in the morning Miss Carson—I want to have a talk with you."

Kay had often heard the old saying that "a poor liar made a poor lawyer" and evidently that was quite true because McDonald was a very good lawyer. What lies he must tell at home to be able to live the life he lived, because, Kay was thinking, "I am not his first secretary."

The next morning Kay arrived promptly at 8:30 and McDonald was there at his desk. He said:

"Miss Carson, if you will accept my apologies and remain with me I promise that I shall never broach this sub-

ject to you again. I do admire you and you can't altogether blame me for wanting to enjoy more of your company—that is—socially. However. I shall confine my admiration to your secretarial ability, I should hate to lose you for you are competent and I have come to depend on you a great deal."

"All right then, we will just forget about the whole thing. Let it never be brought up again."

And it wasn't.

Kay didn't misunderstand McDonald's reason for backsliding. It wasn't because he had decided to be a good boy, or that he realized he hadn't appreciated the good Mrs. McDonald—it was because he was not fool enough or indiscreet enough to pursue a girl who was liable to come into such close contact with his wife. Well, he would look for his diversion outside the office after this.

Several days after the "agreement"

Kay was working at her desk when the phone rang.

"Hello," clearly called Kay.

"Is Mr. McDonald in?" asked a sweet delicate feminine voice.

"Who is calling please?" Kay asked.

"Just tell him it is the call he is expecting—he will understand."

Turning to McDonald, Kay said impersonally, indifferently, and lifelessly.

"There is a party requesting to speak with you, says you are expecting the call."

"Man or woman?"

"Woman."

"I'll take it."

McDonald reached for his branch phone and Kay replaced the receiver on her phone.

"All right then, at 7:30, Blackstone. What? Oh sure, if you prefer, the Stevens then. Good-by" and he placed the receiver on the hook.

SUN YAT-SEN

By HENRY B. RESTARICK

(Begin in June Number)

CHAPTER V.

The First Attempt at Revolution,
Heroism of Ho Tung. Sun
Yat-sen Escapes.

INSURRECTIONS have been far from uncommon in China. The annals tell of many attempts at revolution during her long history. Four hundred years before Christ, the sage Mencius taught that: "The people are the most important element in a country." In this saying lie the seeds of democracy, for Mencius held that the principle extended to all its consequences.

Sun Yat-sen and his companions knew well that there existed a latent spirit of rebellion in the hearts of the Cantonese, and in their enthusiasm they believed if a blow was struck, this would at once show itself. So it was that the meeting place of the Educational Society became the headquarters of the plotters of a revolution. They were familiar with the story of the Tai Ping rebellion, and knew how the people had eagerly followed the leaders when they announced their slogan, "Down with the Manchus." They knew how nearly successful that rebellion had been and they believed it would have been victorious if the Emperor had not called

in foreign aid.

The movement under Dr. Sun had only one thing in common with that of the Tai Pings, and that was the hatred of the Manchus. A brief sketch of that rebellion will throw some light on the readiness of the Cantonese to rebel.

In a village thirty miles from Canton was born Hung Siu-tsuen, the originator of the Tai Ping movement. He became despondent, and for a time insane, when he failed to get his literary degree. While out of his mind he said he was the King of Heaven. He had been reading tracts given him by a missionary and when he recovered he believed they explained his visions. He and a companion baptized each other and soon had a hundred followers. In 1846 he organized the Society of God Worshipers, and in a year there were two thousand members. These converts went from village to village destroying idols, until they were arrested.

As in similar periods of excitement some of the members experienced extraordinary ecstatic fits. Some spoke in strange tongues, and others sent out edicts in the name of the Heavenly Father and of the Elder Brother Jesus, and Hung Siu-tsuen was proclaimed the Holy Spirit.

At first some of the missionaries

avored the movement, but its excesses alienated them. It soon assumed enormous proportions and became an organized rebellion against the Manchus. The rebels marched from place to place and in 1853 took Nanking and began the march to Peking. Trade at Shanghai and Canton being greatly interfered with, the British decided to assist the Government in putting down the rebellion, and gave the services of Captain Charles Gordon for that purpose. It has been estimated that at least 20,000,000 persons lost their lives in this rebellion. Tai Ping means Great Peace, and the belief of the rebels was that if the Manchus were destroyed, the Kingdom of Heaven would be established on earth with Hung Sui-tsuen as king.

Sun Yat-sen saw the disadvantages of openly advocating rebellion and realized that secrecy in organization and propaganda was essential. A few trusted men were admitted into the Society, and a plan was formulated to procure arms and overthrow the guards of the Yamen, the headquarters of the Mandarin government. It was believed that these guards could easily be overcome, and then the arms and ammunition stored on the premises would be at the service of the revolutionary party. They felt sure that with this initial success multitudes would join them and soon the whole province of Kwangtung would be in their hands.

To purchase arms money was required, and in this Luke Ho Tung, who was with the conspirators heart and soul, was of great assistance. He had some land in Choy Hung which he sold putting all the proceeds into

the treasury of the Society. He also sold his wife's jewels and gave this money to the fund. Others gave what they could, and the Chinese always give freely when they espouse a cause.

The petition which had been sent to Peking had aroused suspicion, and the authorities had spies watching those who had signed it. Despite this, the plotters obtained a quantity of small arms and ammunition from Hong Kong, which they stored at the headquarters of the Educational Society. These supplies had come in barrels marked "English mud," which is the Chinese name for cement. They also laid in several pairs of scissors with which they intended to cut off the cues of the revolutionists after the first success, in order to show that they were free from the Manchu yoke, for this style of wearing the hair had been imposed on the Chinese as a mark of subjection to the Manchus.

In October 1895, the plans for the uprising were completed, when an informer told the authorities that there was a revolutionary movement on foot, and designated the place where the arms were stored. At first it was not believed, but spies were sent out and they reported that the information was correct. It was Ho Tung who suspected that there was danger, and, fearing the headquarters would be raided, he urged Sun Yat-sen, as the leader, to try to leave Canton immediately. It was arranged that Ho Tung and a few volunteers would remain at headquarters and burn all incriminating papers, and, if they had time, to conceal the arms, but the papers must be de-

stroyed first in order to save the lives of those implicated in the plot, whose names appeared on the lists.

Dr. Sun left the house, but, before Ho Tung and his companions could finish their task, the officers came and arrested the five brave men who were left, and who had sacrificed themselves to save their leader and others.

Sun Yat-sen escaped, and, after difficulties, reached Hong Kong, but the five who were taken were cast into a loathsome jail where criminals and political prisoners were confined. Here they were treated without mercy, and as plotters against the government their condition was worse than that of thieves and murderers. Luke Ho Tung being an avowed Christian, some of that faith sent a petition to the authorities pleading for a mitigation of the penalty of death, and gave it to be understood that they were ready to back this request with the usual gifts in such cases. But the offense was too serious and if the request were granted there would be embarrassing inquiries from Peking.

In this plea for mercy Ho Tung would have no part, as he would ask no favors of the Manchus. When the petition was denied he issued a statement which was called his confession, in which he dwelt upon the wrongs which China had suffered, and the policy of the Peking government to keep the country backward by its refusal to favor any step leading to the enlightenment of the people.

Luke Ho Tung and three of his companions were taken to the execution grounds and beheaded, the fifth man having already died in prison. If Ho Tung had lived he would have

been one of the chief men of the revolutionary party, for he was not only an excellent Chinese scholar, and familiar with English, but he was brave, and devoted to the movement. He being one of the first martyrs for the cause, his name should be honored. As in other cases, the blood of the martyrs was the seed from which multitudes sprang up to work, and, if necessary, to die for the enlightenment of China.

The great uncle of Luke Ho was at that time the head elder at Choy Hung, and as such, according to Chinese custom, he was afraid he would get into trouble as responsible for the conduct of one of the villagers. He escaped, but another relative, the father of Luke Chan of Honolulu, was cast into prison. He had been successful in business and Dr. Sun had consulted him, but he had no part in the uprising.

His house of confinement at Canton was a place of horror, the food was poor and meager, and the lack of sanitary arrangements made it very unhealthy. The first year he suffered greatly, but when the officials found he was a very good Chinese scholar, he was given clerical work and better treatment. His son, in Honolulu, tried in every way possible to get his release and spent first and last some six thousand dollars in getting up petitions and seeing that influential people presented them. Finally he sent a petition to Minister Wu Ting-fang who then represented China in Washington. This was written in the most approved style, and stated that the man had done no wrong, that he had been in prison six years, and there was no one at

home to care for his feeble wife. It was through Minister Wu that the man was released. If he had not been able to make himself useful, he would no doubt have died as many others did in the prison during his stay there.

This story is told as it illustrates the fear in which those lived who were suspected of aiding Sun Yat-sen.

It will have been noted that Dr. Sun, and some of those associated with him, were Christians, and this led to the opinion that the foreign religion made men rebellious. This opinion was based on fact, for wherever Christianity is preached it has made men dissatisfied with wrong and tyranny. When Paul and Silas were at Thessalonica the charge was, "These men who have turned the world upside down have come hither also." This is the accusation made against Christian missions everywhere, and it has truth on its side for the religion of Jesus teaches the worth of the individual, and this leads to the turning upside down of many old social customs. While the social structure of China had many excellent points, yet, in the political life of the nation, there was so much cruelty and oppression that it led young Chinese who had been educated in mission schools to have a burning hatred towards the whole system.

It has been said that Dr. Sun, in later life, drifted from the Christian faith, chiefly because he did not emphasize it. The fact is, he had to deal with men as he found them, and most of his followers were Confucians. To alienate these would have ruined the

cause. He had tact and common sense enough to avoid doing so, and appealed to principles which they could understand, and which would move them to action. He understood the common people and appealed to them as one of themselves.

Dr. Sun, after his escape from Canton, remained in Hong Kong for a short time secreted by friends. He knew there were spies on the watch for him, and that there was a large reward offered for his capture. He was afraid he might be kidnapped and carried to Canton. He consulted a lawyer to learn whether he would have any protection from the British authorities, and the reply was that if he were found some charges would be brought against him and he would probably be handed over to the Chinese officials. He was advised that the wise thing to do was to leave the city as soon as possible.

He determined to go to Kobe, and friends in Hong Kong where he had many sympathizers, provided him with funds. In March 1895, after the brief war between Japan and China, peace had been made so he could go to Kobe. In that war Japan had demonstrated that an Oriental country which had adopted modern ways could easily defeat undisciplined forces, and this only made Dr. Sun more anxious for a change in China.

When he reached Kobe he was not safe for extraterritoriality was in force in Japan until 1899, and if he had been arrested, he would have been taken before the Chinese Consul and deported.

A knowledge of this, no doubt, was

partially instrumental in leading him to take a step which was of great significance. He cut off his cue, and could now dress like a Japanese and pass as one, it also served to show that he had renounced allegiance to the Manchus. In 1896, he wrote an account of this act for an English magazine, as follows:

"I cut off my cue which I had worn all my life. For some days I had not shaved my head, and I allowed the hair on my upper lip to grow. Then I went to a clothier and bought a suit of modern Japanese garments. When I was fully dressed I looked in a mirror, and was astonished, and a great deal assured by the transformation. Nature favored me, for I was darker in complexion than most Chinese, a trait I had inherited from my mother. I have seen it stated that I had Malay blood, and also that I was born in Honolulu, both these statements are false. I am purely Chinese, but after the Japanese war, when the Japanese began to be treated with more respect, I had no trouble in passing for a Japanese. I admit I owe a great deal to this circumstance, as otherwise I should not have escaped many dangerous situations."

As we have seen, the mother, wife, and children of Dr. Sun had gone to Hawaii for safety. They were now with his brother Ah Mi, and he resolved to follow them. He felt that he could arouse an interest among his countrymen there, and he had in mind going to the United States where he hoped to get sympathy and financial aid.

CHAPTER VI.

Sun Yat-Sen Goes to Honolulu, the United States and England. His Escape from the Chinese Legation in London

SUN YAT-SEN reached Honolulu early in 1896. He was no stranger there and had friends with whom he could stay. The Chinese in Hawaii were all Cantonese and they had been kept informed of the revolutionary movement in Canton. Their life in the Islands had been such that they were ready to appreciate the principles for which Dr. Sun was fighting. Nowhere in the world are the Chinese as progressive as in Hawaii, where they have been treated fairly, and where their children have been allowed to attend the public schools. They are respected for their industry and integrity, and the white people have kindly feelings towards them. Dr. Sun soon began to gather a few men together and discuss his business with them.

He had not been long in Honolulu when his old friend and teacher, Dr. James Cantlie passed through on his way to England. As the ship was to be a day in port, Dr. Cantlie engaged a carriage for a drive about the city, taking with him his wife and her Japanese maid. As they were going along a man called to them from the sidewalk, and came out to the carriage. He was taken for a Japanese, and the Doctor had the Japanese woman speak to him. The man was Sun who spoke to them in English, but even then he was

not recognized, so he told them who he was. Of course they had much to talk about, and, on parting, the Doctor invited Sun to stay with him when he reached England. Sun's disguise certainly was effective, and no wonder, for, as Dr. Cantlie wrote, "He had no cue, had grown a mustache, and was dressed in European clothes."

Dr. Sun spent some months in Honolulu and was busy speaking in private and in public, making converts for his cause. When he thought the time was ripe he called a meeting at the house of a friend, Ho Fon, at which about thirty were present. After explanation and discussion it was decided to form an organization and to call it Hung Chung Hui, which means "The Progressive Chinese Society." Each one who was admitted had to take an oath that he would be faithful and true to the cause; that he would not reveal the secret purposes of the Society; that he would respond to the call of the leader for service; and that he would work for the revolution and aid it with his gifts according to his ability.

A number of men who were present at that meeting are known to the writer, being still residents of Honolulu. The secretary is still living, but the records were destroyed in the fire in Honolulu in 1900 which wiped out the Chinese district. Their chief adviser was Li Chung, who had been brought from China by the Hawaiian government to act as court interpreter. He had been educated in Queen's College, Hong Kong, and was a valuable addition to the society.

He it was who administered the oaths to the members, the first man to be sworn being Sun Yat-sen, who, placing his left hand on an open Bible and raising his right towards heaven, in this way called God to witness his sincerity. One by one those present followed his example, knowing that it might mean for them danger or even death. They were all young men, some of them not out of their teens, a number of whom are prominent in business to-day, as merchants, bankers, or employees in large wholesale houses in Honolulu.

The next meeting of the Society was held at a place which would accommodate a larger number of men and on this occasion about one hundred were present. At a third meeting there were many more. All were full of enthusiasm and as they knew there would be fighting, it was decided that the men ought to have some military drill, and a Dane, Victor Bache, who had been in the army, was engaged to instruct them. W. Yap was chosen Captain, and C. K. Ai lieutenant, both well known men today. They met for drill in the yard of the Rev. Frank Damon, who was in charge of the Chinese mission work in Hawaii, but was not in the secrets of the Society. The young men met twice a week and used sticks in practicing the manual of arms.

During his stay in Honolulu, Dr. Sun collected about \$6,000, which was a very large sum in those days, for most of the Chinese were in very moderate circumstances. Later some of the Chinese in Honolulu and

elsewhere gave all the money they had saved to the cause. Dr. Sun left Honolulu in June 1896, and then stated that he believed nine-tenths of his countrymen in the Islands were with him. He sailed for San Francisco where there were then a large number of Chinese. He received a warm welcome and generous contributions were made. From that city he went to various places in the United States where there were Chinese and everywhere enlisted men in the movement. Practically all the Chinese in the United States were Cantonese and traditional haters of the Manchus.

Everywhere Dr. Sun made the same appeal, and when he told the people that they were striving to make China a republic they were enthusiastic. He said the change could only be made by a revolution such as had occurred in America when it became free from the rule of Great Britain. They were living in a republic, where their lives and property were safe, and the name of republic appealed to them.

While in America Sun heard that the Chinese Minister in Washington was doing his best to have him kidnapped with a view of having him shipped back to China. He knew the fate which would await him if he were caught and taken back. He wrote: "First having my ankles crushed in a vise and broken by a hammer, my eyelids cut off, and finally to be chopped to small fragments, so that none could claim my mortal remains. For the old Chinese code does not err on the side of mercy to political offenders."

He sailed from New York for England in September 1896, and on reaching London became a guest of Dr. Cantlie. What he expected to accomplish in England is not clear. There were few Chinese in the country, but he may have thought that he might interest some kindly disposed persons to aid in liberating China by making a loan payable when the republic of China was declared, as we know he did on a later visit. He knew from his reading that Englishmen had been sympathetic with the Poles, the Hungarians, and others, in their struggle for freedom, and he might find some who would be interested in freeing the millions in China.

It is known that he wished to ascertain whether he could make arrangements for the purchase of arms. He had some money, and he was going to Singapore and the Straits Settlements, where there were many thousands of his countrymen, some of whom were rich, and there he might get funds for munitions.

He had been very shrewd in avoiding spies so far, and he had always booked under assumed names, but he felt safe in England. There was, however, danger there, for on Sunday, October 11th, he was caught. Here is the story in his own words:

"I was walking down Devonshire Street on my way to church, when a Chinese met me and asked whether I was a Chinese or a Japanese. I told him, and he said he was a Cantonese too. Conversing in Punti as we walked along we met another Chinese. They pressed me to go to their lodging and have a smoke. I

demurred as I said I was to meet Dr. Cantlie at church. We met another Chinese and the first one left us. When we were near the door of a house, which door was open, one on each side compelled me to enter the house. I suspected nothing but when I was inside, the door was shut and locked and all at once it flashed over me that I was in the Chinese Legation.

"The Legation people had been informed from Washington and they had been watching for me. They sent to Dr. Cantlie's house for my papers, but he would not give them up in my absence, and if they had received them, there would have been many executions in China for all the names of the Society were on them. Sir Halliday McCartney was my chief inquisitor and he told me that a berth had been engaged to take me to China and that I was to be hidden until the ship sailed.

"I was locked in a room under strict surveillance for twelve days, awaiting my transportation on board ship, as a lunatic, back to China, and I should never have escaped, had not my old friend, Dr. Cantlie, been then living in London. To him I managed after many failures to get through a message." Sir Halliday McCartney was the English Secretary of the Legation.

Dr. Sun tried throwing messages out of the window weighted with money. One of them was picked up by a legation servant and then the windows were nailed up. In his desperation he managed to bribe an English servant to carry a message to Dr. Cantlie.

As usual a woman came to the rescue. The wife of one of the English servants in the Legation heard from her husband the piteous plight of the imprisoned Chinese and sent Dr. Cantlie the following letter:

"There is a friend of yours imprisoned in the Chinese legation here since last Sunday. They intend to send him back to China, where it is certain they will hang him. It is very sad for the poor man unless something is done at once he will be taken away and no one will know it. I dare not sign my name, but this is the truth, so believe what I say. Whatever you do must be done at once, or it will be too late. His name is, I believe, Sin Yin Sen."

The note was left at Dr. Cantlie's door at 11:30 P. M. on October 17th. The door-bell rang and the Doctor got out of bed, went down stairs, and found the letter pushed under the door, the person who placed it there having gone. He went at once to Scotland Yard and the head man told him it was none of his business. He went again the next day but they would pay no attention to his story, telling him he was crazy. The Doctor was nearly frantic for there was no time to lose, so he went to the Foreign office where he knew an official. This friend at once took the matter up and carried it right to Lord Salisbury, who assisted in the release of the prisoner. If this had not been done, twenty hours later, Sun Yat-sen would have been on a vessel bound for China, where he would have suffered death like some of his followers. The British could not enter the Legation building and

release the prisoner, but they so hedged it about with detectives and policemen, that he could not be smuggled out to a steamer. Finally, seeing the futility of longer holding him, the Chinese Minister let him go.

Of all his escapes, and he had many, none were so narrow as this one. The English newspapers had long accounts of the affair and, from that day, Dr. Sun Yat-sen was known all over the English speaking world. He certainly gained publicity through being kidnapped, and more, he gained the sympathy of a very large number of people, who had the methods and practices of the Manchu government brought vividly before them. He became a hero fighting for liberty, in the eyes of the multitude. But amid all the attention shown him he did not forget to reward the man and his wife who got the message to Dr. Cantlie.

After his escape he wrote to the London Times as follows:

"Will you kindly express through your columns my keen appreciation of the action of the British Government in effecting my release from the Chinese Legation. I have also to thank the press generally for their timely help and sympathy. If anything were needed to convince me of the generous public spirit which pervades Great Britain, and the love of justice which distinguishes its people, the recent acts of the last few days have conclusively done so.

"Knowing and feeling more keenly than ever what a constitutional government and an enlightened people mean, I am prompted to pursue the cause of advancement, education, and

civilization, in my own beloved but oppressed country."

Shortly after his release Dr. Sun wrote to his friend, the Rev. F. C. Au of Hong Kong, telling him of his imprisonment and escape.

". . . . I was captured and confined in the London Legation for over ten days. The Chinese Minister planned to tie me up and send me to a ship at night. A ship for such purpose had been chartered. The Minister only waited for the right moment to take me out of the Legation and put me on board the ship. During the first six or seven days of my confinement nobody knew of this. While in prison I thought that I should surely meet death and that I could never hope to live again. It is but natural for a person to beseech Heaven in time of need as it is to call one's parents when suffering from pain or trouble. In my case it was true. In those days of suffering, I only beat my heart and repented and earnestly prayed. For six or seven days I prayed incessantly day and night. The more I prayed the more earnest I was in my prayer. On the seventh day, I felt suddenly comforted. I was absolutely without fear. I never made any attempt to put myself in that state. The state of being comforted and feeling brave came to me unconsciously. This was the result of prayer. How fortunate I was to have received the Grace of God. . . ." The remainder of the letter tells how he escaped, which has already been related.

After his escape Dr. Sun spent some time at the home of Dr. Cant-

lie, who comments on the fact that Sun was always studying constitutional history, and all that would help him in his work to which he had dedicated his life. His travels in the United States and England, the people whom he met, the material progress which he observed, the liberty under just law which prevailed, all contributed to better prepare him for what he preached and what he hoped to achieve.

CHAPTER VII

Sun Yat-Sen's Travels. His Work of Preparation for the Rebellion of 1900

On leaving London, Sun Yat-sen went to Paris where he made a brief stay, and then spent a short time in visiting places of interest in Europe. But his real business was in the Orient, and he soon sailed for Singapore. His fame had, of course, preceded him and he was well received by his countrymen, who constituted a large proportion of the population of that city, and of the Straits Settlements generally. Some of these were wealthy but he did personal work among the rich and poor alike, as well as making public addresses, everywhere presenting, in his forcible manner, that the only way to bring about progress and enlightenment in China was by a revolution which should put an end to a rule of the Manchus.

With his singular persuasiveness and his wide knowledge of affairs he enlisted hosts of recruits and organized these as he had in various

other places where he had been. Men trusted him here, as they did everywhere, and made large gifts for the cause. Singapore became one of the strongholds of the revolutionary party and Dr. Sun visited the place on several occasions when in need of funds, or when he sought refuge from his enemies. His followers at Singapore did not expect a speedy accomplishment of his purpose. But the Chinese are a tenacious people and when committed to an idea, their patience, persistency, and determination are wonderful. They knew well that before a republic could be established in China much preparatory work would have to be done; that the vast population could not be reached in a hurry; and that even in the Province of Kwangtung, whose inhabitants would be most receptive to the message, it might be years before the hour to strike would arrive.

Dr. Sun was in constant communication with the local societies, widely scattered as they were. They were acting under his general directions and were kept informed of the progress which was being made. He saw that as soon as extraterritoriality was abolished in Japan, (and he knew that the Powers were taking steps in that direction), there must be headquarters in that country. Although the time for that was not yet come, he decided to go to Japan where there were now many Chinese, especially in Yokohama and in Tokyo. In Tokyo there were a large number of students and Dr. Sun had an idea, which he later carried out, that some of these might study chemistry and be able to make explosives for the revo-

lutionists. On reaching Japan he secretly met groups of his countrymen and talked of China and its needs.

It is remarkable that of the many who were associated with him so few were unfaithful to the trust reposed in them. He speaks on one occasion of some who had failed, but without bitterness, and in only one instance mentions a name. It appears that in Japan he trusted a man named Nakimura with the funds he had collected to purchase arms, and he swindled Dr. Sun, so that an empty treasury was faced. It would be difficult to explain to the Chinese at Singapore that he had been cheated by a Japanese and needed them to contribute generously again, but in any event he returned to that port and evidently got more money.

From Singapore he went back to China where he traveled from place to place under various disguises; sometimes as a coolie, then as a peddler and again as a Japanese. With a large reward on his head, how he escaped arrest is a marvel, but in the tea houses and in private dwellings he talked of the needs of education and, when it was wise, of the wrongs due to the Manchus. Only to a chosen few did he reveal his identity, and here and there formed a nucleus for future organization into groups, ready to respond to his call.

As this is the story of Sun Yat-sen and of insurrections in which he took a personal part, the many sporadic uprisings cannot be followed. These generally were ill-timed, but they served the purpose of keeping the unrest alive and showed that something was being done. In 1898 K'ang Yu Fu tried to reach the pup-

pet Emperor in order to relate to him the grievances of the people and he barely escaped with his life. The old Empress, kept well informed, through her spies, of any outward appearance of discontent and laid a heavy hand on all suspects, and Sun thought it best to leave the country.

It was then that he went again to the United States. In San Francisco he addressed public meetings both in Chinese and in English. At the close of one of these meetings a young man came to him and said: "I should like to throw my lot in with you. I believe your propaganda and that it will succeed." This man was Homer Lea, a military enthusiast and a friend of China. Sun was greatly taken with Lea and after talking over the whole situation he was made military adviser and was appointed general of the Reform Cadets composed of Chinese youths in San Francisco. They were fitted out with arms, drilled in halls, and arrangements were made for target practice. The idea spread into other cities of the United States and a troop was formed also in Manila. The Chinese government tried to prevail on the city and state authorities to stop this activity, but failed. There were soon 4,000 of these young cadets.

It was about this time that Dr. Sun, in speaking to Americans, said: "Because you are the pioneers of western civilization in Japan; because you are a Christian Nation; because we intend to model our new government after yours, and, above all, because you are the champions of liberty and democracy, we hope to find many Lafayettes among you.

"There is a general impression

among western people that the Chinese are by nature a seclusive people, unwilling to have intercourse with outsiders. Up to the present dynasty this was not so. The Nestorians and the Jesuits came without opposition. It was changed by the Manchus for fear of the enlightenment of the people."

At another time he said, referring to the first uprising: "It was one of a series which must ultimately triumph in the establishment of a constitutional government in our empire. The whole people of China, except imperialist agents, who profit in purse and power by the outrages they are able to perpetrate, are with us. The good well-governed people of America will not fail to understand that the Chinese, numbering many millions in their own land and thousands in exile, could not entertain such feelings about their empire without cause.

"Over each province there is what the English would call a governor. There are no laws as you know law. The will of each officer is the law. The people have no voice. There is no appeal, no matter how unjust or cruel. These governors universally persecute the people and grow wealthy by squeezing them all into poverty. Taxes, as taxation is understood in America, are unknown. We pay land taxes, but the governors take money from the masses by innumerable systems of extortion.

"They make criminal charges against the rich and the accused has no hearing, no appeal. He is barbarously tortured to confess the guilt he knows not. His property is con-

fiscated. The punishment is almost universally beheading.

"Our conspiracy to seize Canton failed. Yet we are filled with hope. Our greatest hope is to make the Bible and Christian education, as we have come to know it in America, the means of conveying to our countrymen what blessings may be in the way of just law. We intend to try every means in our power to seize the country and create a government without bloodshed."

In the foregoing, if one did not know the facts he would think that the series of uprisings showed a national aspiration, rather than the conspiracy of a comparatively small group composed largely of those who had come under American or European influence. This it certainly was at first, and then by appealing to the Cantonese hatred of the Manchus, and by the use of systematic propaganda, the people of the southern province were aroused as time went on.

Those who know China best do not agree with Sun Yat-sen when he places all the blame for conditions in China upon the Manchus. The conditions which suppressed the aspiration of the Chinese, and were the cause of their arrested development, began long before the Manchus came into power. While many Chinese are still loath to acknowledge it, yet some of them were of the opinion that the petrifying educational system was largely the cause of intellectual stagnation, and foreigners generally agreed with this idea. How could there be any progress in knowledge, when scholarship consisted wholly in

familiarity with the classical writings of the sages? The Manchus found this system in operation and made no change in regard to it. In geography the scholars knew nothing of the world outside of the Chinese Empire; in history the legends of the remote past and the story of later dynasties, were deemed all sufficient; they cared nothing for what the outside barbarians had done or were doing.

At times Sun Yat-sen spoke as if the years of the Ming dynasty were days of peace and good government. If he was familiar with the history of China he must have known that the rule of the purely Chinese dynasties, for centuries before the Manchus, was too often corrupt, cruel, and base. The eunuchs connected with the courts of these rulers had exercised most extraordinary influence, and had been a constant danger. In the later years of the Ming dynasty, they had corrupted morals so that the court and the government were unspeakably rotten. The Manchus had deprived the eunuchs of power and relegated them to their proper position as servants. The hatred for the Manchus was really because they were not Chinese. They were denounced as foreigners and usurpers, but while they held the high offices in Peking and in the provinces, the towns and villages carried on the local government according to ancient custom and traditional law. Out of the estimated 400,000,000 inhabitants in China, the Manchus probably numbered 5,000,000.

Where the Manchu government was felt by the people, as Dr. Sun

frequently pointed out, was through the Viceroys, and other representatives of the Emperor, in the provinces, who were to a large extent a law unto themselves; the people were at their mercy and subject to all kinds of extortions and arbitrary treatment.

The revolution of which Sun Yat-sen was so long the moving spirit and leader, was entirely different from previous uprisings. The former rebellions had as an object a change of rulers; the series beginning in 1895 were intended to change the system of government.

From the dawn of history China had always been under the rule of men; this new attempt was to endeavor to bring it under the rule of law. By long usage there was self-government in municipal districts, but in all the history of the country, there had been no participation in imperial affairs by representatives of the people.

It is difficult to imagine how Sun Yat-sen supposed the Chinese people were ready for any sort of a Republic. The obstacles in the way were stupendous. At least ninety per cent of the people were illiterate; there was no common spoken language, and the written ideographic characters were complicated even for scholars; there was practically no means of intercommunication except in districts where there were rivers or canals; there was no systematic taxation; there was confusion in the matter of currency; forests were denuded and floods common; most of the people were always on the verge of starvation, and only interested in getting

enough to eat; and yet Sun Yat-sen was striving for the establishing of a republic, a form of government which for an administration worthy of the name, demands a literate people, interested in public affairs.

Another hindrance to the efforts of Dr. Sun, was the lack of national consciousness. There did exist a racial consciousness but all their ideas of a nation centered in the headship of the Heaven Born Emperor. Sun Yat-sen had to arouse in the people a sense of nationality, and this the younger among them began to feel.

He never seemed to recognize the tremendous difficulties in his way until shortly before his death, and even then he did not materially change his views. No wonder that foreigners and many thoughtful Chinese thought him an impractical theorist, a persistent trouble-maker, and a blatant demagogue.

In spite of all hindrances, Sun Yat-sen went about the world making converts and raising money to carry on his propaganda.

CHAPTER VIII.

Condition in China Which Favored the Revolution and the Attempt in 1900

The ultimate success of the revolutionary movement will be better understood, if a brief review of events in China since 1864 is given. In that year the Tai Ping rebellion was put down, but it left the Peking government greatly impoverished. This led to a new tax called *likin*, which was levied at inland stations on articles in transit, and was felt every-

where and by all. Then came the extraordinary conduct of the Dowager Empress, who, from being a concubine of the degenerate young nineteen year old Emperor, Hsien Feng, managed by the most unprincipled scheming to gain power. When she bore a son, as mother of the heir apparent, she obtained the strong position which Chinese custom gave her, and when the dissipated Emperor became paralyzed she became the actual ruler of China.

Nothing could stop this strong-willed woman, who, having all the prejudices of the old order, blocked every effort at reform. She had all the old contempt for foreigners, foreign learning and customs. In the trouble with France she offered rewards for the head of "a barbarian", one hundred taels for a common man, and five hundred for a leader. When the Emperor died she got rid of the nobles, who were in her way, by assassination. She was cunning, cruel and implacable and ruled with a rod of iron.

Worse than this, when her son came of age she encouraged him in dissipation, for, if he had lived her power would have ceased. He died leaving an unborn child so that she continued her regency. Her chief advisers were the eunuchs of the court, who were a bad lot, and the palace became the scene of wild festivities. She was always ready to pounce upon any one who seemed to her to be dangerous to her power, so that when she heard of a movement in Canton to promote modern learning and progress she was ready to go to any lengths to put it down.

One would have thought that the

war with Japan in 1894 would have brought her to her senses and led her to see that the weakness of China was due to the rigid conservatism which refused to adopt modern education and methods of government, but it did not. It did teach her that a foreign war could not be carried on without the expenditure of immense sums of money, for the war with the Japanese necessitated the negotiating of foreign loans amounting to over \$300,000,000, which was about three times the annual amount of revenue which actually reached Peking, after it had been manipulated by the various officials through whose hands it passed. One writer says that this loan was the first sentence of the Manchu abdication.

Then came the Boxer movement of 1900, which the Empress turned against the foreigners. It was her outrageous conduct which led to the trouble, for the Boxers were only carrying out her policy in her hatred of the barbarians, as she still called foreigners. She must have had the idea that the movement would unite the people and save the dynasty, but so far from doing that, it "wrote another sentence in its death warrant." (Weale). The settlement of this outbreak doubled the foreign obligations and made matters decidedly worse.

Previous to this, her young grand-nephew, who had assumed the government, knowing the condition of affairs, had initiated some drastic reforms, and if he had been left alone, things would have improved. But, as will be told later, the stubborn old woman put a stop to all that in a summary way.

All of these things strengthened the revolutionary party. While it is true that the great mass of 400,000,000 people in the Empire probably heard little or nothing of the reform movement, and cared less, or, if they heard, only wanted to be left alone in peace so that they could go on farming and live in the old way, yet the Progressives kept well informed as to what was going on. The Peking government knew of the rising spirit of rebellion in the South and in other parts of the country, and were anxious, and sought by the usual harsh means to repress it.

Sun Yat Sen meanwhile was not idle. He saw plainly that to finance a modern revolution required a large sum of money and he decided to go again to the United States and Europe. The Chinese at Singapore and elsewhere had been very generous, but he now set out to raise \$2,500,000, and this was a far larger sum than he could get by subscriptions. In an interview concerning this he says, "I began to canvass for political funds. I traveled in America and visited the leading bankers in Europe. Emissaries sent by me penetrated into all quarters. Some professing to act in my name proved faithless, but I prefer not to speak of them." He does not say whether he succeeded in getting any advances based on the chance of his future success, but what he was told later by a Frenchman no doubt held good then, and that was, that the French were not likely to lend money unless they had ample security, and that, Sun certainly was not able to give. He did, however, get large sums in the aggregate from subscriptions made in

all parts of the world, and with this money he carried on his work of propaganda and made arrangements for a supply of arms and ammunition, as far as he had means.

One method he used to obtain funds was to issue paper money. The notes were for ten dollars and were issued by "The Chang Hwa Republic," under which title was a blue flag with a white sun in the center. They promised to pay the bearer ten dollars in gold on the formation of the Republic, at its treasury or by its agents abroad. They were signed, Sun Wen, President, and Gnone Hap, Treasurer. These notes were exchanged for coin by Sun and his agents in all parts of the world where there were Chinese, and in this way a goodly sum of money found its way into the treasury. The notes were printed in Chinese and English.

With all the difficulties which confronted him, a less determined man would have given up long ago, but hardships seemed only to spur him on to greater efforts. In order to have headquarters in a safe place as near China as possible, he established such in Yokohama where there were many Chinese. At the foot of the Bluff where the Europeans and Americans lived, not far from the Grand Hotel, so well known to all travelers, there was a house where the members of the revolutionary society could come and go. Up to 1899 the system of extraterritoriality was in operation, and, under this, offenders who were foreigners were tried by the consuls of their own nation, as is still the case in China. If that arrangement had been in force in 1900 Sun could have been taken, tried

and sent back to China in short order. As it was, he was safe as long as he did not infringe on Japanese law. From this house, which was not far from the Chinese consulate, correspondence was kept up with the groups of Young China in Canton and wherever the Society had members.

Preparations were made for an uprising in the latter part of 1900. A contingent of the Progressive Party had been drilled, led by officers trained under foreign supervision, for there were sympathizers with Sun Yat-sen, both Caucasian and Japanese. But the force was small and it was an audacious thing to imagine that the young men composing it could overcome the armies of the powerful Manchus. The expectation was, as in the revolt of 1895, that after the initial success multitudes would flock to their standard. Where they expected to get arms and ammunition for a large force is a question, and on later occasions failure was said to be due to lack of ammunition.

When all was supposed to be ready Sun Yat-sen left Yokohama for Hong Kong, but when he arrived at that port, the British authorities, who had been informed of the intended uprising by the Peking government, would not allow him to land. This was unfortunate, for the revolutionists had gathered in a valley, not far from Macao, the entrances to which were carefully guarded, where they were to await the leader. Still more unfortunate was the fact that the treasurer of the Society, who had come by an earlier steamer, had also not been permitted to land and had been taken to Singapore. To that place Sun also went. As the treas-

urer had a large sum of money which was absolutely needed for the enterprise, what was the consternation of the leader, when he reached Singapore, to find that the treasurer had been arrested and the money taken from him. It took considerable time for Dr. Sun to put in the claim that the money belonged to him, and that he needed it for purposes of trade, but after vexatious delay he got the authorities to return it to him.

With all possible haste Sun Yat-sen reached Hong Kong and this time he was allowed to land. But he was so closely watched by the British officials that he could not get to the place where his followers were assembled. All he could do was to send a message telling them to go across the country to a certain position and he would manage somehow to meet them there. But by this time the opportunity had gone, owing to the delay, and the revolutionists were attacked by the Imperial troops. Though they reached the appointed place, they realized that their plans had again failed, and the men were scattered to their homes. The time which had been lost while Sun was at Singapore made a surprise impossible, for there had been time for the spies to inform the officials at Canton that armed men were gathering not far from the city, and at once soldiers were sent against them.

This had occurred in September 1900, and it certainly was a wild adventure, for the revolutionists numbered only about six hundred. The intention had been to capture the small town of Wai Chow, when an uprising was expected elsewhere. It was then hoped that the province of

Fu Kien could be subjugated, and this done the Republic of China was to be declared. But all plans were upset when some 4000 Imperial troops caused the small force under Sun to flee for safety.

In this outbreak, Sun had expected assistance from the Bow Wongs, but this failed to materialize. The Bow Wong Society was an organization which advocated constitutional reform, and its members were not in sympathy with the revolutionary tactics of Sun, and it is difficult to see how he expected aid from them.

In this uprising Chinese students from Tokyo had taken an active part. Not all of these were with the little band of rebels in the field, many of the young men from Japan had returned to their homes in various parts of China, and wherever they went they organized secret societies, which, later on, proved most helpful to the revolutionary party. Their residence in Japan had convinced them that if an Oriental nation was to awaken from the sleep of satisfaction with itself, it must have education in the modern way and adopt scientific methods in industry and warfare.

One of these students, named Tong Choy, had organized a society in Hankow and had attempted an uprising in that city, at the same time that Sun had gathered his small force near Canton. It was easily put down and those who took part in it, and had the misfortune to be captured, were executed in the usual way.

From every point of view the cause of the revolutionists seemed hopeless after this fiasco, and it no doubt would have been thought so if it had not been for the irrepressible

Sun. When we consider the difficulties and dangers which beset the man, we can not but admire his pertinacity. Despite this last failure he set to work with renewed energy for another attempt, both by propaganda and preparation.

A strong testimony as to the influence exercised in China by those who had been under foreign training was given by Mrs. Frances Hawkes Pott, a Chinese woman. She was the wife of Dr. Pott, an American, the President of St. John's College, Shanghai. Some forty boys had gone at different times from Honolulu to study at St. John's, and on one occasion she addressed the parents and friends of these young men. In the course of her remarks she said that the boys who had come from Honolulu had changed the spirit of the institution.

When asked to explain what she meant, she said: "The students you have sent us did their preparatory work in your public and private schools. In these they grew up in daily contact and intimate association with American boys, who were intensely patriotic. When they came to Shanghai they found our students possessed a pride of race, but they lacked national consciousness and had no patriotic sentiment. Somehow your boys aroused in them a love of their country and a desire to see it take its place among the great nations of the world.

"The Hawaiian contingent, which was quite large, saw for the first time China as it was, and when they compared the condition of the people with that in the land in which they were

born, they were fired with a desire to have a part in aiding the land of their fathers to cast off the wrappings which bound it to the unchanging past.

"Perhaps the greatest change they brought about was in respect to sports. All your boys had been members of football or baseball teams, and they brought with them the spirit and the practice of sport. They taught our students that it was not beneath the dignity of a scholar to engage in healthful outdoor games. This was a very great gain for in sports our young men learned the benefit of team work and the love of fair play."

One who has not visited the Orient can have no idea of the influence for good on the youth of China (and other lands) brought about by the introduction of sports in schools and colleges. It is seen everywhere, and the benefit has not been so much the physical welfare of the youth, as the creation of a new attitude of mind in the matter of honor and self control.

By saying that returned students kindled a spirit of patriotism among the youth of China, it must not be inferred that all became revolutionists, though many of them did, but it does mean that all saw the need of reform. Many of the graduates of St. John's, who had spent their boyhood in Hawaii, later occupied high places in the Peking or reform governments. Among these have been Foreign Secretaries, Ambassadors, Consuls, one a Prime Minister, and many held prominent places in various departments of the state, or gained high positions in law or medi-

cine. A number of these had done preparatory work at Iolani School, the one Sun Yat-sen attended for about six years in Honolulu.

What is said of St. John's may be said of other institutions, such as the Christian College, Canton; the Shantung Christian University; the Anglo-Chinese College; Boone University, and others. The graduates of these institutions having been under the influence of foreign teachers, as well as those who had been abroad, carried enlightenment to all parts of China. Unless this is understood,

one can not account for what is known as the "student movement" which has assumed such importance. These students are zealous for the education of the people, for modern methods of government, and are imbued with a hatred of the corruption which permeated all official life under the old system. It was Young China, in many communities throughout the country, which prepared the way for the final revolution in 1911, when the Manchu dynasty was overthrown.

(To Be Continued)

PESCATORE

By CARLO ZUCCA

A CHECK for twenty dollars! Harold Mordice remembered once having heard a millionaire's son spurn the same amount when it was offered him for cigarette money. He also remembered having seen, one frosty morning, a baby girl wade through a puddle of water with nothing on her feet but the flimsiest of worn sandals. A check for twenty dollars would have meant nothing to the rich man's son, but it would have bought numerous badly-needed things for the poverty-stricken child. To Harold Mordice, the check meant more than the good American dollars it represented. It meant that he was a successful author.

Had Mordice been inspired to write his own life's story, he might have, in a moment of rashness, dubbed it, "From Drudgery to the Realization of His Life's Dream." Mordice was an outside salesman for a hardware concern, and a good one, in spite of the fact that he hated pots and pans. Life to Mordice meant romance, drama. In his spare moments he wrote short stories and one of these had just been accepted for publication; hence the twenty dollars. Accompanying the check was a letter from the editor asking for more, but stressing the point that his magazine desired stories with local color.

The story that had been accepted

was about a "counter jumper," a typical department store clerk, with no attempt at coloring, local or otherwise; just clever characterization—and now they wanted atmosphere. Mordice was young and ambitious. He wasn't going to see his face in those pots and pans all the rest of his life. He grabbed his cap. He was going after color. He didn't know where he was going, but he was on his way. There was the Cliff House, Golden Gate Park, Meigg's Wharf—. That was the spot! There was plenty of local color down on Meigg's or Fisherman's Wharf.

Mordice caught one of the little cable cars that are so typical of San Francisco and began the ride out Hyde Street, through the canyon of apartment houses. Then the climb up the steep hills, beyond which was Meigg's Wharf and his story—he hoped.

It was a beautiful day with the sun shining brightly and when the car reached the crest of the highest hill, Mordice looked down on the island of Alcatraz which made a pleasing picture against the clear blue sky. Even the pale grey buildings of the island looked calm and serene, although they were the walls of a navy penal station. Several ferry boats were crossing the bay, appearing as mere toy boats with the smoke from

their stacks seeming to sketch mysterious messages across the sky. 'If I were a painter, I would stop right here,' thought Mordice, but being a scribe he must go on in search of his story.

The street car dropped abruptly down the hill and came to a stop just above a ferry pier. Mordice got off and after a brief walk between huge, barnlike buildings, he was on Meigg's Wharf.

The smell of the fish and the cries of the sea gulls, were the first things to strike his senses. A multitude of small fishing smacks were moored to the inner side of the W-shaped pier and more were coming in from the sea. Mordice marveled at the skill with which the men piloted their boats and moored them to some certain spot along the crowded pier.

Mordice walked along the pier to where some men were stringing nets along the railing. The hardy Italian fisherman is a picturesque type, with his ruddy cheeks and weather-browed skin. His quick smile shows hard, white teeth, while a touch of anger brings a flash of fire from his dark eyes. The men were shouting back and forth in broken English. Mordice listened in hopes that their conversation would inspire a story; but they were only talking about money. A story out of petty bickering over money? Impossible!

Mordice walked on until he came upon two old men mending nets. What a picture! If he were only an artist! The two were speaking Italian, which the writer didn't understand, but from their ample gestures he judged they were speaking of food.

Overhead a myriad of gulls

squawked and fluttered incessantly. Mordice watched them for some time, fascinated by their ceaseless motion. Nearby a man was seated on some rocks that were projecting from shore along one side of the pier. He was painting. That was the stuff! Why wasn't he a painter instead of a pen pusher?

Mordice strolled over to see what the painter was doing. On a canvas were represented three of the fishing boats that were moored under the wharf; but the artist, instead of reproducing them in their bright blue, dull grey or warm brown, was coloring them yellow, scarlet and tan, with even a touch of mongrel pink. 'Futuristic, but if that's art, I'll take fish,' thought Mordice, and resumed his walk until the cries of some gulls going after a mess of discarded fish attracted his attention. He stopped to watch them and was surprised to see some huge pelicans with the gulls.

"Scusi, Signore." A fisherman stood at the author's feet on a ladder which dropped down from the pier to the boats below. Mordice stepped to one side and the fisherman climbed upon the pier.

"Good catch today?" questioned Mordice, hoping to start a conversation.

"Si, Signore. Plenty crab."

"Great sport, fishing out there."

Mordice made an elaborate sweep with his arm toward the bay. "Must be wonderful when it storms."

The fisherman threw down a sack from which came a peculiar crunching sound as the shells of the live crabs rubbed together. "When the day she badda, pescatore (what you call—fisherman) no try for feesh."

Sometima we goin' out an' storm come. Den plenty moch truble.

"But when you come back afterward to find the 'bella donna' waiting?" Mordice was the fisherman now, trying with the only Italian he knew, to get a story. But the fisherman threw back his head and laughed.

"No, Signore. You spik for 'la bella donna', ma che, jes wan time me seein' here the beauty gel. Me jes come from feesh when a fella he spik;—'Hello, Tony.' (Me no Tony, —Gaspere.) He want me for takin' heem for ri' ona da bay. Weeth heem ees what you call, 'la bella donna'. Me tire, no feelin' for go, ma dees beauty theeng she looka me an' before me theenkin' me say:—'Shue, me taka you. Costa fi' dollar.'

"Dees gel she gladda, but fella he saya da boat she dirty. La bella donna say, no, boat ees clean allri' an' giva me da lilla hand for gettin' ina da boat.

"Ole sole no smile dees day an' da bay plenty moch rof. Me teenk maybeso dees gel getta scare. We go. Pretty soona wan beeg wave she comin' an' splashem all up weeth water. Gel jes laughin', but fella no looka for her—alla time wipin' water from hees glasses, so me looka da gel

when—pimb! What you teenk? Engine she broka.

"Me spik;—'No getta scare, me fixemup.' Me looka da truble—Zock! 'Nother wava she hitta da boat an' knocka heem over. Nex' theeng everybody een water. Me looka da gel—no can see. Somethin' pulla da leg of me. Ees da fella yellin' he no can sweem. Me kicka heem an' grabba by the neck; then me looka, me see da gel—sweemin' lika feesh.

"'Nother pescatore he seein' the truble an' he come. He taka da gel, he taka da fella, he taka me, an' pretty soon we all back Meigg's Wharf. Da fella he mad lika wet cheecken. Da gel she jes smile an' tella me;—'Goodbye feesherman. We have plenty fun, no matter eef we deed get wet.'

"Never no more me see dees gel. But alway me remember for her. Women comin' from my Italia looka black an' beeg lika da cow, after me seein' la bella donna."

"That's romance," murmured Mordice, half to himself.

"Romance, Signore? No. No. Here no la romanza, jes plenty moch work. Feesh, alway feesh, an' sometime peoples botherin' for ri' on da bay. No romanza, Signore, jes plenty moch work," and the fisherman fell to counting his catch.

DIAMOND HEAD

Old Diamond Head! a land-mark at sea;
 Barren and dead; without bush or tree.
 Looming alone and facing the deep
 Ages unknown; its crater asleep.

Rugged and grey in the tropic light;
 Crumbling away thro' Time's changing flight.
 Bearing on high its breast o'er the waves,
 While under it lie dark, fathomless caves.

Whose fire and smoke in a by gone age,
 Burst above rock with volcanic rage;
 When lava streamed down its molten side,
 And pouring steamed in the hissing tide.

But now at rest in a tranquil sleep,
 With quiet breast o'erlooking the deep;
 In calm or storm of a tropic zone,
 Its aged form stands grimly alone.

A relic of old; a mark of the past
 Hoary and bold on the landscape cast.
 Ages untold shall view its grim steep,
 Stretching its hold to brink of the deep.

Children unborn shall play on its sides,
 Crumbling and worn by weather and tides,
 Till earth a scroll, at the last great day,
 From pole to pole shall be folded away.

Honolulu, April, 1875.

PRINCE SAVAGE

By JOHN F. EMBREE

IT was one of those beautiful days which so often bless Paris in April. The place was the court of the Hotel de France et Choiseul. The France et Choiseul, formerly a monastery, has become today a hotel in the heart of Paris. Nevertheless much of the old easy-going hospitality remains, and the court about which it is built is both old fashioned and refreshing in contrast to the rattle and bustle of the Place Vendome and the rue de Rivoli nearby.

I was sitting in this court doing nothing, as indeed were most people who sat there that morning—the first real spring day of the year. After a few minutes had passed in blissful contemplation and reverie I was brought back to earth, and just a little offended, when another woman sat down beside me. She did not look French, and I was really unable to decide just what nationality she represented. From the long auburn hair airily piled upon her head to the tan shoes and silk stockings upon her feet she looked the lady. And yet she did not seem to be that type of person seen peering from the "Sketch" or "The Tattler." Graceful and imperial of movement, she was handsomely beautiful in face and figure. Her eyes, how-

ever, were curiously affectionate, and, it seems to me now, a little watery. She was perhaps on the happier side of forty.

Sitting down, she also began, apparently, to marvel to herself at the beauty of the day. But as the minutes passed, so did the clouds upon her face. Thus we sat for some time, perhaps five minutes, perhaps thirty, I really cannot say. Suddenly turning those uncertain eyes on me she said,

"And you — are you by any chance married to your destined mate?"

Somewhat abashed at this sudden query, I admitted that I had not as yet secured a husband. My companion then became silent again; but, looking at her face I thought that she still had something on her mind. She had. After having ordered two martinis she again turned to me and poured forth this tale of love and indomitable hope.

"I was born into a well-to-do family in New York where I was brought up in a mildly luxurious manner. When I reached the age of eighteen my mother gave me a coming out party; and I had several suitors, two of them ready to be picked.

"Although Mother had married young, she, as is usually the case,

advised me to wait till I was a little older. I rather wished to wait a little myself, partly because of a desire to remain young, and partly in the fond hope of finding some enchanting and divine male — my predestined mate. So in the year following my blossoming I took a trip to Honolulu and the Orient with my mother and sister."

The woman paused here, finished her cocktail, and accepted my invitation to another.

"Honolulu, yes, I took a trip to Honolulu. . . Coming into the harbor of this famous, almost notorious city, I had about the same feeling of tourist curiosity aroused by Chicago and Salt Lake City shortly before; the trite impression of so this is Honolulu where Hula dances and pineapples were invented.

"We went from the boat to the Hotel Halekulani. This hotel is the only one today with any of the Hawaiian spirit left in it. It is to Honolulu much as this hotel is to Paris and, corresponding to this court, it has a great lanai or sort of glorified veranda at the rear. This lanai is covered by twisted Hau trees and made love to by the Pacific. The thing to do is to sit here in the early evening and glory in the sun as it sets amid an almost indecent orgy of orange, red and purple, while the waves wash gently against the sea wall at your feet.

"One evening, while I was sitting alone at sundown on the lanai, wondering whether I should see the sun to bed, or give in to the mosquitoes which were gathering their forces, a god appeared. The mosquitoes were forgotten. The sunset became

only incidental to my ecstasy in staring at this new arrival — 'at last', I thought, 'my chosen prince'. I sat thus rudely staring for what seemed a very long time. Unfortunately, the cause of my joy did not realize his destiny as I did. Finally, deciding that I must help fate along, I ventured the suggestion that Hawaii was a beautiful place. Prince Charming replied, "Yes, do you know what time it is?" Making much to do over reading my watch — it was now growing dark — I told him the time. He seemed much agitated at what I told him, said he had to meet someone, and left forthwith.

"I saw him again the next day, but he showed no sign of recognition. I have never seen him since. Prince Savage I always call him in my thoughts. He was big with black hair and heavy eyebrows, and his hands were large and interesting. Oh, I know he may have been very ordinary on better acquaintance, but I can't believe it. I have always felt that he was the man I should have had.

"Well, I moped about for several days after this incident, and we then embarked for Japan. On the ship was a nice young man to whom mother took a great fancy, and the upshot of it was that, what with the nice young man, Mother. and my sister I was engaged before we again reached New York. We were married shortly after, and for our honeymoon he took me to his home town, to show me off, I suppose. It was a terrible place, in Missouri, near Kansas City.

"As I said, he was a nice young man, but I was still dreaming of

Prince Charming. Compared to him, my husband was a very poor second. The more we lived together the more I thought of my Prince — to the detriment of Husband. Husband, however, went blythely on under the impression that his marriage was a model one. Fortunately he was a fanatic on birth control, so we have no offspring. Ah, Prince Savage would not even have heard of birth control!

"He, my husband, is in Bordeaux now, promoting business for his Chicago firm. I am here, and have applied for and been granted a divorce. When he comes back he will be grieved, but, oh! I could never face the prospect of Chicago, business,— 'Hello dear, how's every li'l thing' again."

Here she stopped. At her pause I was at a loss for the right comment to make, and for no known reason I had the impudence to ask her what she proposed to do now. She seemed almost to have expected this very question.

"I have a little money — and they say that everyone comes to Paris some time. I intend to live here, and to sit at the Café Weber alternately every afternoon. I may meet again my prince. He may have been to Paris already, never to return again, but maybe he hasn't, or maybe he will come again. Don't you think so?"

Above us the fluffy clouds were skipping across a light blue sky, in the dining room two waiters were enjoying an animated conversation. Everything was happy, and with this question before me, I thought just a little selfish. What could I say, who had just arrived in Paris for the first time and wished to see the Louvre and the Folies-Bergères, not to hear such tales as this? I was called to the telephone at this critical point, and so never gave her my answer. (When I returned to the court she was no longer there, and I left the next day for London.) However, I have often wondered which I should have answered, a hard hearted 'no' or a well meant lie.

EDITORIAL

WHEN the Oriental mind approaches a subject of Western discussion, a contribution of originality is made frequently. Sometimes the originality consists in novel conception of a familiar problem and sometimes in a novel presentation of views that were becoming trite from repetition. When birth control is discussed in terms that cover the reasons for existence, governing barber shops and manicure stalls and truck gardening, a note of originality is most assuredly sounded. At a meeting, held in the Nuuanu Y. M. C. A. gymnasium in Honolulu July 9 and attended mostly by Japanese ISOH ABE, proletarian leader in the National Diet of Japan, talked to a crowded audience about the acute population problem of Japan and urged the discarding of that country's ancient philosophy of marriage. As quoted in the next morning's issue of "The Honolulu Advertiser," Mr. Abe had this to say regarding the old-time Oriental ideas of marriage:

"Two outstanding ideas of marriage, in the mind of Oriental, are to have children and to live 'naturally'. This is largely due to the Confucian philosophy which justifies a man in divorcing his wife if she does not bring a child into her married life.

"This is wrong, and it can be easily verified by the fact that we are able to cite cases wherein there was

no child yet the couple seem to live quite happily. On the other hand, the fact that there is a child in a family does not seem to assure the success and happiness of married life.

"Child-bearing is a result and not the cause of marriage, as it was traditionally pounded into the minds of the people of yore. It is love, devotion, and mutual happiness which should be the aims of married life and of marriage, in the Orient, as well as elsewhere."

As to the reasons why Mr. Abe urges regulation, he is quoted in the "Advertiser" as saying:

"This is an age of regulation. We know in the realm of the material that there must be certain regulations and tabus, if we are to sustain happy, healthy, and normal life.

"In our truck gardening, for an example, we will not sow our seed to raise a wild jungle of vegetables. We regulate them, so as to insure better quality of what vegetation we attempt to raise, within the limited potentiality of the soil.

"Why not apply the same logic to birth control? For health of womanhood, for economic reasons, and for quality of off-spring, there must be a definite regulation and control of child-birth.

"If we are to place the hatchet to the root of our acute population problem, we must invite the attention of the people of the entire empire to

the reasonableness and justice of birth-control.

"There are people who refute my theory by saying that birth-control is 'unnatural' and an act against nature. I always maintain, as a principle, that this is the age of conquest of nature. We succeed or fail by the extent of our mastering of nature.

"Let our hair grow in its natural course; let our mustaches, fingernails grow in their natural way; or let nature work its course against us, without the counteraction of science; we would not find even our existence today.

"People are so apt to conceive the idea that birth-control is always against nature, ethics, and law. It is not, remembering that every human act can be so directed for proper use or abuse for or against nature, ethics and the law of the land."

* * *

The publishers of "A Preface to Morals" by Walter Lippmann (Macmillan) are eminently exact in describing this "best-seller" as "a rare commentary on the art of contented living in our modern world." One internal evidence of the even balance of the author's own mind is revealed by the fact the chapter on love is the fourteenth in a volume of fifteen chapters. We are willing to venture the humble opinion that most American readers with their morbid obsession on the subject of sex read that chapter first.

* * *

Philo Vance is making many of us forget Sherlock Holmes. S. S. Van Dine's latest, "The Bishop Murder Case" (Scribners), makes a person smile for a moment at the report of a death near Riverside Drive, New York, through the piercing of the heart of the victim by an arrow. One does not associate arrows with the Drive. One thinks rather of those who eat soup noisily. But fiction never did need to be true. The dramatic force of the yarn, however, carries the reader, even when the latter does not care much for "crime stuff."

* * *

THE HONOLULU MERCURY takes pleasure in giving space to the circular memorandum sent by Attorney General Hewitt to department heads of the territorial government, informing them that "at the request of the governor, I hereinbelow set forth the correct etiquette to be used. Following is the proper style of address:

"His Excellency,

"Lawrence M. Judd,

"Governor of Hawaii,

"Honolulu, T. H.

"Your Excellency:—"

D. E.

ONE wonders what thoughts arise in the mind of the Honorable Nicholas Longworth, Speaker of the National House of Representatives, when Hawaii's Delegate in Congress, the Hon. V. S. K. Houston, addresses

the House about the Hawaiian Islands, for Speaker Longworth and his bride, Alice Roosevelt, spent their honeymoon at Waikiki long ago.

In that long ago day the old Seaside hotel, with its open-air dining room, its shady lawns and cool dancing pavilion, intrigued the debs and gallants of Honolulu. Not far away outrigger canoes rested under coconut-leaf huts; surf-boarders and swimmers were ever present in the ocean, and by night the scene was changed; trees were gayly festooned with parti-colored electric lights. There, where the ocean murmured, seemed to be centered all the exotic charm of old Honolulu. Today the great pink coral pile of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel covers that old enchanted spot.

Old timers of Honolulu recall such a gay night when Alice sat on the lawn apart from the throng and smoked cigarette after cigarette—a custom in those days that drew criticism from puritan-minded dowagers.

Beneath a hau-tree harbor a famous Hawaiian quintette club played—the Ellis boys, Ben Jones, Shaw—alluringly, entrancingly, mockingly. And always close by could be seen Nicholas, the bridegroom, edging closer and closer to that gay group of island musicians. And there came a night when the husband of President Roosevelt's charming daughter could resist no longer; he edged within the charmed circle of musicians, smilingly took the violin from one of the players and at once began to use the bow with veteran skill, following the air of the Hawaiian melody with precision, all as to the manner born.

Astonishment was etched upon the faces of the dancers; amazement upon the countenances of those who sat beneath the trees; but soon many of the bystanders chose partners and were soon upon the floor dancing with gay abandon to the fiddling of Nicholas Longworth.

Seldom, anywhere in the world, is it privileged to dance, while the son or son-in-law of a world-known personage plays. Old timers still ask whether it was Nicholas or the dancers who derived the greater enjoyment out of that unusual night at Waikiki, but it may be a safe bet to figure it was the amateur fiddler.

And so one wonders when the Delegate from Hawaii arises from his seat in the House of Representatives to talk of his islands that lie anchored like a fleet of ships down the lazy latitudes of the Pacific, just what emotions are aroused and what thoughts are inspired in the Honorable Nicholas Longworth, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and the husband of the famous Alice Roosevelt, for his mind must certainly wander temporarily to the beach at Waikiki.

A. P. T.

A VOICE from Molokai where life is leisurely and a book may be new when it is five years old needs to be heard now and then.

I have come out from under the shade of our *hau* tree to the southeast side, in full view of mountains on the right and left, across a spreading plain diversified by graceful hills and homestead cottages, to the sea,—an outlook as charming as any in all the world.

A kindly breeze stirs the *hau* blossoms, while, above, masses of flocculent clouds like majestic chariots, sail through the illimitable azure.

The sun is slowly dropping lower, soon to sink into the sea with unparalleled glory, and a silence significant of departure, falls upon the earth.

The earth we know whereon come day and night, spinning in orderly sisterhood through endless space, on and on,—where to?

Soon God's stars will shine out in universal watchfulness, a moon rise to cast evanescent shadows under the *hau* tree, and flood the plain with its cold, denaturalized light, mesmeric and suggestive of "far off things." No God? Nothing in all this material evidence but a process of karyokinesis?

No wonder that under the influence of such power and beauty human creatures with imagination and awe, have wondered, then speculated, then affirmed and dogmatized about it all, and finally, read commands from Sinai, followed Christ reverently if blindly, Peter, Paul, Mohammed, a succession of Popes, Luther, the prophet Smith, Mrs. Eddy, and the systems which like white light broken on a prism, have passed into a myriad-colored creeds!

On my table under the tree where in the friendly Hawaiian way, there is a space for seats, I have laid down Sinclair Lewis' book, read as I read all modern novels, after everybody has ceased talking about them, and the professional critics have had their word.

It is a poor book, indeed, that does not have some good things to say, and

there are some good things in Elmer Gantry; but they seem to be incidental or accidental, like uncontaminated portions of an apple with a rotten core. They do not save the rest nor make the whole one whit better.

Evidently the author has made a thorough technical study of the religious denominations, as Kipling does of the machine he is about to describe.

Mr. Lewis is familiar with the creeds and the arguments of those who do not accept them, and he has some first-hand knowledge of clergymen and the methods of itinerant Evangelists.

But animus mars the page.

Scientific discovery, the theory of evolution, a sane and reasonable philosophy of life, are not strengthened by any statement in the book.

The "gentle reader" endowed with tolerance, with the slightest reverence for the historical background of civilization, or a tinge of sympathy for the struggle of man "upward and onward," must lay down Elmer Gantry with a deep regret that the gifted author is so at outs with life in general that he has been satisfied to waste his talents; that his whole appeal apparently is made to a gallery from which the shouts have not yet died out.

Lewis has enlisted followers in the way Dowie and the fakir crier enlisted them; inspired excessive admiration in sources opposed to enforcement of law, respect for our democracy and its founders, law and order as recognized by the mass of people, and reverent regard for any form of religious belief.

However far from religious orthodoxy some of us may have traveled; no matter how little now the creeds and legends of traditionary denominationalism, of Fundamentalism if you will, may mean to us, those of us who have lisped prayers at our mother's knee, who reverently have studied the evolution of our race from primitive barbarity to the age of Elmer Gantry, and Sinclair Lewis, must leave the book I have just laid on the table under the *hau* tree with the conviction that it is a most considerable deplorable contribution to modern literature.

It has no equilibrium, swings too far beyond the truth, propriety and good taste, is raw, crude, often vulgar, over-stated, over-wrought, a bulk of emphasized exceptions to prove the rule. We do not find any fault because the author of Elmer Gantry indicates his own non-acceptance of the creeds, denies the Virgin Birth, the deity of Christ, hell fire, and all the

other traditional remnants of Nicaea.

We object merely to an unfair and ungentlemanly treatment of a subject which has deserved and must continue to deserve reverent and serious consideration by earnest scholars as well as excited iconoclasts.

Books like "Robert Elsmere" and "The Inside of the Cup" have been enlightening and respectful contribution to our thought.

So in the air of this soft and balmy Hawaiian evening, under the ancient stars which looked on Bethlehem, visioning the long film of history flashed upon the face of our earth; with Elmer Gantry on the table and the stars above, I yield to a sense of far-reaching incompetence; to a feeling that greater things are to be discovered and understood; to a conviction that this published book and others like it, are but infinitesimal specks in the dust of the ages.

E. S. G.

HAWAII PAST AND PRESENT

By ALBERT PIERCE TAYLOR

ONE hundred and one years ago Dr. Gerrit P. Judd, an American medical missionary from New York State, stepped ashore on the beach at Honolulu from a row boat, from the ship *Parthian*, which had just brought a contingent of missionaries from New England, via Cape Horn.

The only wharf in that day, 1828, was the hulk of a stranded ship, which James Robinson, who had established a ship repair business, maintained.

In the middle of July, 1929, Governor Lawrence M. Judd, who became governor on July 5, signed an authorization for the Treasurer of Hawaii to float an issue of bonds for nearly \$2,000,000, part of which is to be used to rebuild old wharves in Honolulu harbor; build some entirely new ones in Kapalama Basin which is now connected with Honolulu harbor by a ship canal, so that Honolulu's rapidly increasing maritime business can be properly, quickly and efficiently cared for, and for development of wharf space in harbors on other islands.

Whether Governor Judd, when he signed that authorization, had his grandfather, Dr. G. P. Judd, in mind when he affixed his signature, is problematical, but that gap of 101 years measures the development of a wharfless harbor to one which is

the equal in wharf and anchorage and cargo handling of any harbor under the American flag.

Where James Robinson's hulk wharf was, there is now one of the finest concrete piers and superstructures in any American harbor, costing millions, and at that wharf the steamer *Malolo* docks after one of her four-day voyages from San Francisco, bringing thousands of tourists yearly.

Honolulu's development for maritime enterprises has been a remarkable achievement, for Hawaii is still in the situation described by Mark Twain—" . . . has the machinery of an ocean liner packed in a sardine tin." The Dollar Line, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the Canadian-Australasian Line are three main trans-Pacific lines which make Honolulu a port of call. The vessels of Matson Navigation Company, and the Los Angeles Steamship Company, each developing its tonnage rapidly, utilizing the newest products of shipyards, ply between San Francisco and Honolulu, and Los Angeles and Honolulu respectively.

The Inter-Island Steam Navigation Company, follows closely in maritime development between islands, and is discarding old and small steamers for new vessels. Aviation has taken such a strong hold of affairs in the islands,

that, aside from the great air fields maintained by the army and the navy, three airway lines are now in view, all with Honolulu as a base, and the other islands of Kauai, Molokai, Maui and Hawaii as terminals. Daily air service between islands is contemplated, the Inter-Island steamship line planning a huge service.

Governor Judd also included in his authorization, a list of other public improvements, such as additions to schools, appropriate equipment for the department of agriculture and forestry, hospital for the insane, and finally the care of the national archives of Hawaii, which include as rare a list of documents related to romance, royalty and adventure to be found in any capital of the world. The archives date back to 1790.

When Dr. Judd, the medical missionary who eventually became a trusted adviser of Kamehameha III, the ruler, in the early 1840's, arrived, lumber was not easily obtainable, nor were farm products any too plentiful, and luxuries in fruits were not to be had. Sugar, of course, was in Hawaii when Captain Cook discovered the Islands in 1778. Pineapples came later.

Today, Governor Judd, in making up his reports will dilate upon the fact that at least two industries—sugar and pineapples—are the products which are the mainstays of the government and the inhabitants of the Hawaiian Islands.

HAWAII'S HISTORY IN TABLOID

1881—January 2. The Chinese

Church building was dedicated.

" —January 20. King Kalakaua set out on his journey around the world.

" —April 9. The Corner-stone of the "Lunalilo Home" was laid.

1881—Small Pox spread on Oahu; 789 cases and 289 deaths.

" —June. Jubilee exercises were held at Lahainaluna, in commemoration of the 50th Anniversary of the establishment of the Seminary.

" —October 29. King Kalakaua returned from his journey around the world.

" —November. Great flow which reached Halai Hill, Hilo, before it stopped.

1882—January 1. Postage stamps for the Postal Union were first issued in Honolulu.

" —December 1. Rev. Titus Coan, for many years Pastor of the Haili Church, Hilo, died.

1883—January 1. The Marine Railway was opened for business.

" —February 12. The Coronation of King Kalakaua took place.

" —April 21. The Y. M. C. A. building was dedicated.

" —May 24. H. R. H. Ruth Keelikolani, formerly Governess of Hawaii, died, aged 65 years.

" —October. The O. S. S. "Alameda" arrived on her first voyage between San Francisco and Honolulu.

" —November 1, Thursday. The inter-island steamer "Kinau" arrived.
 ment of "Kalakaua" cur-

- 1883—December 16—The first instal-
rency arrived.
- 1884—January 1. Postal notes were
issued.
- " —March. Foundation laid of the
Hall of Records (Kapuiwa
Hale).
- " —June 13, Friday. Portuguese
immigrants (917) arrived at
Honolulu.
- " —August 11, Monday. Rev. W.
P. Alexander, for many
years Principal of the La-
hainaluna Seminary, died at
Oakland, Calif.
- " —October 4, Saturday. Rev. D.
B. Lyman, founder of the
Hilo Boys' Boarding School,
died at Hilo.
- " —October 16, Thursday. Prin-
cess Pauahi, Hon. Mrs. C. R.
Bishop, died.
- 1885—February 5. The foundations
of the new Police Station
(Kalakaua Hale), were laid.
- " —April 25. Queen Emma, widow
of Kamehameha IV, died.
Saturday.
- " —November 10. P. Kanoa, for-
merly Governor of Kauai,
died. Tuesday.
- 1886—April 18, Sunday. Great fire
in Honolulu, which de-
stroyed a million and a half
of property.
- " —July 10. Postal Savings Bank
was established.
- " —September 21. Ocean Island
became a dependency of the
Hawaiian Kingdom.
- " —October. Rev. L. Lyons, for
54 years missionary at Wai-
mea, Hawaii, died, aged 79
years.
- " —Nov. 15. The Jubilee Anniver-
sary of King Kalakaua's
birth was celebrated.
- 1887—January 16 - 20. Severe earth-
quakes occurred in the dis-
trict of Kau.
- " —February 2, Tuesday. H. R.
H. Miriam Likelike (Mrs.
Cleghorn) died, aged 36.
- " —April 12. Queen Kapiolani set
out on her visit to England.
- 1887—June 30. A great political mass
meeting was held in Hono-
lulu.
- " —July 7. The new Constitution
was promulgated.
- " —September 13. General elec-
tions to the first Legislature
under the New Constitution
were held.
- " —October 20. Supplementary
convention between the
United States of America
and His Majesty the King
of the Hawaiian Islands, to
limit the duration of the con-
vention respecting Commer-
cial Reciprocity concluded
January 30th, 1875, ratified
by the King, and November
9, proclaimed by President
Cleveland.
- " —November 3. The first Legis-
lative Assembly under the
new Constitution meets at
Honolulu.
- 1889—July 30. Robt. W. Wilcox re-
volution—one day—quelled.
- 1891—Jan. 21. King Kalakaua died
at San Francisco.

- " —Jan. 29. Liliuokalani proclaimed queen.
- 1893—Jan. 17. Monarchy abrogated. Queen dethroned. Provisional government proclaimed, S. B. Dole, President.
- 1895—June 6. Insurrection by royalists to place Liliuokalani in power, begun. Ended in a few days.
- " —June 16. Liliuokalani arrested. Sentenced to imprisonment.
- 1898—July 7. Joint Resolution of annexation signed by Pres. McKinley.
- " —Aug. 12. Sovereignty of Hawaii transferred to U. S.
- 1900—June 14. Territorial government established with President Dole as governor.

NIHIL HUMANI NOSTRIS ALIENUM

PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

SEP 10 1929

THE HONOLULU MERCURY

EDITED BY DAVID EARL



Log of the Chatham By Edward Bell

SEPTEMBER
1929

50¢ a Copy

Hawaiian Islands

\$5 a Year



Portals to a New Environment

WE WELCOME

The Makers and Readers of the Honolulu Mercury who are contributing to the literary expression of Hawaii. Cooperation and good connections of Hawaii's Literati will bring good results.

BISHOP TRUST COMPANY offers unexcelled financial connections in Hawaii. For twenty-three years its progress has been marked by sound business practice, so that today it is the outstanding company of its kind in Hawaii.

BISHOP TRUST COMPANY, LTD.

Wall & Dougherty, Ltd.

JEWELLERS SILVERSMITHS
STATIONERS

DIAMONDS PEARLS
WATCHES AND WRIST WATCHES
ABSOLUTELY DEPENDABLE

1021 BISHOP STREET
OPP. BANK OF HAWAII
HONOLULU

THE HONOLULU MERCURY

The Contents for SEPTEMBER 1929

CUP OF GOLD	
From a Painting by JULIA GOLDMAN.....	Frontispiece
THE COMMERCE OF IDEAS	
By J. B. CONDLIFFE.....	1
LOG OF THE CHATHAM	
By EDWARD BELL.....	7
UNCLE HARVEY'S THANK OFFERING	
By JUDITH ARNOLD (JESSIE GRANDFIELD BORDEN).....	27
TWO FAIRY STORIES	
By VIOLET C. DONALD.....	31
EDITORIAL	38
SUN YAT-SEN (Chapters IX-XI)	
By the Right Reverend HENRY B. RESTARICK, Retired Bishop of Honolulu.....	42
VERSES	
By LEONIE ELDER.....	54
TENSEY	
By G. H. SNELLING.....	54
THE OUTLOOK FOR FILIPINOS IN HAWAII (Part III)	
By KILMER O. MOE.....	56
THE MAGIC RUG	
By KATHLEEN L. WORRELL.....	73
HAWAII PAST AND PRESENT	
By ALBERT PIERCE TAYLOR, Librarian, Archive of Hawaii.....	84

THE HONOLULU MERCURY: Published Monthly: 50 Cents a Copy:
\$5.00 a Year: Canadian Subscription \$5.50: Foreign Subscription
\$6.00. Volume I: Number 4. Issue for September, 1929.

Copyrighted in 1929 in the United States. All rights reserved. The whole contents of this magazine are protected by copyright and must not be reprinted without permission.

Published by David Earl: Editorial and Advertising Offices: Hawaiian Electric Building, Honolulu, T. H. Post Office Address: P. O. Box 3146, Honolulu, T. H. Advertising Manager : George E. Reehm, Honolulu, T. H. Printed by The New Freedom Press, Honolulu, T. H.

Entered as second class matter May 24, 1929, at the post office at Honolulu, Hawaii, under the Act of March 3, 1879.



CUP OF GOLD. From a Painting by Julia Goldman.

The HONOLULU MERCURY

VOLUME I

September 1929

NO. 4

THE COMMERCE OF IDEAS

By J. B. CONDLIFFE

FROM my study window in the house on the hill I watch the ships go in and out of Honolulu harbor. Just now it is the height of the pineapple season and all day long sturdy little tugs pull great barges heaped with cases of pineapples from the island of Lanai. From the height they look ridiculously like ants tugging at heavy crumbs. In the morning early the bigger ships converge from south, east and west, and swing at anchor off-port, till they are cleared by the Customs. In the evening they go out again, little inter-island boats, oil-tankers, round-the-world liners, Oriental and mainland steamers, visiting men-o-war, royal mail steamers and motorships connecting the great British dominions of the Pacific.

As the months go by their numbers and size increase. The increase is steady and obvious enough to the eye without any need for statistics. Down at the docks or even in the town, there is more evidence of movement of peoples and commodities. The Honolulu shops seem specially designed to recall the wise saying of old Herodotus — "the extreme parts of the inhabited world somehow possess the most excellent products."

It would be easy to sit by the study window and imagine the peoples and their trade being lured to Honolulu from the extreme parts by some virtue of Hawaii. There is a local cause for the increasing number of ships and cargoes; but it is not the whole story. In Suva, and Auckland and Sydney there is the same growth and in each case much of the same kind of local cause that does not wholly account for it. Hong-Kong and Shanghai are among the greatest ports of the modern world and are still growing rapidly. The Japanese mercantile marine has jumped in less than fifty years from a mere 89,000 tons in 1880 to over 4 million tons in 1928. On the other side of the ocean all the Pacific Coast ports from Vancouver to Los Angeles, but especially those in the north which can use the great circle route to the Orient, are increasing in size and importance every year. In Vancouver shipped sixteen million dollars worth of wheat to Japan. In 1927 the United States imported, mostly through Seattle 340 million dollars worth of silk from Japan.

There is more in the growth of Honolulu shipping therefore than local production of sugar and pineap-

ples and the local tourist traffic. These are important; but they are incidents in a process. Honolulu in fact is one of the nerve-centers, a ganglion in the rapidly developing organic unity of the Pacific countries. The currents of trade that flow through it are the most obvious signs of development; but there is a subtle commerce of ideas that may be even more important.

* * *

The mingling of racial cultures is not usually a favorable condition for intellectual growth. There are still many people who feel that somehow or other the melting of racial immigrant backgrounds in the United States should produce a characteristic and rich American culture. But the truth seems to be that the culture of a people is determined rather by its economic pattern. The Irish, German, Polish and other immigrant backgrounds of the modern American are being sloughed off and a new culture is being built up on the basis of their lowest common denominator. It will take some time yet for this new American culture to develop depth and richness.

What makes Hawaii so interesting is that it provides a unique economic and psychological environment, which the different racial cultures may blend without being lost. Perhaps because the Oriental cultures are so distinctive, and tend to preserve their distinctiveness, there is as yet little real sign of the melting pot. Superficial opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, all the evidence points to the racial groups, especially the stronger and more developed Chinese, Japanese and Korean

communities, becoming more rather than less distinct. Inter-marriage is slowing up, economic opportunity is sought within rather than outside the group and the double language qualification is more and more an advantage.

Hawaii is a cross-roads in fact as well as name and reflects in miniature the contacts that are multiplying across the Pacific between East and West. These contacts are necessarily on a basis which will more and more approximate to equality and mutual respect. There can in the nature of things be no subordination of one culture to another. Rising nationalisms in the Orient have put such a possibility out of court in our time. There remains the possibility that economic progress may in some distant future transform the Eastern countries into standardized replicas of western industrialism; but that possibility is a long way off and may, in God's goodness, never become a fact. A world of Manchesters, Osakas, and Shanghais would be drab indeed.

If, as seems likely, both China and Japan (and the lesser Oriental nations also) should maintain their self-respect sufficiently to preserve what is characteristic in their experience and outlook, it may reasonably be expected that the racial groups in Hawaii will also do so in large degree. There is an insufficient basis of common economic life to weld the whole Hawaiian conglomerate into unity. Advocates of Americanization may deplore the "language" schools and plead for swifter Americanization; but the roots of the racial groups remain and are likely

to remain in their homelands. The major trend of economic development is now and is likely to be unfavorable to the Americanization movement which has survived from the past generation to be the dominant faith of today.

Consider the position of a young Chinese born in Hawaii and, therefore, an American citizen. The Chinese, one of the oldest racial immigrant groups, have already developed a strong community life of their own and in doing so have reached back again to their homeland for material and spiritual support. Like a banyan tree they are dropping from their branches new roots which in fertile soil may in time become the main stem. What economic opportunity is there for a young Chinese in Hawaii? A generation ago such a question would have drawn forth an agricultural answer. But today an ambitious young Chinese will not seek advancement on the land or even in subordinate clerical and mechanical positions under American management. The ways to fame and prosperity lie along Chinese roads and more and more of them lead back to China. As China develops her nationalism, the opportunities increase for young men and women trained in western methods. In the same way a really sound economic basis for advancement is provided by the increasing trade to and from China. Sometimes the trade is in opium, but mostly it is genuine entrepot business. Chinese merchant houses and banks are already acquiring large prestige. There is no longer the same urgent need, therefore, to hurry young Chinese into

Americanism in order that they may drop their Chinese tongue and manners and dress in the effort to merge with the common run of their fellow citizens. Many of them in any case have proved that road to be a blind alley.

If so assimilable a people as the Chinese are trending back to their nationalisms, can it be expected that an ambitious, patriotic folk like the Japanese will be slower to combine economic and national opportunity? They came in originally as coolie laborers on the sugar plantations; but in one generation they have largely moved off the plantations and up in the economic scale.

The probable exclusion of Filipino labor may reverse this movement; but any such reversal will not mean that the Japanese will be content to go back as laborers. Higher wages and greater opportunity of self-management by some such means as a cooperative contract system might tempt them back to the land where no amount of exhortation would do so. Any such development, however, would involve a re-shaping of the large-scale plantation system, consideration of which would lead us too far away from the main theme of this article.

Apart from this agricultural possibility what openings are there for young Japanese? Within Hawaii the main avenue of advancement in the future is likely to be through service to their own group which is, a generation after the Chinese, steadily developing wealth, prestige, power and cohesion. There are signs also that, despite a contrary popular opinion, opportunities exist in Japan it-

self. The son of a laborer, educated in Hawaii, recently went back to a university post in Japan and after a brief residence there was sufficiently accepted to marry the daughter of the president of his university.

There appears recently to have been a subtle but significant change of ambition among the Japanese youth. California with its second generation problem still acute beckons them less and Japan more. This means that they must take account of the very reasonable Japanese objection to youths who have lost their national pride and forgotten their own language in their haste to acquire American slang. A bilingual youth capable of interpreting two cultures is not received with hostility in Japan. Moreover, the social distance between the two cultures steadily lessens. As Japan industrializes, she takes over all the paraphernalia of industrial democracy—baseball, movies, newspapers, universal suffrage and the rest. The racial group in Hawaii almost instinctively meets this movement halfway by displaying a greater interest in and respect for its own heritage of Japanese culture.

* * *

There is in the atmosphere of Hawaii a very valuable element of friendliness, derived originally, it is said, from the friendly flower-loving Hawaiian people. The same friendly people have provided a sort of human flux which has been influential in promoting much of the racial intermixture that has so far developed. Where Japanese and Chinese and Caucasians inter-marry with diffi-

culty, all of them find less obstacle to inter-marriage with the Hawaiians.

In the recent past also the economic necessities seemed to point to a blending of the melting-pot type, though candor compels the observation that on the part of the dominant Caucasians there was an implicit but important reservation. The assumption has always been that the higher ranges of opportunity were a preserve of the dominant group. As long as the immigrant group provided faithful service in the lower ranges, there were no mutterings of explosion in the racial laboratory.

Many elements of this situation still survive. It may even be conceded that to many people the situation seems hardly to have changed. The prevailing view in Hawaii itself is still that of harmony and the absence of racial feeling. The trends of the future are,, however, clear to anyone who looks at the problem without carrying over any special economic interest or ideas preconceived from prolonged steeping in the passing and past environment. They are clearest perhaps, when viewed in the setting of Pacific-wide economic movements now gathering strength.

It may be noticed in passing that the Hawaiian people themselves are less and less important in the foreground of the picture. The rapid economic development of the islands has swept them to one side. Their cousins in Fiji, Samoa and even New Zealand, under the different and in many ways less economically efficient British type of colonial government

have survived the ordeal of civilization much more successfully; but that is another story. Separated from their land, the Hawaiians are a passing race and their culture has already almost gone. Some atmosphere survives but much of it, as a visiting sociologist has recently remarked, is just "plain blah", preserved for the sake of tourists.

For the economic direction of the future one must look abroad. One comes back, therefore, to the starting-point of this thesis. Hawaii is a nerve-centre of the newly developing Pacific organism. The economic and cultural commerce of the new era meets at the cross-roads and determines the character of those who conduct its traffic.

It will be a great drama, of which we are now privileged to watch the prologue. For centuries the vast unexplored distances of the Pacific Ocean cut the map of the world in half. From the original centres of civilization, humanity spread east and west. The eastward spread stopped short at the edge of the Pacific Ocean and the great Asian reservoir of humanity filled up. From the other direction the Caucasian peoples, more aggressive because they had more fields to conquer swept in the course of centuries over northern Europe and leaped the Atlantic to America.

The filling of that great continental area has taken almost three centuries. Always the march has been westward. Only in our own time has effective occupation been made of the Pacific Coast. The drift still

continues. From British Columbia to southern California population is increasing faster probably than in any other area. The only possible exception is to be found in the very similar Anglo-Saxon conquest of Australia and New Zealand.

And now the curtain is rolling up on a grander spectacle. Across the Pacific itself, ships and cables are shuttling the web of a new commerce. An industrializing Orient is being woven into the economic life of America and Europe. To use a different metaphor, the possibilities of the great developing markets of Asia are a magnet drawing population over to the Pacific slope.

There are infinite possibilities either for misunderstanding leading to racial war or for a mutual enrichment of material and spiritual life. The quickest way to conflict is the way of domination and force. Mutual respect as between fellow-seekers in the quest is the only possible basis of cooperative enrichment.

Hawaii is a microcosm in which already the indications of the future may be read. The islands are small; in the great drama. It will need to in the great drama. It will need to be played with an understanding of the forces that are shaping events in the new world of which it is a part.

* * *

The English economist, J. M. Keynes, has described the atmosphere of futility and unreality which oppressed him as the European statesmen ignored the forces of destiny at Versailles. He felt that events

were "marching on to their fated conclusion uninfluenced and unaffected by the cerebrations of Statesmen in Council" and to illustrate his feeling he quoted from Thomas Hardy's "The Dynasts".

Spirit of the Years

Observe that all wide sight and
self-command
Deserts these throngs now driven
to demonry
By the Immanent Unrecking.
Nought remains
But vindictiveness here amid the
strong,
And there amid the weak an im-
potent rage.

Spirit of the Pities

Why prompts the Will so sense-
less-shaped a doing?

Spirit of the Years

I have told thee that It works un-
wittingly,

As one possessed not judging.

Any ignoring of great world-shaping forces prompts this feeling of pessimism in one trained to analyze and apprehend them. But there is no reason why those who hold the future of Hawaii in their governance should ignore them and every reason to feel and hope that they may become sensitive to such forces as the currents of trade and the commerce of ideas bring before their notice at the cross-roads.

LOG OF THE CHATHAM

By EDWARD BELL

JANUARY 24, 1792. With a fine Easterly Breeze we steer'd North on leaving the Bay,—and about 5 in the Evening saw the smal low Island of Tetooroa bearing NbW 7 or 8 miles, but having little wind in the night and being Calm the greatest part of the following day—we had several Canoes off from it and the people brought for sale—a few small Pigs, some Fowls & Cocoa Nuts which were purchased principally for Nails which were here in great estimation—the chief of the Island whose name was Modoo came off with a trifling present—he was a relation of Otoo's—to whom this Island is subject; it is a low flat almost level with the Sea, covered with Cocoa Nut trees, but no Bread fruit, this article they esteem a great luxury & send Canoes frequently to Otaheite to barter for it;— Their persons, Canoes and every thing else are the same as at Otaheite.— Calms slight winds prevailing we did not lose sight of Otaheite till the 27th.—

Edward Bell served as clerk on board the Chatham, which with the Discovery, of which Thomas Manby was master's mate, and the supply ship Daedalus comprised Vancouver's fleet that visited Hawaii in 1792. The photostat of the Hawaiian portion of the hitherto unpublished log of the Chatham, kept by Edward, Bell, is in the custody of the Hawaiian Historical Society at Honolulu and a typewritten copy is owned by the Hawaiian Mission Children's Society Library, often called the Carter Library, also at Honolulu.—EDITOR.

We found the weather exceeding sultry— the Thermometer was up to 86 .—whilst we lay at Otaheite the Ships Company were served Spirits, this was now stopp'd & wine served to them in lieu.—Much the same weather continued —except now & then Squalls of variable winds attended with Thunder, lightning & heavy rain.—

February.—till the 2nd of February when the Breeze settled at about N. N E. with which we still stood to the Northward—our Lat: then was only 13t 49 eno. On the 4th we had a good deal of rain with frequent Squalls of wind & loud thunder,—the wind yet from the N E quarter— On the 7th— our Lat was 6° 25So— and our thermometer still as high as 86° the weather was fair and pleasant.— A great number of Sharks were seen, and plenty of Bonettoes, Albicoves &c.—though we had not the good luck to catch any, several birds— call'd by the Sailors— “Noddys” kept hovering close about the ship —some of which settled on the Rigging & were taken asleep, and some flew so close to us that one or two were caught by hand. On the 12th we cross'd the line — and once again enter'd the Northern Hemisphere. A day or two previous to this we had the weather usually felt in such a low latitude, Calms, light variable airs

with hard Rain — they were succeeded however by our old unfavourable wind N.Etly — this continued and by the 17th our Lat. was 7° 28' N. and our Longitude by the Watch 204E.— but we made so much Westing that we doubted much whether we should be able to fetch the Island of Atooi, much less Owhyie-we therefore Tack'd by Signal- and stood to the So Eastwd.- On the 19th our Lat. was 7° 20N. and the Long. 204° 29' 40" E. the wind still in the same quarter with which we kept Tacking occasionally- On the 23rd our Lat. was 12° 22N. and the wind coming a little more favourable we were enable to lye Nbe. and it was not till the 1st of March that we saw the Land, when in the morning the high land of Owhyee was seen bearing Nbe- after a passage of more than five weeks- with a fair breeze we stood for it all day.

TRANSACTIONS AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS OFF OWHYEE.

March 1792. We stood in for the land all night and by 3 the next morning the 2nd of March were close in with it when it fell calm.- As soon as it was day light- and the Inhabitants on shore saw the Ships - Canoes were observed coming off from all quarters and in a little time we were Crowded with them;- They brought off for sale Hogs, Cocoa Nuts, Sugar Cane, Potatoes, Taro and salt, but in such small quantities, of such a poor quality, & and for which they demanded such a very exhorbitant price, that even of the little they brought we did not purchase any

thing like one half.- The Hogs they brought off during the whole day- put all together, would not amount to thirty- and of these there not a dozen that weigh'd more than 50lbs wet.- and they were poor & lean for one of these they would not take less than two pieces of Iron (about a foot long each) fashion'd into what they call Toe's.- Of the Cocoa Nuts we could not procure above 20 or thirty.- Yams, Potatoes and Taro we did not get eonough off to serve out to the Ships Company, and Bread fruit, they had none of.- Among the number we had on board-there were not a few women and indeed they were the cheapest articles of Traffic the Canoes brought off.

We very early found out that our new visitors were very expert thieves, and every thing possible of removing they made no scruple in taking away.- but the Ladies (Oh I blush while I name it) were by far the more audacious barefac'd thieves.- One of them was detected with the Cook's Sauce pan under her Marro (a petticoat)-but the young Gentleman who detected her, very ungallantly turn'd her out of the Ship by applying an end of a thick rope to her Back with which he gave her a few smart strokes Another Lady rais'd the lid of a chest on which a Gentleman was actually sitting writing and drew a shirt out of it- but this as well as a number of other daring attempts were detected,- they cut away the hooks & thimbles where they cou'd find them, and took four compleat Gun Tackles-these we never got- The Armourer's Hammer also went-in short nothing

escaped,- but as there was no chief among them, perhaps these were the very lowest order, at least it is to be hoped so,-and I shall therefore draw no conclusion till I see more of them.-

We were greatly disappointed here in every thing, & more especially as Owhyee, is the largest, and reckon'd the best supplied Island in the whole Group.- We had been lead to emagine that we should find everything in as I must not yet attempt to make a great plenty here as at Otaheite- but comparison between the two places, they will not bear it.-

Mr. Mears in his voyage mentions the first day that his Ship was off Owhyee, getting SooHogs and sending many away that they had not room for,- but to him, and to the masters of the different Merchant Ships may be attributed the present seeming Scarcity, they have given the Natives, Fire Arms and ammunition in Barter for refreshments, and I have reason to suppose that the seeming scarcity was nothing more than a political scheme, to endeavor to force us, to offer, the like articals for a larger & better supply,- for,- for 5 small Hogs that one man had in his Canoe he demanded a musquet, or Powder,- and the same for any valuable thing they had particularly Feather'd Helmets of which we saw only a couple- nor wou'd they part with them for any thing else;- Messrs- Douglass, Kindrick, Ingram, Cox, Colnett etc in short all the masters of the Fur Trading Ships have given to these Indians, Musquets, great Guns & ammunition; besides the injury done to the Trade,

interestedly speaking, in not being able to procure refreshments under such extravagant means, another of a much more serious nature is risqued,- that of supplying them with arm, that one day or other they may turn on ourselves.-

Among the number of women on board and alongside I hardly saw one that could be call'd tolerably decent, but among the men there were many fine, handsome figures,- The wind during the whole day was light and variable that enabled the Canoes to stay by us, and with the Land wind we kept standing off and on for the night.-

3rd.-In the morning we stood in for the land towards Karakakooa Bay, with a fresh Sea breeze, and though we were going fast through the water, many Canoes came off to us,- and several kept up with us. One large double Canoe came alongside & brought a Hog as a present to the Captain from the famous Tiana who they informed us was coming off to the Ship, shortly after a large sailing Canoe was pointed out to us as his,-on which we bac'd the Main Topsail, and he came on board and with many expressions of friendship appeared happy to see us. This Tiana is the Chief whom Mr. Mears took with him from Atooi to China, and the very high character he has given him in his work renders him an object of considerable notice with those who touch at this Island.- He was brought back to this Island by Mr. Douglass where he preferr'd staying than going to Atooi and according to Mr. D's account, saved the lives of him & his Crew.- against

whom a conspiracy was formed by the Chiefs at Karakakooa.- Tiana spoke but a very few words of English- and those few but imperfectly, from the loss of some of his Fore teeth, this loss was observed in many of the men,-they pull them out from a religious superstition, on the death of particular Chiefs or relations.

He ask'd for Tea which was given him, and he was fond of it, but would not touch Spirits of any kind.

Being close to the Discovery, we hail'd and informed Capt'n Vancouver that this Chief was with us, he immediately sent a Boat for him, and he went on board with Mr. Broughton.- He now proposed to Capt'n. Vancouver going round in the Ship to Atooi with his family and retinue,- and with a considerable part of these, slept that night on board the Discovery.

We were now near Karakakooa Bay off which we hove too, and were surrounded with an amazing number of Canoes, and our supplies were this day so far better than Yesterday's that we were enabled to serve Fresh Pork & Vegetables to the Ships company-but we still no large Hogs.-the best that we saw might have been purchased at Otaheite for a pair of Scissors- Potatoes Taro & Sugar Cane were in great plenty;- we were surprised to see a good number of very fine water melons among them-which they parted with on reasonable terms,-they had been planted first they told us by Douglass, this we considered a great luxury in so warm a climate,- and it is to be regretted that the many other grateful fruits that have been planted at these Islands have not thrived as well.- We

bought one or two Geese that were tame; they are taken notice of by Cook- they are small and not very unlike a wild goose, Fowls seem'd very scarce- and from Mr. Portbock's account who carried six dozen to sea with him, we expected to procure a tolerable supply but we could only get a Couple. With the land wind at night- we again stood off & on, intending to get one day's more stock of refreshments.

4th- In the morning we stood in for the Land- and traded with the Natives- who came off yet in great numbers- being considerable to Leeward of the Discovery, who was lying too, we made a trip in shore in order to work her- in this trip we stretch'd well into Karakakooa Bay- which gratified us not a little at seeing the memorable place where England lost one of the greatest Navigators of the age, (Captain Cook)- we stood in pretty near the shore- and were pointed out the spot where that horrid melancholy Massacre was committed.- The Villages in this Bay are very large & numerously Inhabited- that on the right hand as you stand in (at the extreme of the Bay) is call'd KaKooa,- and we saw the remarkable Morai close to which the Tens & Observatory of the Resolution & Discovery stood, the Village at the opposite side is call'd Kowrowa,- at the bottom is a very Steep Rock rising directly from the Sea at the top of which and on the rising ground behind the Habitations of the natives are plantations of Sugar Cane, Potatoo and Taro grounds etc.- neatly laid out. The Villages put me much in mind of the fishing towns on the Sea Coast in England,- they

are built close to the water side, & resemble their houses very much in shape, but by no means in any manner like those at Otaheite.

Swarms of Inhabitants were collected on all parts of the Shore-and besides the Crowds round us in Canoes great numbers came swimming off to us- and all seem'd wonderfully pleased, thinking we mean to come to an anchor but they were much disappointed when we Tack'd and stood out of the Bay. We soon fetch'd to windw'd of the Discovery, and in the Evening Tiana came on board, and with him Toweraroo,- who was now come to take his leave of us having determin'd to settle here in preference to his native Island Morotoi, his reason for going on shore here, was not only going under the protection of Tiana,-but he learn't that several of his family were settled on the Island.- The Captain, and his old friend Mr. Johnstone made him several presents among which the Captain gave him a Hanger-, he was exceedingly thankfull, and took his leave very affectionately.

Poor fellow I pity'd him when I thought how much happier he wou'd have been had he been suffered to remain at Otwhete which he wish'd so much for,- there is so much difference between the two places in every respect that no person who ever saw the one wou'd wish to go to the other,- and he seem'd low spirited & dejected I was sorry at the time to observe the manner in which he went on shore, he was sent in a Canoe, unattended but by Tiana, without Cloathing (except a purser's Shirt or two, & a pair of Trousers)

or any other article to add either to his comfort, or consequence no steps were taken, or provision made for his future situation on the Island, except the bare promise of one chief (Tiana) to protect him, and make him a man of consequence; it is true he had with him a few pieces of Iron & some little trifling trinkets, but even these,- if he will be suffer'd to keep them, wou'd procure him nothing.- It could have cost but little time and trouble for Captn. Vancouver to have seen ToMaihaMaiha, if he was in Karakakooa- or else have gone in there, and seen him comfortably & respectably settled as I conceive it was the intention of Government that so- he was to be left at these Islands.- It was in this way that Captn. Cook left Omai at Huaheine- but poor Toweraroo was put ashore like a convict to his place of transportation.

Tiana now made Toweraroo's stay a pretext for altering his plan of going to Atooi. This man told us that he, himself The King Of Owhyee had- 4 Swivel Guns, 6 Muskets, & 3 Barrels of Powder, which were given him by Douglass, Collnet & shame on them all!-

In the Evening with a light Breeze we stood along shore towards the North end of the Island & by the next Morning the 5th (March) had left Karakakooa Bay a good way astern - A chief came on board and made the Captain a present of a Feather'd Helmet-on asking him what he preferr'd in return, he said Powder, but this not being complied with, he was contented with a Couple of Toe's- and some Trifling articles;-

Some few Canoes came off to us from Toehuye Bay- with Pigs & roots.- about Ten at night.-the Discovery was in sight about two miles ahead when we had light airs off the Land, but at 12 O'clock she was not to be seen-Being off the No. end about 2 O'clock the wind came from the N. N. W. blowing pretty fresh, with which we stood for the Island.

Off Mowee,- During our stay of four days off the side of Owhyee that is reckoned the most fruitful, we did not between the ships procure more than Fifty or Sixty Hogs & small pigs.-

We had thought it not impossible that our Store Ship whom we expected to meet us about this time at these Islands might be in Karakakooa Bay, but we saw nor heard nothing of her the last Ship that had been here was commanded by Mr. Collnett- this was four months ago - a letter was however left with Toweraoo in case of her calling at the Island.-Her place of Rendezvous was Wytittee Bay, Woahoo.-

6th - In the morning we found ourselves well in with the Isld of Mowee, but we saw nothing of the Discovery as Mr. Broughton knew it had been Captn Vancouver's intention to look at the South side of this Island - we ran along shore on that side,- until we came towards the So West. extreme the Land had by no means a very inviting appearance,-it was remarkably high & seemed extremely Barren;-from the top of the Mountains to the waters edge are deep Gullies or ruts form'd I should suppose by the water running down,- there appeared but very little wood

on this side (except towards the Top) and as little Cultivation, here & there we saw a few Huts and a small Village, several of which appeared half way up.

AMONG THE ISLANDS OF MOWEE, TAHOORAWA, RANAI & etc. up the Mountains.- About the South Western Extreme of the Island are some tolerable large Villages.-and losing the wind as we got towards the Lee side of the Island we had a good number of Canoes off to us, with Vegetables but no Hogs,-the Shore all along was strait, steep and Rocky, but hereabouts are two or three little Bays with fine sandy Beaches. We had light baffling winds and Calms & were in sight of the Islands Tahooraw, Morokini, Ranai, & Moratoi - at dark the Canoes left us,- and with the same light winds stood towards the West Extreme of Mowee,-as we pass'd Tahoorowa, we observed large fires made on the side of the Hills running in different direction that had the effect of a grand illumination, and was either intended as a complement to us, or for the purpose of clearing away the ground for a new Crop of the grass used by the natives for covering their Houses with.-

7th.- In the morning we had variable spurts of wind being now nearby land Lock'd by the cluster of Islands,- as we got towards the Western extreme of Mowee- we were crowded rwith Canoes-and being about half way between it and Ranai, we had Canoes not only from these two, but from all the other Islands- I reckoned at one time upwards of a hundred & twenty around us-each of which upon

an average contained 5 people,-they brought with them a large supply of Roots, some fish, wood & fresh-water, and a very considerable quantity of water melons-and a few musk Melons but did not bring off a single Pig.-the People behaved very quietly and dealt very fairly with us.- Two Chiefs came on board-one of whom made Mr. Broughton a present of a small feather'd Cloak; this man was Tattow'd very Curiously- One half of Body from head to foot being quite Black,-the other half not tattow'd at all-it was done very exactly- a straight line being drawn from his forehead-along his nose& down to his Belly-and behind in the same exact manner; he was perfectly naked,-having not even a maro-on him the Skin of the P-s was drawn over the head where it was tied round by a small string,-but this was the only man I saw without a Maro-while I was among the Islands.- Neither of these men were great Chiefs and we learn't that Titeree, the king of these Islands we were now amongst, & also of Waohoo-was with Tayo King of Atoai attended by all OFF MOWEE, RANAI & MOROLOI, the principal chiefs; on the other side of the Island,- where they were encamp'd being in daily expectation of coming to a decisive Battle with TaMaihaMaiha King of Owhyee, with whom they had been at war for some years past.

These chiefs told us there were of hogs shore and wanted us much to go into a Bay under the Western Extreme of Mowee;-towards Noon we got a fresh trade wind with which we made a Stretch into this Bay we

towards WOAHO.

we found it to be much more pleasantly situated than any Bay we had yet seen, and though not very deep, had the appearance of being tolerably well shelter'd from the prevailing winds;- the Country about the Bay had a very charming appearance.-close to the beach were thick Groves of Cocoa Nut Trees-among which was situated a very large populous Village,-the Land behind this gradually rose to Hills of a moderate height- between which some pleasing vallies presented themselves, and large plantations of Sugar Cane, Taro & potatoe Grounds were observed about the Bay.- After satisfying our Curosimy in looking at this place & getting no Hogs off, we bore away between the Islands of Morotoi & Ranai, for Woahoo.-these two Islands have a very barren apperance-there being scarce a Tree upon either; they are but thinly Inhabited.-About 10 oclock at night we were pretty well in with the Island of Woahoo,- and being a clear Moon light night.- we ran on-and about 12 O'Clock came to an anchor in Wytitte Bay-where we found the Discovery.-who had only got in there that morning, having made a strait course from Owhyee to this Island,-to Leeward of all the intermediater ones;-the reason of our parting company was it seems having mistaken a Signal she made us the Night we lost her.

Here to our utter mortification we found no Store-Ship nor any tidings of her, I say mortification, for we had all been anticipating the pleasure we should receive in hearing from our various friends in England but

although this was the appointed Rendezvous, we did not yet give up all hopes of seeing her this season; one more place where there was a chance of meeting her yet remain'd,-Atooi.-whether we were to proceed from this.

8th-When day light appear'd, it brought to our view as charming a Scene as I ever beheld,- The Land about the Bay was Delightful, and far surpass'd any of the other Islands we had yet seen-it was Skirted with Groves of Cocoa Nut Trees,- and interspersed amongst these were the houses of the Inhabitants,-near the Eastn. extreme of the Bay is a very beautiful valley well wooded,- and at the back of the groves of Co-coas the ground was covered with a luxurious verdure; several villages were scattered about the Bay.-and we shortly had a considerable number of the Inhabitants off to us with abundance of Vegetables, Melons, Cocoa Nuts &c.-a few good Hogs were purchased, and a large quantity of excellent Salt, this Salt was brought off in small mat Bundles of about 15 & 20 Lbs wt.- two of which were purchased for a small knife or half a dozen small nails, and in the course of a few hours we fill'd Seven Barrels with this commodity.-Wood and Water was also brought off, and when they observed our eagerness to purchase

Woahoo

these two articles-plenty was soon to be purchased, and in course of a little time we stow'd away a good stock of wood, and fill'd three Butts with water.-the water was brought off in large Calibashes made of the

gourd shell many of which contain'd 5 and six Gallons-and to man who brought perhaps 4 and 5 Calibashes-we gave as many small nails which he was perfectly contented with.-The Discovery seem'd to have much fewer Canoes round her, than we had, her supplies were therefore not so plentiful, whether, it was for this reason, or that Captn. Vancouver never had intended to made above a few hours stay at this place-I cannot pretend to say; but we received orders to get under weigh. This we were sorry for, as every thing conspired to render our stay in this Bay agreeable-the Natives appeared quiet & well behaved, and the women of whom we had no small number on board were in general more agreeable in their persons than those of Owhyee.-We heard also from a gentleman who had been on shore the Evening before with Captn. Vancouver that there was abundance of excellent shooting; Ducks, Curlews, Plover &c.-being found in great numbers.-

About 3 O'Clock in the Afternoon the Discovery was under weight,- and made all sail for Atooi,-but it was not till 4 OClock that we got away,-when we staeer'd after her just as we were getting under weigh, One of the Natives in a Canoe, who had some Potatoes to sell, having previously got the price he demanded for them, paddled off without handling up any return; this was such a daring piece of impudence, that Captain

Atooi

Broughton immediately snatched up a Musket,-and presented it towards him, but he would not return, and

unfortunately it was not loaded, otherwise Capt'n, B. would have fired through his Canoe.

The Discovery who was considerably ahead when we quitted the Bay-at 6 O'Clock was not to be seen we stood on all night with a fine fresh Trade, and the next morning the 9th- at day light saw the Island of Atooi bearing WbN 9 or 10 Leagues and Wahoe ESE about the same distance. About two O'Clock we were well up with Wymoa Bay where we saw the Discovery at anchor, but the wind suddenly shifting against us when we were within half a mile of our anchorage,-it was 4O'Clock before we brought up, which we did in 29 fath'ns water, when moor'd the Exteme of the Bay bore from NWbW to S EbE. The River NNE ad the Body of Oneehow WSW.-

Though when we left Woahoo we had some hopes of seeing the Store-ship at this place, yet our fears of the contrary were equally great, so that we were not much disappointed-at not finding her, nor any intelligence of her. But the not seeing her at all at these Islands, was a matter of no small mortification & disappointment to many-as to myself, my vexation may easily be conceived, when I had all along been lead to imagine, that there was not a doubt but we should join her this Season at these Islds.-

Wymoa Bay is reckoned one of best anchorage places, (except Karakakooa Bay) among the Sandwich Islands, and though it has a pleasant appearance is not to be compared in point of beauty, to Wytitte Bay

Woahoo it is a large Bay-and abreast of where we lay is a deep fertile valley-through which a very fine fresh water River runs into the Sea-which tho' very deep inside, at the entrance will only admit a Canoe.-close to it on a fine plain by the Sea Beach is the Village, of Wymoa, which is large and well Inhabited, the land at the back of this plain, rises to no very considerable height; and is clear & pleasant, farther I cannot say of Atooi, as I had not an opportunity of going on shore during our stay there.-

We had soon plenty of Canoes round us with an amply supply of Hogs, and the other usual refreshments. As we let none of the Natives into the Ship except the women, we soon had enough of them on board, and we observed some much finer-looking women here, that we had, at any of the windward Islands-the most considerable number of these swam off to the Vessel, and so indelicately dress'd (comparatively with the Girls of Otaheite)-that we were in some measure disgusted at them at first-for the only covering they had was a small Maro-or piece of Cloth about a foot broad, that pass'd round their middle, many of them indeed came off almost entirely naked, knowing that their Gallants (shou'd they have the good fortune to get any) would as was generally done, give them new Clothing,- those however who came in Canoes wore a piece of Cloth that reach'd down to their Knees. Now at Otaheite when the women came off to the Ships they always well cloth'd, and were always particularly careful not to let a drop

of water touch them.-

10th- As it was Captn. Vancouver's intentions to stop here but for a few days for the sole purpose of completing his Wood & Water -(intending to stop also at Ooneehaw for a supply of Yams)- and wishing to get away as quickly as possible as the Season for the Coast of America was fast approaching, every exertion was used in forwarding our different necessary operations-among other things both Ships wanted Caulking much, the Caulkers were therefore all employ'd first upon the Discovery from whence after finishing her, they came on board us-

The Regent here in the absence of Tayo (who was now at Mowee) is named Inimo-and was on the opposite side of the Island;- the only man of any consequence whom we found here was a small Chief of the Name of Nomytyetee, he behaved himself in a friendly manner offering any assistance that lay in his power.- Captn. Vancouver avail'd himself of this man's offers.- Two Houses commodiously situated between the Sea Beach & the Watering place-were "Taboo'd" or particularly set apart for the Ships use,-and Lieutn. Puget-of the Discovery with two Midshipmen and a party of Marines were sent to remain on shore,- for the purpose of seeing every thing carried on quietly & properly. The Gunners of both Ships were also sent on shore to traffic with the Inhabitants for the refreshments of the Island.- The Launches were sent on shore with the water Casks and make several trips in the course of the day.- A party was sent from each

Ship to Cut wood which was freely given by the Natives, who assisted in cutting and bringing it down to the Boats- a good deal of this necessary commodity was likewise purchased of the Natives,- and they sold many of their Gods & graven Images for a few rusty nails- Every thing went on fair & regular- and we found these people less exorbitant in their prices, that at any of the other Islands.- Tooe's Knives, scissors & nails, but particularly scissors which they call "Oopa" were the articles most in request,- besides plenty of fine large Hogs, we got good quantity of Yams, Potatoes, Taro Sugar Cane, Melons, Pumpkins, & what surprised us much- Cabbage.- This last vegetable was planted here by Captain Cook, and they seem to have taken some care of it, for during our stay we got sufficient every day to supply the Officer's Messes, and boil in the Ship's Company's Soup, but they have not much of it, for as they Boil none of their food, they cannot use it themselves- The Gunner in the afternoon sent off twelve large Hogs- and as we had besides a considerable number on board, we began killing & salting for Sea store;- the weather being more favourable, as it was cooler, we promised ourselves better success than we had at Otaheite.-

We were much surprized at finding a Strange Englishman here, he had been some distance up the Country, and on hearing of our arrival came down, he told us there were two men, (One an Irishman & the other a Welchman) also ashore here, that they belong'd to an American Brig call'd the Lady Washington, com-

manded by Mr. Kendrick employ'd in the American Fur Trade, who was now gone to China, having in his way thither left these three men for the purpose of collecting Pearls and Sandal wood- they had been here about six months and did not expect the return of the Vessel- before twenty months more,-they had not made much progress in the business they were employ'd on, nor did they seem to think it wou'd answer, they were under the care of Inimo,- who treated them very well, and though on seeming good terms with the Natives, had their fears of their treachery. This man show'd a Letter sign'd by Several of the Masters of Merchant Ships that had touch'd here address'd to all Vessels that might afterwards stop at the Islands warning them of the deceitful, treacherous disposition of the Natives who they said cou'd not be trusted- He also inform'd us of a circumstance to which we had hitherto been a Stranger and which the horrid barbarity that attended it, left a very unfavourable impression on our minds, of the Natives of the Sandwich Islands,- and reflects on the character of the Celebrated Tiana no small portion of Infamy & ingratitude- The Fair American a small Schooner, commanded by a very young man of the name of Metcalf employ'd in the Fur Trade, had come to these Islands for refreshments;- (the crew including the Captn. were no more than five in No.) and being off Owhyee, between Karakakooa Bay- and the No. Wt. point of the Island- trading with the Natives- a Chief of the name of Kaymayyamoku, assisted by other Chiefs

of the Island went on board her, and taking the advantage of the size and weak state of her, murdered the Captn. and crew, except one man, who wou'd have shar'd the same fate, but for the fortunate arrival of an Englishman then living on the Island, who had it in his power, to Taboo - or save this poor wretche's Life; after this they took the Vessel in tow & carried her into some small Creek near the horrid place where this business was transacted; though Tana did not, we understood appear in it, he has the credit of being the founder and planner of it. Such was the imperfect account I was able to collect of this Melancholy affair, but as we shall be at these Islands about eight or nine Months hence, when our stay will be much longer, I hope I shall be enabled to give a more particular & just account of it.

We were also inform'd of an attempt made to Capture another small Schooner,- but from the accounts we had of this business;- being differently told by these men, we could not come at the truth, one saying that the attempt was made by Tiana and the people of Owhyee, whilst the other laid it on the Mowee people;- however be which it may- we were happy to hear their designs were frustated. Should these accounts be true, it will show how far Mr. Tiana can be trusted.- Here is gratitude for the favors he has received from Europeans- Here is the warm Heart and amiable mind, which Mr. Mears paints him as being possess'd of! -

As is ever the case, things of this nature awaken our suspicions- we immediately began to scrutinize

Tiana's behavior to us,- and to put the worst constructions on every part of it.- It was now by some conceived that the poor supply of refreshments brought off at Owhyee, was a political scheme to prevent our going into an Anchorage place there, where we might hear of the Schooner's affair, and so revenge it,-whether there is any justice in this supposition I cannot pretend to say, but it was not remembered by any, that Tiana ever intimated a wish that we should Anchor there, but on the contrary, proposed going immediately to Atooi,-this proposal now gave rise to another construction though with what degree of justice, I am equally at a loss to determine. The Englishman & the Natives here told us that Tiana dare not attempt to come to the Island, unless assisted by a very Superior force to theirs, as his intention they knew was to usurp the Government. On hearing this Captain Vancouver and others, bringing to their recollection several circumstances that happen'd during Tiana's stay on board the Discovery were not fully of opinion that he had an idea of Capturing the two vessels. In the first place Tiana proposed going in the Discovery with upwards of twenty men-taking with them all his Firearms & Ammunition, some men were also to go in the Chatham, this was all agreed to, and Tiana with a large gang Slept one night on the Discovery-where they were observed to be very watchful, constantly counting her number of men&ed. As it appears he dare not come here, it was thought that from this circumstance, & observing that we were

well mann'd and arm'd- he took the opportunity of making Towercoroos stay at Owhyee, a plea for not going with us & relinquishing his Piratical deisgn.-

There is some kind of plausibility on the face of this supposition, for after being successful with one small vessel, their ambition may carry them greater lengths, but I cannot altogether think that there is sufficient reason to put this construction on Tiana's conduct to us he must have constantly observed the impracticability of carrying such a wild scheme into execution, for besides the formidable appearance of the Vessels, not a Native (except women) was suffer'd on board either, and as to his proposal of going to Atooi, he might have had an idea of being assisted by Captn. Vancouver-

The 11th- was what the Natives call'd a Taboo day and we had but few Canoes off to us. This Taboo is a religious restriction or Law,- that has a very powerful effect, and is applied to both persons & things; it is always most scrupulously observed by the Natives, and for a very good reason, their lives being the forfeit, if broken thro' - or else in some slight cases, a considerable part of their property,- just as at Otaheite- tho' they are here far more rigorous.- On this day, the men & women have no kind of intercourse whatever with one another certain food is likewise prohibited particularly Pork. When a House or a piece of ground is Taboo'd, small sticks tippe'd with white Dog's hair, or pieces of white Cloth-are stuck on the line of the boundaries and it is

held sacred.- The Houses on shore occupied by Lieutn. Puget and his party were Taboo'd- as were our Water Casks &c. on shore.- The power of the Chiefs at these Islands over the common people is very great. A mere look makes them fly-and Nomytatee tho' a very small Chief was of the greatest service to us for at word he would disperse a crou'd ashore, and any thing we in particular wished secure, he had Taboo'd and it was safe.- We had the good fortune to purchase this day a Couple of fine Green Turtle,-the largest weigh'd about five & twenty pounds.- A Couple was also got on board the Discovery - and in addition to this and our other Luxury's the gentlemen on shore were very successful in shooting, there being seldom a day that they did not kill half a dozen Brace of Ducks, Plover &c.

Turtle is consider'd a dainty with these people, but the women who like the Otaheite women are restricted in their food- are among other good things, Taboo'd eating Turtle.-

The two Captains with a large party of the gentlemen of both Ships having been ashore, did not embark for returning to the Ships till pretty late at night when the wind was blowing very fresh and rais'd such a surf on the Beach,- that their embarkation had nearly proved of the most serious consequences to many of the party. The pinnace on account of the Surf cou'd not come within some distance of the shore, they were therefore obliged to go through the surf in Canoes,- After Captain Broughton & Mr. Johnstone had got into the Pinnace, Captain Vancou-

ver, and two of his young Gentlemen- Messrs, Pigot & Brown, on the return of the Canoe got into her next, but in getting off, a heavy surf upset her,- by the help of two of our people Captn. V was soon taken up & got into the Pinnace, Mr. Brown by some means though he wou'd not swim got also into the Boat, but Mr. Pigot's situation was very alarming, he cou'd not swim, and he was some time in the water before any person cou'd get to his assistance, the men belonging to the Canoe were employ'd in saving it, and perhaps supposed that as all the people of their Country cou'd swim that every one of us dou'd do the same.- Our Gunner who was ashore hearing of Pigot's situation, immediately jump'd in to assistance, but was himself very soon oblig'd to cry for help, for besides being but an indifferent swimmer, and the other having caught hold of one of his Arms, he had no power in the surf.- The Natives being at last made to understand his situation, two of them jump'd in, but he had remain'd in the water so long,- added to its being extremely dark, that some doubts were entertain'd of his Safety, however the two Indians were heard to cry out "Myty-" Myty" (a word made use of on all occasions expressive of pleasure, joy &c) -we concluded he was safe,- when he was got on shore he was speechless and much spent, however he soon recovered after he was taken into the house & wrapp'd in warm Blankets &c.-

Captain Vancouver now conceived (and I must confess I think ridiculously) that the Natives had some

design on his Life,-that they had purposely upset the Canoe, with the view of drowning him; and he seem'd the more convinced that such were their intentions from words which pass'd between Nomytyetee & one of the Canoe men,- but this conversation he most certainly misunderstood, by the accounts of those present whose knowledge of the Language was fully equal, if not superior to his.- Fresh matter now instantly appear'd to strengthen his opinion that the intention of the people were hostile.- and that they had a design to attack us;- large fires were lighted in different parts of the grounds about the Bay, and in a very little time the whole of the ground to the Eastward of the Village of Wymoa was one continued blaze; This Captn. Vancouver look'd on to be a Signal for assembling their forces, and no arguments whatever wou'd convince him to the Contrary Mr. Johnstone & Mr. Menzies who had both been here before and had lain here for six weeks at one time, told him the reason of these fires, that it was a practice with them at particular times of the year to burn the ground in order to clear it of the weeds & rotten grass, after which they have an early crop that serves them to cover their houses with,-this was likewise confirm'd by the English man & the Natives themselves- Captn. Vancouver was however too much rivetted to his own opinion to give it up,-and at all events was determin'd to act in the defensive (in which prudential caution he was right) he therefore left ashore, all the young Gentlemen most of whom had fire

arms, and on his return on board, sent the Launches of both Ships mann'd and arm'd to lye off the Beach as near to our Party as possible in order to cover them in case of attack-own forces consisted of about 25 in all, but we were happy to find that there was no occasion for this Caution, every thing was quiet and nothing further transpired to make us suspect the people had any bad intentions.-

The following day, the 12th- the Trade wind blew very fresh and the Surf was still heavy on the beach, but tho' it did not prevent the Boat's watering-it retarded their progress considerably.- The other two men belonging to the American Vessel made their appearance, but the Englishman whom we first saw had infinitely the advantage of them, being a modest, behaved, intelligent man, whereas the others were forward, assuming & indolent- One of them brought a message from Inimo,- to Captn. Vancouver, saying that he should be at Wymoa the next day with a present, and wishing us to stay for him. Few large Hogs were not to be purchased either on shore or alongside, and we rather imagined that a secret Taboo was laid on them til after Inimo's arrival,-we observed no decrease in the supplies of all the other articles.-We purchased a large quantity excellent Salt fish which was well cured and wou'd no doubt keep very well, also a quantity of Rope, both of two & three strands- and of all sizes to as large as three Inches.- It answered many purposes on board, as well as the best Tarr'd Rope, and

of this we had reason to be extremely careful.- The Ships being now completed with wood and water-late in the Evening orders were sent to Mr. Puget commanding the party on shore to come off, and bring every thing with them - On receipt of these orders Mr. Puget sent off to say that it was so very dark, and there was a heavy Surf on the Beach, he thought it very unadvisable to venture off so late with all the people and the many different things on shore, that he thought it would be better to wait till the morning when they would not only have light, but a chance of less surf.-Captn. Vancouver however sent peremptory orders to come off immediately, this in course was complied with, but it had nearly been of more fatal consequences than the preceding Evening's business.- A large double Canoe in taking several of them through the surf to the Boat-was broken to pieces -and it was with difficulty they were all saved.-One of the Marines lost his Musquet, the Cross Cut saws went also to the Bottom and several other articles that were in the Canoe, they at last got all into the Boat safe & return'd on board, leaving however behind them, several Water Casks, a double barrell'd Gun belonging to one of the Gentlemen, and a large quantity of Cloathes of different kinds.- Nomytyetee promised to Taboo them and to procure divers to fetch up the things lost in the surf.- The next Morning the Boats were sent on shore and found every article that had been left there safe, the Marine's Musket was also recovered, and some of the other articles

that had gone down with the Canoe.-

Inimo arrived this day & with his suite went on board the Discovery-after recovering a handsome present from the Commodore-who saluted him at his departure with four Guns, he came on board us-and received from Mr. Broughton some Red Cloth & other articles.- this old fellow asked for Powder and Ball, but none was given him, and there I believe he was much disappointed, for his presents in return were not so munificent as he at first said they should be, for he sent to us but a couple of Hogs & some Cloth.- Before this old Chief wou'd come off, he required two of our people as Hostages til he return'd on shore; soon after he went away, we were honored with a visit from the young Prince, the Heir Apparent, Tyo's eldest son, he goes by no other name then "King George"-Hostages were also required for him.-He was about 13 years of age, well made, with a fine handsome manly Countenance,-I did not see so fine a Boy at all the Islands,-he possess'd all that Native dignity in his appearance that (in this Country, at least) distinguishes those of high rank from the lower Class of people,-indeed this remark we found to hold good both at Otaheite and these Islands, and we cou'd always distinguish the man of rank from the other classes of people by their appearance, they are in general finer made men and handsomer.

To this young Prince, both the Captains made presents,- among other things were three Geese, but it was curious enough that no person could tell whether there was a Gan-

der amongst them, one however was suspected, which I shou'd be glad to hear was the case as they may propagate,- A He & she Goat were also given him, all these he promised to take care of.- At night time fireworks were display'd on board the Discovery,-the women who were the only Natives on board-were highly delighted and astonished-and though were lay two mile from the shore, we plainly heard the shouts of surprise & astonishment reechoed by the Natives.-

14th- Early in the morning (about 5 O'Clock) we got under weigh with the Discovery & proceeded to Oneehaw, an Island famous only for producing abundance of that excellent vegetable, Yams-about 6 or 7 Leagues to the Westward of Atooi.-

Both Ships had nearly as many women on board as men, and they seem'd to think nothing of going with us from Atooi, though they knew we did not mean to return there- Nomytyetee, and the Englishman went in the Discovery, as it was conceived they might be useful in getting us supplied with Yams- We left Atooi, well pleased with the behavior of the Natives, and the good supply we received of every article, we took away a tolerable good stock of Hogs for Sea Stock, and plenty of Sugar Cane &c. for food for them, but of Fowls we did not procure a dozen; A few small Pearls were here brought off for sale, we also got a few at Woa-hoo, but though the people seem'd to know they were valuable they parted with them for a few nails,-they are got from the Pearl oyster which they have at these Islands,

but whether they of any great value I know not, I rather think they are not, for of the few we saw, many were imperfect. A wood very much resembling Sandal wood both in appearance & smell is here in great plenty, and composed a great part of our fire wood.- We saw few Curiosities among them except Cloth & Matts, but not a feather'd Cloak or Helmet, though we saw great numbers of the Skins of the Red Bird brought off for sale.

At 10 O'Clock we brought up under the East point of Ooneehow in 13 fathoms water-the Extremes of the Islands bearing from EbN to N55W. & Tahoura WSW.- we lay about a mile and a half from the shore-& nearly in the same place as Captn. Cook lay when he first discover'd the Island.- This Islan'd has a most dreary, dismal appearance, being rather low except at the Eastern Extreme where there is a high Mountain rising on one side perpendicular from the Sea-round this was a small Sandy Creek surrounded by high shelving Rocks-about which are many of the habitations of the Natives - the Shore as far as we cou'd see was otherwise very Rocky and a heavy Surf beat upon it.-

We soon had several Canoes off with abundance of Yams, Potatoes, Sugar Cane &c.- which we purchased reasonably, as also a few Pigs - The Water Melon we likewise found in as great abundance as at Atooi, and the Salt-fish was also in as great plenty and as well cured as at Atooi.- Towards the Evening, when the Inhabitants heard of our being here,- (for there were but few Habitations

in sight of the Ships) a number of them came down from the Inland parts, and come off with large quantities of excellent Yams-and some few Hogs - the Yams were purchased cheap, but the Hogs of any large size, they asked a good deal for,-this is not to be wondered at, for there are but very few on the Island.-

15th- The supply of Yams was all this day so great that they were bought quicker, almost that two men could hand them in.- Though the shore had no very inviting appearance, yet as I had not put my foot out of the Ship since we left Otaheite I was glad now to seize the opportunity of enjoying a little fresh air and exercise.

In Company with two of our Gentlemen therefore I went ashore here, we went in Canoes, which though not unsafe, are very wet conveyances, and we found them particularly so here as there was a fresh Breeze and some swell, we landed on a white Sandy Beach in the little Creek round the E. point,- here we found vast numbers of the Inhabitants-and great numbers of Canoes were drawn up on the Beach,-by the sides of the Cliffs & Rocks, were some wretched Hovels, where many of these people lived, but though several of these might probably be the residence of Fishermen, yet many others were I conceive but temporary dwellings, for those who had come down to the Ships.-After clambering up the Cliffs to get into the Country, we set out on our walk,-but how far different was it from the last walk I took;- how different from the delightful plains of Matavai. We crossed over

to the other side of the high Mountain, where upon a little beach on which there was a tremendous Surf, we killed a few Plover. After proceeding alongshore for about three miles, without any thing to vary the dreary scene, except some Rocks & precipices, on which the Sea broke, with a violence that rendered the appearance awful, & frightful to behold, we shaped our course inland for about four miles, when we came to a small Village, consisting of about a dozen houses,- in going up to one of these, which was the largest, an old Blind man presented us with a small Pig, and being now rather Hungry, we had it dressed for Dinner, which afforded us an opportunity of seeing how they Cook'd their food.- The first thing they did was to dig a hole in the ground about two feet deep, in which they made a good fire, they then gathered some tolerable large stones, which they also put into the fire, and taking care to keep in burning vigorously that they might be well heated, two men were in the mean time employed about the Pig;- after it was killed, (which operation by the bye they performed very awkwardly with one of our Knives) they burned the Hair off with some dry Grass which they set on fire, they then scraped & washed it,-but water being extremely scarce here, this last business was not so minutely attended to as we wished,-by the time this was done, the Stones were sufficiently heated, the pig was slit down the middle & stretched out, and the Belly filled with Hot Stones;-the oven being floor'd with Hot Stones - the Pig was laid in it, together with some

Yams and Potatoes,- Over these were placed the remaining Hot Stones which cover'd the whole.- Some dry Grass being laid over all, the hole was covered with mould,- this finished the operation after remaining better than half an hour in this State, they were taken out, and found well done, but so clean as we cou'd have desired, Our appetites being however pretty keen we dispensed with Cleanliness for this time, and proved to the Natives that we could eat Pork as well as they.- In the Islands where there are plenty of leaves they Bake their Pigs remarkably nice and cleanly.

We dined in the old Blind Man's house.- This house which was one of the best we saw in our walk was about twenty five feet in length, and about ten in breadth, the Shape and appearance was not unlike a Cottage in the Country parts of England; the roof rose up from the sides to a sharp ridge about twelve feet from the ground, supported in ye Center by Pillars, & at each end by the walls which rose perpendicular the frames of the houses here, are small sticks and young Branches of Trees lash'd together with withs and thatch'd all over with large Leaves, no light or Air is ever admitted except by the Door, which is a wooden frame, and never larger than sufficient to admit a man in on all four's,- Notwithstanding this they are remarkably cool inside;- they are floor'd with Clean soft Matts over a Bed of dry Grass- No furniture or Domestic Utensils appeared in this house, except a few "Eboos"- or Vessels made of the Gourds shell but at

one end was something that had the appearance of a Chest or Bench, covered with a Mat, and most likely contain'd some of their property,-as Cloth &c.- During our stoppage at the house, we had collected a number of Spectators,- who were passing in crowds from the interior parts, with Yams &c.- to barter to the Ships.- After making some presents to our Host and his family,- we departed in order to return to the Ships, but on a different route from that we went we pass'd some plantations of Yams, & Sugar Cane which last seem'd in fine condition; but in our whole excursion we did not see a Single Tree, nor a drop of fresh Water-- here and there we observed holes in the Rocks- which appeared to have been made by art for the purpose of Catching rain water, to which the Natives as they pass'd eagerly ran, and seem'd much disappointed at not being able to allay their thirst for there was not a drop in any of them. Captn. Cook watered at this Island at a small Village which we saw, but had not time to visit.

The Country in general was flat and barren; the soil near the Sea Shore, was of a Brownish Colour & Sandy, but Inland was of a deeper Colour of a Clay substance- but firm & dry - No Taro is raised at this Island, that root requiring a very considerable quantity of moisture,- Nor have they either Cocoa Nuts, Bread fruit or Plantains.- We saw but few Hogs - and no Fowls of the domestic kind.- Dogs, they had great numbers of.- these Animals indeed constitute a very considerable part of the food of the Inhabitants of all

the Sandwich Islands.- In the Evening we return'd on board 16th- Having finish'd the Caulking of our Vessel this day- we got every thing ready for Sea- and with Evening quitted the island for the Coast of America. To Nomytyetie and the Englishman.- Captn. Vancouver made some presents.- and to the latter- he entrusted some letters directed to the Board of Admiralty, to be sent home by any Vessel that might touch at Atooi either on her way to Europe or China.- Mr. Menzies furnish'd this man with several different kinds of useful Seeds, which he promised to make good use of.-

There was a Native of Owhyee on board the Discovery, a volunteer for the Coast of America,- he call'd himself John Ingram, and had been already to the N.W. Coast in a Ship commanded by a Mr. Ingram who afterwards took him with him to Boston and New York,- he spoke English tolerably well-

As we were among these Islands only a fortnight altogether, in which time I was but once on shore, I have been able to say little more than the occurrences that daily happen'd on board the Ship, but as it is intended we shall spend the ensuing winter here, I shall then have an opportunity of observing more of their manners, Customs &c.-

We took away with us in both Vessels about as much Yams as was supposed sufficient to last the Ships Companies two months or more,- in lieu of Bread. In our Vessel we salted six Casks of Pork- and took to sea with us ten Barrels of excellent Salt, and about thirty live Hogs & Pigs.-

What a happy discovery these Islands were!- what would the American Fur trade be, without these to winter at & get every refreshment? A Vessel going on that trade, will need only sufficient provisions to carry her to these Islands,- where there is plenty of Pork & salt to Cure it,- and Yams as a substitute for Bread.-

We did not leave these Islands or their Inhabitants, nor did the Inhabitants part with us- with,- any of that concern or regret which our good Otaheitian friends did.- Indeed we were not long enough among them, to give either them or us an opportunity of forming attachments; But as far as I could observe they are infinitely inferior to the Natives of Otaheite in every respect, except in some of their manufactures, in all which they display a great share of taste and neatness,- but as to their dispositions & manner they are I think much below them- Captain Cook says they are mild and affectionate, I am not so presumptuous as to put my opinions in competition with his, but I must confess I am not of the same opinion as to affection,- whatever they may seem to profess, I am convinced is entirely from interested motives, and as to their Mildness,- all they have I believe proceeds from fear; They seem to be treacherous and revengeful and though at one minute they appear your friend and load you with presents, the very next they would think nothing of murdering you.- They are seldom at peace, but on the contrary continually at War, One day assisting one party, and the next revolting.

Captn. Cook says they are free from the fickle levity which characterizes the Inhabitants of Otaheite, 'tis true, they are- but have they any other good qualities in stead? No-, they have ones, they are crafty and designing; perhaps it wou'd be happy for them, that they did possess the levity and volatility of those amiable peple, they wou'd then perhaps be less vicious.- The women seem likewise void of affection, and in their persons & manners are as inferior to the women of Otaheite, as they are to European women.-

Captn. Cook again says, that he met with less reserve and suspicion among these people than he did among the Otaheiteans, that they frequently sent up the things they meant to barter, before they knew what they were to get, and that the Otaheiteans had not that confidence in their integrity,- whence he infers these people were more faithful in their dealings with each other than the Otaheiteans.- I cannot pretend to say what might be the case when Captain Cook was at those two different places, but I can only say that we found it diametrically opposite, the people of Otaheite were universally fair in their dealings, and always sent up their articles before they received their payment, whilst the Sandwich Islanders watched every advantage of cheating you, and seldom kept their word after bargaining- and I have often seen a man go away without selling his property- because what he demanded was not

given into his hands before he would even show what he had to sell.-

But I am running on too far, I may be saying more than what is really the Case, and must suspend further remarks till I come here

The following is what I could collect again and see more of them.

lect of the present State of political affairs among the Islands.

ToMaiha Maiha (formerly known by the name of Maiha Maiha) King of Owhyee was now at War with Titerree King of Mowee, Moortoi & Woahoo- this Titerree having lately married the beautiful Piana daughter of Tayo the King of Atooi & Ooneehow was in consequence of this junction, assisted by Tyo- both these Kings were now at Mowee where were also the Principal Chiefs and warriors of that party, they had already had some actions with the Enemy but had not come to the decisive one.

Abbenouee-formerly Tyo's prim minister, so much spoken of by Portlock and other, had either been driven from Atooi, or deserted from it (I know not which) and join'd Woahoo, but making a descent on Atooi with a small Fleet, in which he proved unsuccessful, his CaCnoe with twelve others were lost, and himself and every soul belonging to them perished. Inimo a considerable Chief of Atooi is now the same to Tayo that Abbenouee formerly was, and acting as Regent during the absence of Tayo.-

(To Be Continued.)

UNCLE HARVEY'S THANK OFFERING

By JUDITH ARNOLD

AUNT HEPSEY had just returned home from an enforced stay at the pesthouse, where she had been taken several weeks previously, when it had been discovered she had smallpox. Today she was sitting up for the first time, and was quite delighted when Tiny, her daughter, ushered in a guest, "Sister Maria," who lived at Miss Annabel Lee's, where she cooked and cared for the house. Although Aunt Hepsy was almost entirely well, she did not like to THINK she was, dreading, perhaps, the time when she must get back to the wash-tub, for she "took in" washing six days of each week. Uncle Harvey, her husband, assisted in providing for the family by carrying the laundry to and from the homes of the various white folks his wife served.

"Why Hepsy," greeted Maria effusively, "I'se suah glad to see you a-lookin' so peert! It wahms the goggles of my heah, as ole Massah used to say, to see you settin' up and feelin' so much bettah!"

"Who says I feels bettah—that wuthless Hahvey Slocum?" snapped the semi-invalid. "Well, I tells you I don't—I feels somethin' turble. Ise so sick I can't keep nothin', hahdly, on my stummick. All I et this mawnin' was th'ee soft boiled aigs and a batch

of pancakes. Tiny wanted me to eat mo' and she brung me a second helpin', but I says 'No, chile, take 'em away'."

"I brung six the fust helpin'," said Tiny, "and you et a slab of sidemeat besides, and had two cups of coffee, and——"

"Listen to that gal," moaned Aunt Hepsy. "You'd think she begrudged me the few mohsels of food I betook of! Guess I won't evah eat no mo'. I only et that to try to build up some stren'th—I'se that weak I can't speak out of a whispah, hahdly." Aunt Hepsy's voice had grown interestingly weak as she gave utterance to the last few words, and she allowed it to drop to a whisper, and her head to fall back among the cushions on her chair.

"Well," spoke the matter-of-fact Maria, "I'se sorry you can't eat, kase Miss Annabel done tole me to kill a chicken, and make you a nice stew, and I done so and brung it along. Reckon Harvey and the chilluns will relish it."

"Don' you dare give that stew to Hahvey and the chilluns—side pohk is they daily po'tion," shrilled the irate Hepsy. "Mebbe I could eat a li'le mite right now, and it might put stren'th in me to tell you how near I

come to death's do', and to give you some of my depressions of the pest house.."

So a plate of the delectable stew was brought in and eaten with evident relish, in spite of Aunt Hepsey's effort to appear to be forcing herself to eat. She even permitted herself to be persuaded to eat "a li'le mo' for the sake of degainin' stren'th." Then a feeling of at-peace-with-the-world stealing over her, for such is ever the result of a full stomach, the convalescent launched into a recital of her recent illness:—

"When I took sick that day, and mos' fell into the wash-tub, and had to be helped into the bed, Hahvey got scairt and sent for ole Doc' Small, and when he come, fust thing he do, he take a li'le glass pencil outen his pocket, and shake it up and down and say 'Put this in youh mouf', and I ansahs back 'No sah, I don't want that they thing in my mouf'. Doc, he say, 'Come on now, Hepsey, I aint got no time for foolin',' and I say 'No, sah, Doc, nor neither I aint got no time for suckin' a glass pencil.' He made a motion to put the dratted thing in my mouf, and I say 'Iffen you do, Doctah, I'll bite it in two.' You know ole Doc Small don't do much dissuadin'—he uses fo'ce, so sho nuff he fo'ces that thing in my mouf, and I shet my teeth down, and SNAP, the ole thing was busted. That man sho was mad, and he say, 'That settles it—right to the pesthouse you go, and if'n you aint already got smallpox, you soon will have!' And he and Hahvey ca'ied me right out to his otto and we didn' stop twill we was theah. But I nevah did let one of them li'le glass pencils stay in my mouf. At

fust the nu'se kept tryin' and eve'y time I bit hit in two, and——"

"Well," broke in Maria, "I don't reckon you had much fevah, nohow, so hit didn't make no diffunce."

"Didn' have much fevah?" was the indignant protest. "Why Maria, my fevah was so high hit jes' pushed the covahs off'n my body, wouldn' even let the sheet stay paht of the time. Why, woman, that fevah was so high that——"

"You was pretty hot, was you?" solicitously inquired her sister.

"Hot? I was done past bein' jes HOT—why my haid was so hot the nu'se cooked flapjacks on it—saved her a lot of steps, too, runnin' back and fo'th to the kitchen. The pest house aint so bad a place, Maria, they was some right nice folks there—nice and sociamal—one ole man died too—oh they was somethin' doin' mos' all the time, so's I didn' get lonesome, not nevah."

"Didn' you miss Hahvey and the chilluns?" asked Maria.

"Well, sometimes I wished right smahtly I could see 'em, but I knowed I couldn' see the fambly 'thout seein' the wash boa'd too, and the wash tub, and the wash boiler, and I didn' have no resiahs to see them lattahs, so I was recomciled."

"I reckon Hahvey did right good takin' keer of the house and the chilluns whilse you was gone, didn' he?" inquired the caller.

"He done as good as he knowed, I reckon, but Hahvey don't know much—I'se the brains of this house. Hahvey is shiftless and wuthless and——"

"Why don't you leave him if'n you thinks so po'ly of him?" asked the blunt Maria.

"But you see ifn' I did I wouldn' have nobody to tote the washin's home—taint despectable for a woman to go out on the street to wuk—'taint her spere. Some day Ise gwine have a ottomobeel to delivah in, and then ——" The pause was eloquent and ominous, but Maria snorted:

"Hut—you and your ottomobeel! Bes' you can evah look fo'wa'd to is anothath baby ca'iage liken Hahvey usetah push around. What evah become of hit, anyhow?"

"Oh, Hahvey dress the twinses up lak babies—theys six years old, you know, and bedevored to take them to the circus, and bus' that buggy all to smithereens! Now he totes the clo'es baskket on his haid. But jes' wait——?"

At this threatening point the conversation was interrupted by the sudden entrance of Uncle Harvey, wearing a shame-faced and apologetic look. HE carried a large flat parcel, which he grandiloquently laid across his wife's knees, saying, "I'se brung you a li'le gif', Hepsey, kin' of a thank offerin' for gettin' well."

In quite a flutter Aunt Hepsey removed the string that bound the package, carefully untying each knot, saying as she did so,

"Now that was nice and thoughtful of you, Hahvey. Not many men has enough definement to think of givin' they wives anythin' 'cep' at Christmas time, and then its mos' gen'ally somethin' to eat so's they can get half. I jes' knows this is that silk dress I'se been cravin' so long, kase its done up so keerful, and put in a box. I hopes its red relicious watah-melon red?" She rolled the string into a neat ball, removed and folded the paper before lifting the lid of the box

wherein she fondly hoped to find a silk dress. Well that she had been reinforced by the two plates of chicken soup, for stouter nerves than hers might have given way under the disappointment. Instead of a silk dress, there reposed in that box a shiny new brass wash board! Perhaps Harvey was anticipating a storm—anyway he saw one gathering on his wife's face, and hastily scattered those black clouds by saying:

"Hepsey, Honey, tha's jes a li'le joke—the real gif' is outside the do'—it's so big I can't bring hit into the house. And Honey, hit sho is beautiful, and jes' runs as smooth as lasses, and——"

"Hahvey Slocum, is you goin' a make the dream of my life come true?" rapturously inquired Hepsey. "Tell me quick, has that gif' outside the do' got wheels?"

"Sho has," grinned Harvey.

"And what colah is hit?" breathlessly.

"Red—red as a juicy, ripe watah melon," was the proud reply.

Hepsey's black and toil worn hands were clasped and her eyes rolled toward Heaven as she fervently exclaimed: "Oh Lo'd I thanks thee for givin' me such a man as Hahvey, and I craves youah pa'don, and likewise hisn for evah beratin' him. Come quick, Hahvey man, and let me kiss yo' for that FO'D what stands outside my do'."

"It aint a FO'D," said Harvey with some misgivings.

"Lo'dy, Lo'dy. Is hit a Cadillac?" and Hepsey could stand the suspense no longer. Gone was her weakness—laid aside as an old garment! She sprang from her chair and dashed

across the room with her old time vigor, demanding, "When can I learn to drive? Ridin' in a otto will hurry up my rejuvenescence. Maria, don't you tell Miss Annabel. I resiahs to surprise her when I rides up to her do' to bring back her clean clo'es. Hahvey, honey, you won't have to tote big baskets on youah haid no mo'—us'll ride in that they Cadillac right up to white folks do' now. Let me kiss you once mo', husban' of my bosom, befo' I opens this do' and that gran' sight bu'sts on my vision. Let me——" But Harvey had vanished. So, quelling her enthusiasm and assuming a quiet dignity she thought the occasion warranted, she took her sister by the arm and said, "Come Sister, with me and feas' youah eyes. Mebbe if you hadda been sma't like I was and ma'ied a gran' man like Har-

vey, 'stead of demainin' a ole maid, you'd have, not a Cadillac, of cou'se, but anyhow a Fo'd to ride aroun' in!"

Slowly and with almost reverence, Hepsey opened the door, and there it stood! Drawn carefully up into the yard, so as to escape possible danger from passing traffic, it stood there, a brave patch of red in the drab and colorless yard. Harvey had told the truth—it was red as a juicy ripe watermelon, body red, wheels red, top red! Yes, Harvey had not falsified when he said it was red, nor had he falsified when he had said "'Taint a FO'D." But neither was it a Cadillac—the red object in the shabby yard was a battered wicker baby carriage decorated with red paint, according to Harvey's original ideas of beauty, and intended to replace the one the twins had wrecked!

TWO FAIRY STORIES

By VIOLET C. DONALD

STORY I. THE GREEN MENEHUNE

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy, and I am sorry to say that he was quite lame and had to lie on his back all day.

He lived on a lovely island called The Garden Island. This was not its real name, but it was so beautiful that the people who loved it called it so. It was always summer on that beautiful island, and it was always green. The water around it was very blue, and it was called the Pacific or peaceful ocean. In the distance, nearly lost in the haze, was another island.

The Doctor said that if he lay on his back for a year he might then be able to walk again.

Now this little boy used to think and think. "More than three hundred days. O, dear me, what a terribly long time! That was on the days when he did not feel very well, or was a little cross. Then perhaps he would feel a little better and he would think "Fifty-two weeks! Well, that is a fearful time, too." But somehow or other it did not seem so long as three hundred and sixty-five days. Then he would be feeling quite spry and he would say to himself, "Only twelve months! Not so bad; it will soon pass."

One day this little boy was lying out in his garden with his eyes shut. He looked just as if he were asleep. All of a sudden he heard a little squeaky voice say: "Well, I never! Lying down on a day like this when there is so much to do. Dear me!"

The little boy opened his eyes wide and looked around, and there standing up on tiptoe, and holding on to his chaise longue was the queerest little man he had ever seen. He looked only about one foot tall and he had a long black beard and such bright black eyes. They sparkled and danced as he talked.

"Well, I do declare! I really think a great big thing like you would do something and not stay dreaming all day. I need your help."

The little boy was so amazed he couldn't think what to answer. At last he managed to say,

"But you see, I can't, I have hurt my back and *must* stay here. Don't I just wish I could help you. Why do you want me? How can I help you?"

The little man said, "It is like this. Our Princess has been changed into a horrid lump of black lava by a wicked old fairy that hates her, and one way she can be changed back is for a little human boy to come and kiss her.

Then she will be changed into our beautiful Princess and the wicked fairy will die."

"There is one other way to get her changed back and that is for her grandmother Pele to come from Hawaii, where she lives in her fiery palace. If she were to come the mountains would turn to fire and the land would be shaken and spoiled, the sea will wash over it and people and animals killed. Besides she has promised not to come back here, so you will have to help."

"Of course it is not going to be easy because that old fairy will try to stop us even if you will come. You say you can't walk, and you are the only little boy who has seen me. Why? I have touched dozens and dozens, and they just think it is the branch of a tree or something and never see me at all. I have screeched at hundreds and they think it is only the wind or the surf."

"Now, if I were to get you a lovely white rat with pink eyes, do you think you could ride it?"

"Ride a pink-eyed rat?" laughed the little boy, "why I should squash it flat."

"That's right," said the small man, "but you don't have to laugh," and he looked quite offended. However, he soon cheered up and said,

"Why, of course, the Magic bean! Surely there is a Kiawe bean here that will do. I will see if I can find one." Off trotted the little man and began searching the ground. He looked the same color as the grass as he was dressed in green. At last he made a grab and chuckled with laughter.

"Here is one! See, it is divided by a dent exactly in the middle three

inches on this side and three on that. See the sicklelike point just like the new moon."

Holding the bean firmly with both hands, he brought it up till the point touched the little boy's ear.

"Pilikea pau, Pilikea pau," he repeated six times. Then going over to the kiawe tree, and taking off his hat he bowed gracefully and said, "Aloha nui oe," and the tree seemed to bow in return.

Meanwhile the little boy was getting smaller and smaller until he was just about as long as the bean, and wonderful to relate he sat up! Yes, he did. Sat right up and it didn't hurt him at all.

Wherever was he?

He seemed to be sitting on a soft, soft floor and whenever he tried to walk he sat down into it. Why? Of course! He remembered, it was his cushion that he was on and as he was now so small it seemed huge to him.

"Dear me," he said. "How very strange! I suppose I shall get used to it." He slid right down to the ground on some thick scratchy stuff that he thought must be sugar cane until he remembered his size, and knew it was grass.

He heard a rustling sound and looking around saw the little man coming towards him with a sleek white rat all saddled and bridled like a horse. He didn't know whether he really wanted to ride it after all, it looked so fierce. Its eyes somehow or other looked red rather than pink and its tail made him think of a kangaroo's.

"Please don't keep us waiting all day," said the menehune. "Up you get."

The little boy did not want to be

thought a coward, so mounted. It was most comfortable, the rat's gait was smooth like that of a single footer.

Off they went, with the menehune running by their side.

They came to a tunnel in the ground and down into it went the rat without the boy guiding it at all. It seemed quite dark in the tunnel at first, but after a short time the sides became all bright with green lamps, tiny and softly glowing.

The little man told the boy that they were olivine lamps, and that Madame Pele had had them made when she used to live on the Garden Island.

On and on they went, down the long passage lighted by the little green olivines. It grew higher and wider as they went on, till it reached up so high that the roof could not be seen.

"Be very, very quiet," said the menehune. "We are coming to the wicked fairy's cave. She is quite blind, so won't see you, but she will do all she can to find out if I have any one with me. So don't make a sound whatever she says or does."

The little boy heard a terrible sound like shrieking or wailing, and looking up saw in a hole in the wall the ugliest-looking being anyone ever saw. She had long black wispy hair that waved and turned all about her face like live spiders' legs. Her eyes were now red and now green, and her long clawlike hands kept reaching out into the passage as though trying to touch him.

The little boy slipped from the rat's back and crept as far from the hole as possible.

"Ho, ho! little green menehune,

keeper of the green lamps, so you are back from your travels. Ha, ha! did you get your little human boy? What a tasty supper he will make for me." The frightful creature reached out farther and farther into the passage gnashing and gnawing her teeth until the little boy thought he must shriek.

But he closed his mouth tight and kept as still as a mouse. Then he began to creep slowly forward, keeping out of the way of these horrible hands.

"Not so fast! not so fast! said the terrible voice. "You don't get by me as easily as that. Give me an answer, little green man, or I'll chew you up too"

"Chew me up! Chew me up! You'll have a hard time of it, my woman. I'm like rubber and your poor old teeth would drop out.. And besides, WHO WOULD KEEP THE LIGHTS? The only thing you can see is their green glimmer. Put your claws in and let me pass, and don't taunt me with failure, or I'LL TURN THEM OUT NOW."

"Ha! ha! so you did get your little boy after all. Well, more fool you."

All this time the little boy had been creeping along on his hands and knees till he was a long way past the hole in the wall. The green menehune followed him with the white rat. He kept his fingers on his lips to let the little boy know that he must not yet talk

Down and down farther into the earth they went; till they came to a long staircase.

"We must leave our rat here," said the man. . So he turned it loose.

Down they went, down the stairs till they reached the bottom.

There they saw a splendid palace all glittering with jewels in a magnificent garden. But though it was all so beautiful, and was full of people, yet the little boy felt very sad because all the people appeared sad, but when they looked up and saw the little man boy they looked excited and began to crowd around them. In fact they came so close they nearly trod on them.

The green menhune waved them away with his arms, but never said a word, and went on through the crowd as if it were not there. It did seem so strange to the little boy, because he felt as if he were in a glass case, and that no one could touch him although he could see them all and walk along.

They went into the palace and into a pretty bedroom all furnished in white and pale blue, with pretty silk curtains and coverlet. There was a bright yellow canary in a cage hanging in the window, and pretty flowers stood in a yellow bowl. The room looked as if it was just ready for a little girl to come in, smell the flowers, and go up to the canary's cage and say nice cooing things to the little songster.

Indeed that was just what the flowers and the canary were waiting for.

There in a chair was a cold, black figure.

Even though it was cold and black it was still beautiful, and looking at it closely, the little boy saw that it was the figure of a little girl.

"O! How sweet she is," he thought; "what a pity she is only stone."

"Not stone, my dear, but lava," said a voice beside him.

The little boy gave a jump. Looking round he saw a sweet faced lady watching him with such a happy expression on her face, as though she had heard the most joyful news anyone ever had heard.

"Kiss her! dear little human boy," she said gently.

Then the little boy remembered what the green menhune had told him and stooping down kissed the little figure on her hard black cheek.

All of a sudden the figure turned into the prettiest little girl he had ever seen. She had soft black hair and large brown eyes. Her cheeks were like roses and her mouth a rosebud, and when she began to talk her voice was the sweetest voice he had ever heard.

She jumped up and ran to the gentle lady, who began to speak.

The little boy never heard what it was said because just at that moment something fell on his face.

Looking up he saw the Kiawe tree in his own garden waving its branches and dropping its beans on him. "Why this is strange" he said to himself, rubbing his eyes. "Where ever am I. How could I have got home?"

But he was home in his own garden, in his own chair, and there was his own dear mother coming over the lawn carrying a tray with ice cream and cake. He gave a sigh of content and waved his hand to her.

STORY II

THE LAVA WITCH

ONCE upon a time the Little Lamé Boy was lying on his chair in the house. Outside the sky was black and threatening. For two or three days it had been sultry and hot. The usual trade wind blowing from the cool North East had quite died down. What there was of wind was warm and fitful. Daddy had said at lunch that he thought a Kona was coming up. Well the Little Lamé Boy rather enjoyed a Kona when it did come. He liked the wild gale from the South bringing with it the fierce tropical rain. How it would pour! just like giants emptying barrels of water from the sky. The thunder would rumble and rear over head. The inky sky would split open with vivid flashes. The trees would be blown down! That's right! The trees would be blown down! O! How he hoped that his lovely Kiauwe tree would not be blown down. It just seemed as if the Kona hated the kiauwe trees. It always threw them down. Of course he knew that the kiauwe trees' roots did not go far down and that they grew so well in sandy soil. He knew too that the rain loosened their roots and helped them to fall. Yet he couldn't help thinking that the Kona did hate them. Perhaps it was jealous. He wished the storm would come. He was so hot! He turned and twisted, and pushed his damp hair from his forehead.

"Gee, it is hot! If it only would rain," he thought. "I wish it would

rain" he said aloud.

"O! no! not just yet," said a tired little voice at his elbow.

Looking down he saw his little friend the green menehune. But, what a changed little man. His clothes were ragged and torn. His little brown hands were scraped and scratched. He looked so tired.

"Whatever has happened to you?" cried the little boy.

"Dear little boy, I have come to ask one more favor of you. You are the one little human boy that can see me, so you see you are the only one that can help. When you restored our little Princess to us, the old witch was herself changed into a lava statue. She was so horrid and wicked that even when she was changing into a hard solid statue, she twisted herself around and about and has plunged all our land into darkness. She is lying over the flame that kept our olivines alight. They kept us as light as day. That flame has to be fed, and it was my work in life to feed it. It must have the fluffy flowers of the kiauwe tree once a week, and I cannot get near it now. That wretched witch has completely covered all opening to it."

"If you can be brave and go into that dark hole alone; if you can put your little hands into the two empty holes that were her eyes, and hold them there for five minutes. Not minding anything that may take place, she will melt away and run into the ground. Our flame will burn up again and we will all be happy and bright again."

The little boy listened breathlessly.

He felt quite frightened at the thought of going down into the earth alone, but he really felt he must go as he was the only person who could do it.

"O! dear O dear!" he wished he couldn't see the menehune. No NO! he didn't really wish that; he would be a good sport and go. He looked at the little man who was so anxiously observing him. He cleared his throat and said bravely.

"I will go and do my best." The menehune's face was full of joy.

"Some day" he said, "I will try and repay you. Here is the magic bean and it will bring you to the right height."

Taking the bean he gently rubbed the little boy with it, repeating twice the magic words "Pilikea pau, Pili-kea pau" and there was the little lame boy just six inches tall.

"You will have to climb down that vine," said the little man when they reached the veranda steps, "these steps are too steep."

The little boy looked down them and shivered. They certainly were too steep. They crept through the veranda rail and began to climb down the vine. The little boy felt just like Jack and the Beanstalk.

Over the lawn they went. What a long way it seemed till they arrived at the hole in the earth. How dark and black it looked.

"Now I must leave you" said the menehune. "You must go the rest of the way alone. Just keep a brave heart and I promise you nothing whatever will be able to hurt you." The little boy looked round. The menehune was gone.

"I will keep a brave heart" he thought, and started down the long black passage.

It got darker and darker, blacker and blacker. He went very slowly, feeling his way carefully. He knew now why the little man had been all ragged and torn. He must have come as fast he could up this dark passage. He must have bumped and scratched himself on the rough rocks on each side of the way.

A sudden bright flash of light and a terrific booming noise made the little boy crouch down at the side of the way cold with fear. This would never do. The menehune had said "Keep a brave heart!" and here he was giving way to fright at the first frightening thing. He got up, straightened his little shoulders bravely and started on again. Again there was a bright flash of light and a booming and a cracking that shook the earth beneath his feet. This time the boy kept steadfastly walking.

Something flapped and waved about his head. What could it be? If he could only see a little better. He strained his eyes in the gloom and managed to make out the shape of a bat that was flying to and fro in front of him. It did look so large, and looking so large, it looked awful and terrifying. It flapped and flapped its wings as much as to say "You can't come down here." But I just have to, thought the little boy. So shutting his eyes tight and holding his hands out before him he went on.

Twhee! Twhee! "Dear dear me! What ever was that" he said aloud and opening his eyes he saw two fierce bright lights blazing in his

path. What could he do? He must go on. So holding his head high and trying to whistle, he went on past the lights which turned and followed him. Looking back he could see the dim outline of an owl.

"Only an owl" he sighed with relief. But when one is only six inches tall owls do look so gigantic, and they might take you for a mouse. Owls are pretty fond of mice.

He hurried on. What a long way it seemed. Would he ever get there. On and on he went breaking his way webs through webs with beady eyed spiders in their centers. Clambering over rocks which hurt his poor little knees. Then the light flashed again and he saw he was at last quite near the lava witch.

There she lay, a solid black lump. Her hair was crisp and brittle. It waved in the air like wisps of spun glass. Her claw-like hands were stretched out as if ready to clutch anything that came their way. Where her eyes had been were two black holes. What an awful looking thing she was. Steam was forcing its way through the cracks in the wall round her. There was a continual swishing and bubbling sound as if the earth was trying to melt her up and so get rid of such a loathsome figure. But the little boy knew that it could never do that because he was the only person or thing that could do so.

How he hated to put his hands into those ugly black holes. She did look so lifeless. He could see her quite plainly now. The light kept flashing all the time now, the tunnel was as light as day.

"Keep up a brave heart" he said to himself and whistling to help keep that brave heart he went over to the witch and thrust both hands into the holes.

The earth shook and rocked. Thunder reared and crackled. It was inky black now. His fingers began to get numb, still the little boy stood there. The black witch began to melt. She got softer and softer and ran down into the cracks in the ground. A clear bright flame shot up where she had been.

The little boy heard laughter and soft music. He felt himself sinking into the ground as if the witch was trying to take him with her. He threw out his arms to catch hold of something to prevent her doing so. All the tunnel seemed now to be glowing with pretty soft lights.

He rubbed his eyes and found that he was in his chair and he was clutching hold of its arms as if he would never let them go. Someone was playing gramophone in the next room. He heard Daddy's voice saying "Whee! What a storm! and to think that youngster slept right through it."

EDITORIAL

IN this Pacific area where the twentieth century promises to marry the West and East, human beings are facing conditions that seem to permit them to be equally successful as souls and as economic units. The coming conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations at Kyoto and the launching of Yankee home rule in American Samoa are but two of the notes of the year in this Pacific world that may have ultimate significance for the centers of Western civilization. The Caesarian throes, incident to the birth of Nationalist China, the China that has entombed the body of Sun Yat-sen at Nanking, jar temporarily, but there is much reason for believing that the day is approaching, when the best representatives of a race are not likely to remain blinded to ability and character elsewhere by a parochial devotion to the good and the inefficient alike of any one group of individuals. It may easily be that the Hawaii of the twentieth century may become in many ways the Gama-liel, at whose feet California, Australia and the Orient may profitably sit. And all this detracts in no wise from the zest of island outdoor life or the interest in the Hawaiian experiments with Java sugar cane seedlings.

* * *

Dorothy Graham's "The China Venture" (Frederick A. Stokes Company) shares the charm that is in-

creasingly inherent in the Orient for all those Americans who have discovered that the world is not bounded by the marches of the Rhine and the Danube in the East and the Mississippi in the West. The structural scaffolding of the story, built around three generations of Americans in China, is not hidden, but the Canton of 1835, the Peking of 1900 and the Shanghai of today have their appeal for any meanderer who did not have time to see the Pyramids while in Cairo and who cherishes a twenty-year memory of Raffles Hotel in Singapore. Many a Maui native has never climbed the 10,000 foot crater of Haleakala and many a traveler between New York and Chicago has never seen Niagara Falls. For nearly a century both Chinese and the West thought of China's contact with the Occident in the terms of a Western invasion to be welcomed or dreaded, according to one's point of view. Today it is evident that China's progress is an evolution from within under the influence of outside forces that are accessory to its growth, rather than factors of revolutionary displacement.

Old Houqua in "The China Venture", when he was nearly ready to drink at the Yellow Springs in 1835, said in his reverie: "And these puny Western men—what mark can their cannon balls make on the soil of the Middle Kingdom?"

Today, when "uncertainty is the

very essence of China's lure", the struggle to assimilate ideas, while a whole people is groping between new freedom and old laws, has escaped from the artificial restraints of alien traders and teachers without losing contact with the economic energy and the spiritual contributions of more recently maturing races.

* * *

It is not such a long trail from the top of Tantalus down its northerly slope through the long grass and along the Nuuanu ridge to the higher side of the Nuuanu Pali. It is somewhat diverting to hunt for land shells seventy or eighty feet above the head of a waterfall, to which one looks up, when driving through Nuuanu Valley to the windward side of the Island of Oahu. It is also pleasing to nap for a while under a hau tree overlooking Woodlawn before eating a roast chicken, leaving hardly enough of the bones to tempt a mongoose. After topping off on caviare sandwiches and mangoes, one is in a mood to enjoy W. H. Hudson's yarn of "El Ombu", the scene of which is laid on the flat pampas of the Argentine before indulging in desultory conversation with a quondam sheep herder as to what might have been, if only one had been at all willing to allow one's self to sincerely follow a high road to ecstasy in these islands of fronded nut-bearing palms and towering eucalyptus trees. The wild scamper of two hikers, clad in sailor mokus, back over the Tantalus summit in the broiling afternoon sun permits no delay on the peak of Manoa's senti-

nel, because the streaming perspiration makes one dread to linger in the delicious but dangerously cold trade wind that breathes Alaska as it sweeps over the ridges of the Koolau range. An eighty-foot slide on a ti leaf down a grassy incline with a seventy per cent grade ends in a laughing tumble not far from where the roadster was parked six hours earlier. And then comes the long drive around Sugar Loaf and Ualakaa down to Waikiki, where it takes fully half an hour in the surf before one's internal temperature begins to moderate more than insignificantly. Not all the luaus of the year yield comparison with such a day passed partly above the clouds and liquid sunshine that modify the tropic sun in valleys now and then. Nature herself then is personal, and human beings are merely incidental guests of the mountain top region.

* * *

A yellow ginger lei, washed up on the shore of the bay beyond Koko Head some hours after the outward bound Malolo has swept around Diamond Head and into the Molokai channel on her way to the Golden Gate, may serve as memory's priestess in behalf of golden days and silver nights, hours that have included innumerable cups of tea in a shoji just above a noisy stream and long drives in the valleys where other ears at other times have listened to the swishing sound of grassy skirts moving to the rhythmic beat of shark skin drums. But it is not the exotic appeal of the sensuous milieu or the tropic moon or the breaking of the

surf on the outer reefs, so much as it is the intimately human note that is enshrined in the washed up lei that keeps vivid the lines of Katherine Wright's "But You'll Return":

Mine was the last, most fragrant ginger lei
That graced your neck that day the tall ship sailed,
And mine the flowers you did not toss away
Out there weher Diamond Head obscures the sky.
And this I know—that you'll return again,

You who were swift to hear the wind's low sigh,
And loved our valleys rainbowed through the rain;
You who would turn to me quick-breathed and say,
"My home is here—the land where warm waves play,
Remember this when I have gone away."

Some time in the lovely land, Hawaii,
I'll hear your voice upon the languorous air,
And see you stand wind-bent upon the Pali.
Oh! there's no doubt but you are here
Flaming behind the Poinciana's red somewhere,
And flinging laughter up at Diamond Head.

D. E.

THE frontispiece of this issue of THE HONOLULU MERCURY, "The Cup of Gold", illustrates in its arrangement the application of the re-discovered laws of proportion

known as "Dynamic Symmetry". The principle governing these laws is manifest in shell growth and in leaf distribution in plants.

It was used as early as three or four thousand years B. C. by the Egyptians for surveying large tracts of land and in the building of their temples; but it was perfected later by the Greeks, and provided for them the basic principle of design. This enabled the architect, the artist and craftsman to control the proportioning and spacing problems involved in the construction of buildings, as well as those of pictorial composition. The use of areas, known as root rectangles, definitely fixes the boundaries of a composition and defines the area character of the work.

"Dynamic Symmetry" shows us that these limits have a direct bearing upon all arrangements of form within the enclosed area. When the composition of a picture is developed in accordance with this idea the result is a unity comparable to that of an organism; every part is related to every other part and all parts are definite and more or less logical elements of the entire pattern." The world is deeply indebted to Jay Hambidge, artist and scholar, for this important contribution to art.

J. G.

"POTATO or tomato salad?" asked a waiter at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel.

"Well, let's see. They belong to the same family, don't they? Solanaceae. That must be the family with a place in the sun, and it seems to

contain as great a variety of members as the Smith family of humans. This suggests a questionnaire.

"Does the Potato (*Solanum tuberosum*) jump out of the ground to declare his importance in Hawaiian commerce when, before Sugar was King and Pineapple was Queen, he was imported to the younger civilization in California and, as a return courtesy California children were sent to Honolulu schools?

"Does the juicy Tomato (*Lycopersicon esculentum*) blush over cousinship with the dusky miner, Potato?

"Does the Mexican Cup of Gold (*Solandra grandiflora*), dimpled bud bursting forth in trumpet shape, look from its glory of color, luxuriance of foliage, and height attained by sturdy climbing, with concealed envy at lowly cousin Poha (Cape Gooseberry, *Physalis peruviana*) among her velvet leaves, hiding her yellow-berry-head in her green-calyx-poke-bonnet while waiting for an invitation to make the best jam in the world?

"Did the little shrub of our grandmothers' gardens, (*Brunfelsia latifolia* of South America) gather her purple-fading-to-white flowered

skirts and make a courtesy to welcome the later comers, the Potato Vines (*Solanum Wendlandii*) with large clusters of lavender flowers and its smaller-flowered sisters, blue, and white, and also the handsome Potato Tree (*Solanum macranthum*), with its purple-blue and white flowers bunched against irregularly but attractively sculptured leaves? Violet-breathed, modest, gracious with her frequent blooming, undoubtedly she did!

"Does the gentle *Cestrum nocturnum* object to being called Chinese Inkberry? Keeping watch by night, moonlight-colored in her frequent flowers (tiny pale green tubes with starry tips) resting between blooms only long enough to develop seed like ivory beads, this pretty shrub, unnoticed and with no slightest hint of fragrance by day, waits until night has dropped her mantle and at that signal pours forth her heart in full libation of exquisite and all-pervasive perfume.

"O flower of night—"

"Did you say potato or tomato salad?"

MELE PILIA

SUN YAT-SEN

By HENRY B. RESTARICK

(Begun in June Number)

CHAPTER IX.

Sun Yat-sen in Honolulu in 1903.
Thence to San Francisco, New
York, London and China.

AFTER the failure of 1900 Sun Yat-sen spent some time in Japan with headquarters in Yokohama. He kept in close touch with the local organizations by correspondence, and laid plans for the next uprising. In 1903 he determined to make a journey round the world to stir up enthusiasm and to collect funds.

He arrived in Honolulu on October 5, on the steamer Siberia and at once went to the house of friends. For some time he kept quiet, meeting his sympathizers in private houses and inspiring them with hope for the future. On December 13, he held his first public meeting in the Hotel Street Theater which was filled with his countrymen. At this time most of the Chinese in Hawaii still wore the cue and Chinese clothes, and the fact that Sun was unlike these led a reporter to write that, "he had on a linen suit, his hair was cropped short, so that he looked like a Filipino."

By constant practice he had become an orator of considerable power and he emphasized his words with

impressive gestures. The report of the meeting stated that he did not give the impression of being a fanatic. He evidently moved the hearts of the audience for he was frequently applauded. What he said on this occasion was nothing new, but he maintained emphatically that nothing but a revolution would lift China out of its deplorable condition. Other dynasties had been overthrown, and if the people would rise the Manchus could be driven out, and he had every reason to believe that all would soon be ready for the final blow. The country was weak because the government was corrupt and incompetent, so that in the Boxer trouble twenty thousand foreign soldiers took Peking. There were millions of men in China who would make good soldiers if there were leaders whom they could trust who were able to give them modern training. The revolution would be successful in time. The people must be aroused and the help of all was needed to accomplish this.

On December 21, he gave to the English press the substance of his message to his country men:

"We must develop a spirit of nationalism among the Chinese who are not Manchus, **this is my life work.** Once this spirit is awakened the Chi-

nese nation will rise in the might of its four hundred million people and overthrow the Manchu dynasty forever. Then the republic will be erected, for the great provinces of China are like the States of the American Union, and what we need is a President to govern all alike."

He then went on to trace the history of the Manchus and to tell of their enormities. He contrasted the patriotism of the Japanese with the clan spirit of China. There was no patriotism in China because there was no country they could call their own. The Chinese Government has sent a thousand students to Japan, but the Manchus among these had informed the Imperial Government of the actions of the Chinese of pure blood, and had asked that these should not be permitted to enter the universities or military schools. The Chinese Minister to Japan had endeavored to stop meetings of the students to discuss the subject of Chinese nationality.

This action on the part of the Imperial Government, Sun could hardly find fault with, for it was well known that these students in Japan, though they were being educated at the expense of that Government, were not loyal to it, and were secretly plotting to overthrow it.

Dr. Sun concluded his message in these words: "We are men without a country. When we go to foreign lands and we are assaulted, the Imperial Government does not care for us. Why do you wear the cue? It is a sign of Manchu supremacy. To disobey this order, in China, would mean decapitation for you.

"Many of us fear that the Powers will divide China. If we do not assist them, they cannot do it. Some say that we ought to have a constitutional monarchy, but that is out of the question. There is no reason why we cannot have a republic. China is already a rudimentary republic."

This last is evidently addressed to the Bow Wongs, who advocated a constitutional monarchy, and there were many of these in Honolulu, where they had organized a society to promote their idea. It was associated with those of like views in China, but the Manchus had as yet given no hint that they would consider any reform in that line, although they did shortly after this, when they feared the revolutionists.

Sun Yat-sen remained in Hawaii for six months, spending a part of the time at Kula, Island of Maui, where his mother, his wife and children lived with his elder brother, Ah Mi, who was now quite reconciled to the younger man, and in sympathy with his revolutionary endeavors. It was while he was there that on March 9, 1904, he obtained the certificate stating that he was born in the Islands and was consequently an American citizen, as related in a previous chapter.

On March 31, he sailed for San Francisco on the Korea, intending to visit cities in the United States on his way eastward by way of the Suez to China where shortly the next revolt was to be staged. Before he left he was more outspoken than usual and openly said that he expected to be in China before autumn, and then the great movement for the over-

throwing of the Manchus would begin. He was full of hope that this time he would be successful, for the people were awakening and the plans were perfected. When some one said to him, "Some day I hope to hear of you as the president of the Chinese Republic" he smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

Armed with his birth certificate he thought there would be no difficulty in landing in San Francisco, but he was mistaken. It appears that the United States officials had been advised that he was coming, and also that Prince Po Lun was to arrive from China on his way to the St. Louis Exposition. It was thought that this arch-revolutionist might do the Manchu Prince some harm, perhaps might try to assassinate him, so something was found to be wrong with Dr. Sun's papers, and he was placed in the quarters provided for the detention of immigrants, until enquiry was made. He was kept there until the Prince had landed and was not liberated until Po Lun had left the city for over a week. It was really unnecessary, for Sun Yat-sen had never advocated assassination and had never attempted to get rid of his enemies by that method.

On being given his liberty, he went to Chinatown and took up his quarters in the Chinese Society of English Education. Of course he at once began to work among his countrymen and his activities did not escape the attention of the Chinese Consul General who issued a warning which was published in the papers. It read as follows:

"There is a revolutionary leader in

our midst, who is arousing people by his false statements. The educated element can easily understand that his aim is to collect money which he will afterwards squander, and I fear the ignorant people will become his victims. As the chief—the Consul General—here, it is my duty to protect them. I advise the elder people who will not be turned by his false utterances, to control their younger brothers and sons to beware of this man. He will squander your money and get you into trouble. (signed) Consul General Chung."

This however did not prevent Dr. Sun from public speaking, for he made an address in the Washington Street Theater before a large audience. He is reported to have said, on this occasion, that he had never been in San Francisco before, but there would be no object in saying this. Besides many of the Chinese remembered well that he had been there in 1896, and had collected money for revolutionary purposes at that time.

He was carefully watched while in San Francisco, and there was a rumor that the Consul General had communicated with the Department of State requesting that a bodyguard of secret service men be designated to guard Prince Po Lun against a possible attack at St. Louis. This may have been done, for Sun Yat-sen went to St. Louis where he made a short stay and then went on to New York, where he had friends whom he had known in China, one of whom was Tong Phong, who had been baptized at the same time he was in Hong Kong. The time was drawing near for the next uprising and he soon

sailed for London where he embarked for the Orient by way of the Suez Canal. He made a short stop at Singapore and reached China without mishap.

By this time Sun Yat-sen believed that the organization of the revolutionists was perfected. He was the undisputed head and the branches of the Society, which met, of course, in secret, had each its elected leader. In the provinces north of Kwantung, the larger cities had their local organizations, about forty in all, each said to have a thousand members, ready to rise at a moment's notice. Men had been selected to take charge of public affairs in the districts where the organizations existed.

Every precaution had been taken, the places where meetings were held were frequently changed. No letters were written and communication was kept up by means of messengers. It was fully believed that the soldiers were ready to join the revolutionists. Systematic instruction had been given in regard to obedience to orders, and to live up to the rules and regulations of the Society. It was feared that when the uprising occurred the people would become disorganized, and the plan was to keep the mob under control. Every precaution possible was taken to prevent disloyalty, for Sun was afraid that dread of torture might lead some weak ones to become traitors and reveal the plans to the officials.

It had taken years of patient work to bring all this about, but everything was now ready. When foreigners spoke of Sun Yat-sen as an "unstable idealist", and as a "vagabond

conspirator", they did not give him credit for the organizing ability which his plan showed, and of which they were of course ignorant. It was this systematic organization which at last brought about success. One or two Europeans who had interviews with him were impressed then, and later, by his personality, his evident sincerity, and the power he had over men. He was not a mere itinerant trouble maker, but he was the leader of a great movement which was spreading over the whole of China. He was reserved, as most Chinese are; he was suspicious, which, while a racial characteristic, was especially observable in him; he was deceptive as his experiences had forced him to be, but he must have had the elements of greatness, or he could not have obtained, and held, the leadership of a movement which was to convulse China, to overturn an Empire, and to involve the chief powers of the world.

CHAPTER X.

The Revolution of 1904. Sun Yat-sen's Narrow Escape from Capture.

After years of preparation the time was judged ripe for another attempt to overthrow the Manchu dynasty and establish the Republic of China. The revolutionists had obtained a good supply of arms and ammunition and the secret organizations in South China and elsewhere had been notified to be ready and distant groups had also received word that the time was at hand.

The Chinese Consul at Honolulu had sent word to the Viceroy at Can-

ton that the Progressives in Hawaii were active in the movement, giving, as far as he could, the names and residences in China of the families of those who were enrolled as conspirators in the Islands. The Honolulu Chinese knew of this and knowing the custom of holding the relatives of rebels responsible for the action of their children and brothers, there was naturally alarm. But somehow news came to Hawaii that the Consul had been informed that so many in Kwantung province would be affected if any retaliatory steps were taken, that nothing could be done. Besides this, the parents and relations of the progressives were in ignorance of the course taken by the deluded young men in Honolulu.

Among the youths who had attended the meetings held in Honolulu by Sun Yat-sen, was one who while in his teens had been sworn in to the Hung Chung Hui, the Progressive Society, Chang Chau by name. He had been born in Hawaii and was an ardent supporter of the movement for the enlightenment of the land of his fathers. When he took the oath as a junior member of the Society, Dr. Sun, who had taken a liking to the young man, said, "I receive you as a sworn brother, you must come when I call you." Chang was a Hakka, but, like the Honolulu Chinese generally, he understood Punti in which dialect the meetings were conducted.

In 1904 he received a call to go to China, and at once left for the Headquarters at Yokohama where he learned something of the plans which had been made, and received instructions as to where he would meet Sun Yat-sen. He sailed for Hong Kong

accompanied by some of the Chinese students who had also received the call for active service. At Hong Kong he found great activity at headquarters and learned from the leaders much of what was expected to take place. They believed that the Yamen with its arsenal, containing arms and ammunition, could be taken without difficulty, and many of the soldiers were known to be ready to join them. The various groups were waiting to be notified, and when these had gathered, they could declare the Republic and march northward where organized societies were only waiting for the initial success to conduct local uprisings. Everything looked favorable and all were hopeful and enthusiastic.

The steamer which leaves Hong Kong at midnight reaches Canton by daylight and Chang Chau and those with him were soon lost in the great city with its teeming multitudes. They made their way to the headquarters which were situated near where the Church of Our Saviour, a mission of the Church of England, now stands. There are many secret societies in Canton, so that gatherings of men do not necessarily arouse suspicion, and to avoid observation, the policy of the revolutionists had been to have small groups meet at various places. Only the leaders met at the headquarters and to this Chang Chau was directed, and there he found Sun Yat-sen. As the sworn brother of the leader, Chang was to be near him as his trusted aid. In fact many times during this revolt, and in the next one, these two men occupied the same bed and always slept in the same room. Sun had stayed

for weeks at a time at the home of the Honolulu man, and as far as any one was allowed to be, the young one was in the secrets of the older, both as to his present plans, and as to events in his past life. As he was on the inside, his information is valuable, especially when checked with other trustworthy accounts.

Everything was going on well, and all were hopeful. Arrangements had been made for a shipment of ten barrels of pistols and ammunition from Hong Kong, consigned to a merchant as Portland cement, or as the Chinese called it English mud, and this was expected soon to supplement what they had on hand at various places. A steamer had been chartered to bring 3000 armed men from Hong Kong, and to these the duty had been assigned of keeping order and controlling the populace, while Sun Yat-sen and his picked men, coming from their several quarters gathered at a certain point near the Yamen, which they expected to take easily. If resistance was offered, these men were to do the fighting.

In addition to the 3000 men, another steamer was to bring seven hundred coolies as steerage passengers. These were to be used to do the needful carrying and fetching, after the Yamen was captured. They were not in the secret, but had been told some one would meet them on arrival and take them to their work. Those who have seen the crowd of coolies on a steamer plying between Hong Kong and Canton, packed in the steerage like sardines, lying on the floor of the lower deck close together, can understand that the tra-

vel of a few hundred of them would excite no comment or suspicion.

All was ready, the leaders were at their rendezvous, runners had been sent out to the various local groups, all incriminating papers had been burned, and units, each with its allotted work, were ready to start. Everything had gone well so far, there had been no hitch, and no suspicion had been aroused in the minds of the officials, but, just then, a telegram was received from Hong Kong saying that something had happened, and that 3000 men could not come. Whether the British officials had gotten wind of the expedition and had delayed the steamer for investigation, was never fully known, but all plans were upset. A wire was sent in all haste to Hong Kong to stop the coolies, but unfortunately, the message was misunderstood so when the coolies arrived there was no one to meet them and they wandered about the city.

But misfortunes did not come singly, they seemed to pile up, for just then the barrels of pistols arrived, and, as they were being unloaded from the vessel, it broke and exposed the contents. News was at once taken to the Viceroy that something suspicious was going on.

The Viceroy did not believe this was evidence that any uprising was at hand, for his spies had no information as to any plot. But when word came that several hundred coolies had come from Hong Kong and had expected some one to meet them, orders were given to hunt them down, the result being that a number were caught, imprisoned, and in a short

time, executed. The poor fellows were entirely ignorant of any contemplated revolution, but as they could give no account of themselves even under torture, they were beheaded, as an example to those who might be conspirators.

At the headquarters, as soon as it was known that the Viceroy had been informed of the accident to the barrel of pistols, there was consternation and Sun ordered the men to scatter. However, the leaders were diligently sought and sixteen persons, who had been seen around the headquarters, were arrested and later beheaded. Many of these were entirely innocent, but such a thing as a trial was unknown, the life of a man being nothing to the Viceroy, and the only way to make sure that no guilty man should escape was to cut off the heads of the whole lot.

Now let us go back to the fortunes of Sun Yat-sen and his sworn brother. These two, by devious alleys, such as abound in Canton, reached the Bund, or quay, where hundreds of boats are to be found, many of which are manned by women. Into one of these the two men entered and making some excuse of hiding from pursuers, Sun, who always carried a quantity of gold in a belt, offered the women a goodly sum if they would furnish them with women's clothes and take them over the river to a certain place which they named. The money offered was enough to tempt any poor Chinese boat-woman, and, pulling out from the quay, the men went into the covered part of the boat and were soon attired in the working clothes of the women who live on the river.

As you go eastward from the Bund

in Canton, Shameen, the foreign concession, is to the right, separated from the Chinese city by a narrow stream crossed by a bridge. To the left of Shameen, at some little distance, is a large church of the Berlin Mission, and to this the boat-women were directed. This church was the center of a group of some five hundred men who were waiting for the word to march to Canton. The minister, a Chinese, was the leader of the revolutionists at this point, and nearly all of the men under him were Christians, members of his congregation. Sun and Chang made their way to the church, which was not far from the landing, and those who had gathered there were told that the game was up, that a series of misfortunes had upset all their well laid plans, and that they must scatter, each man looking out for his own safety.

This done, Sun and Chang, still dressed as boat-women, went to the landing and found there a side wheeled steamer owned by Chinese and, going into the steerage, they took their places with the rest of the passengers bound for Hong Kong. Women of the class they represented, wear a kind of bonnet made of cotton cloth the color of their clothes of a dark blue which covers the head something like an abbreviated sun-bonnet. As neither of them had cues the disguise was complete. It is true that when it suited their purpose they had false cues which could easily be arranged under a close fitting Chinese hat, something like a skull cap.

In Hong Kong, Sun had plenty of friends and the two remained secluded for a few days until Dr. Sun

sailed for Singapore and Chang Chau for Honolulu.

For the third time Sun Yat-sen had failed in his attempts at revolt. This last time the preparation had been more thorough than on other occasions. The first was an audacious one in which probably not more than five hundred men had actually been engaged. The second was planned on a larger scale, but if Sun had been allowed to land at Hong Kong it scarcely could have succeeded unless great numbers had flocked to the standard after the expected initial success. The third attempt seemed to have been well prepared, but in this case the series of misfortunes upset all the plans, and again the revolutionists were scattered and in hiding.

Some of Sun's most intimate associates advised him to give up further efforts, but he would not think of it. He would go on until he succeeded, however long it took. He was like Bruce of Scotland even though he failed seven times he would go on trying for he believed that the people were increasingly favorable to the cause to which he had given his life.

CHAPTER XI.

Preparations for Revolution. The Outbreak of 1907. Sun Escapes Disguised as a Beggar.

In 1904, after Sun's escape from Canton, he spent two days in Hong Kong and then sailed for Singapore and the Straits Settlements, where he had many friends and supporters. Hong Kong was too near Canton and with the huge price on his head of \$750,000, Mexican, it was dangerous

to remain there. In Singapore he would be in comparative safety, and the Chinese there, numbering upwards of a million, were generally favorable to his cause. It is a wonder that, with the great reward offered, some of his followers did not betray him, but there is no intimation anywhere that an attempt of this kind was made. There were men whom he trusted to collect money who failed him, one agent collected \$2000 and decamped for parts unknown but none of his adherents tried to deliver him to his enemies. Those in the Society never lost faith in the unselfishness and integrity of the leader, who went about the world keeping alive the spirit of revolt and inspiring hope for the future.

During the days from 1904 to 1907, he spent his time in preaching the revolutionary doctrine and encouraging the local Societies, assuring them of ultimate success. To all those who believed in constitutional reform under the Manchus, he said that the only hope for China was their overthrow and the establishment of a republic. He knew of the failure of the attempt at reform in 1896 and what happened to the young Emperor and those who tried to carry it on. This reference will be understood if a brief account of that movement is given.

Even before the humiliation of the Japanese war, two foreign missionaries had been open and powerful advocates of reform. One of these was Y. J. Allen, an American Methodist, and the other, Dr. Timothy Richards, an English Baptist. These men, by writing articles and books, tried to reach the educated classes,

presenting to them faithfully the weak condition of China and the peril she was in, due to her conservatism. They pointed out that Japan had become a powerful nation through the adoption of Western learning and principles of government. The Japanese had been willing and anxious to learn, while the Chinese clung to the old methods. Several of the viceroys, including Li Hung Chang, read what was written and were deeply impressed with the truth of the statements.

In 1898 Kang Yu Wei, a fine scholar, who had seen the advantages of modern civilization in Shanghai and Hong Kong, and having read the reform publications, became an ardent convert, as did many of the young Mandarins all over the country. The plan was to reach the court and the central government, and try to convince them of the necessity of reform, if China was to become strong and take her place among the great powers. Kang went to Peking and saw the young Emperor, Kwang Hsu, whom he found in sympathy with him. The Emperor's interest in Western wisdom was first aroused by reading the beautiful copy of the Bible which had been presented to the old Empress in 1894, by ten thousand Christian Chinese women, and he now proceeded to read the literature of the reformers. He soon became anxious to inaugurate the reforms suggested by what he read, and for the next three months he issued edict after edict.

By these edicts nearly every part of the administration of the government was covered. The system of

confining the public examinations wholly to the classics was abolished. Western learning was to be studied and foreign travel was to be encouraged. Colleges were to be established in which the learning of Europe and America was to be taught by competent persons.

No man had done more helpful work for China than Sir Robert Hart. He had organized and managed the customs with an efficiency and honesty that had won for him the admiration of the world. When he read these edicts he said, "I never expected to see this." But he and others saw that there had been too great haste, for, that which had been attempted in three months, should have been spread out over a long term of years.

The reformers knew that if their plans were to be carried out they must get rid of the Dowager Empress, so they plotted to seize and confine her so that she could not interfere.

Yuan Shih Kai, who was supposed to be a reformer, knew of the plot and told the old lady what it was proposed to do. She and her advisers were violently opposed to the proposed changes. The old order had made China great and the idea that other nations were outer barbarians, and were to be despised, not imitated, was still strong in their minds, and the old Empress, cunning as she was, had no idea of the outside world, for, even the Japanese war had not opened her eyes. She at once went to the capital with an armed force. The Emperor was taken and confined to a wing of the palace, the leaders

of the Reform Club were taken and seven young men were beheaded and all officials connected with the movement were degraded.

She was especially anxious to catch Kang Yu Wei, but he reached Shanghai in safety and there boarded a British steamer for Hong Kong. While Kang escaped, his relations were exterminated and the graves of his ancestors were destroyed. All the edicts were declared null and void.

But the time came when the old Dowager and her advisers saw that some change must be made if the dynasty was to be saved. The revolution of 1904 and the reports of continued unrest in many localities alarmed her, and when she saw that Japan in the war with Russia was victorious because of the adoption of modern methods, she began her reform movement. The first step was taken in 1905 by sending picked men to visit foreign countries to study the systems of government. On their report in 1906 a constitution was promised, laws were to be revised, finances were to be reorganized, the army and navy were to be placed on a modern footing, a police force was to be established, and Western education was to be inaugurated at different centers. In order to get the people interested in the affairs of government, both local and Imperial, efforts were to be made by publications to disseminate information.

On its face all this looked very favorable, and some have believed that under this plan systematic progress would have been made. If the reforms had been carried out, much

of that for which the Progressives stood would have been achieved, but the chief grievance would have remained, that is, the Manchus. Besides this, Dr. Sun and his men did not believe that the Empress was sincere, and again, as long as the Manchus were in power there would be a despotism, and he was a republican from principle.

So it was that the Progressives did not cease to agitate and to prepare, nor did the promised reform put a stop to outbreaks. Perhaps sporadic uprisings were useful in that they were still in existence, but convincing Peking that the revolution those which occurred seemed to be ill-timed and futile. In 1906, outbreaks took place at Pingheon and at Lai-lin, where, in both cases, there were some fighting, but the insurgents were poorly supplied with ammunition, and those who did not escape suffered for their temerity.

In 1907 Sun Yat-sen believed that his preparations were perfected and he determined to start in a new direction. Three times Canton had been the center of revolt and the immediate object had been the seizure of the Yamen, the headquarters of the government, where there were arms and ammunition. As we have seen all these attempts had resulted in miserable failure, but this time the plan was to commence in the district to the north of the French territory of Tonkin.

But while this was contemplated there were several local outbreaks. In the early part of 1907 a fight occurred at Hupeh where a force under General Wong Hing took the field and had to flee. In May a Manchu

official of high rank for some reason started trouble with the usual result. In July there was a movement in Swatow, but, while all these were unimportant, they served to show the widespread discontent with the existing order. At this time, that is July 1907, word was being sent out to the local branches of the Progressives designating the place where men were to congregate. It had been agreed that those who had pledged themselves to support the cause by their presence, should at once set out for China on receipt of the word "come". On August 15, Chang Chau, in Honolulu received a cablegram containing the one word which was to him a command. What he did is related because it illustrates what took place in many places, San Francisco, Singapore, Japan and wherever organizations of revolutionists existed.

Chang Chau had just commenced work with a large firm, but he at once notified the manager that he had received word that he must go at once to China on important business. He hastily notified those who were to go with him and left that same night on a steamer which happened to be in the harbor. He, as the sworn brother of Sun, did not hesitate, and he knew that he would be useful because he was familiar with western customs, and spoke English well.

When he reached Yokohama, he received instructions at the headquarters of the Progressive Society. He was to take charge of twenty young men who had been students and had specialized in chemistry, and

were able to make dynamite and manufacture bombs. He arranged for their passage to Hong Kong where they were to receive word as to their destination. On their arrival in that city they were told to take a certain steamer to Hai Phong on the Gulf of Tonkin. On their way the steamer called at Pak Hoi, a port at the head of the gulf which is in the Chinese province of Kwangsi.

What followed shows the danger to which the men were exposed who were congregating from all directions. The steamer was Chinese and the officials came on board to inspect the ship and the passengers, these last being lined up on deck as is customary with Oriental steerage passengers. Chang had the idea that information had been sent to the officials to be on the outlook for him and his party, and as a consequence he was almost paralyzed with fear. This belief seemed to be a certainty, when he saw that the inspection was being made by a naval officer. He fully expected that he and his men would be arrested, and he had visions of the torture chamber, and an awful death.

The followers of Dr. Sun had a secret sign by which they could recognize each other, and as the Admiral, for so the officer proved to be, came down the line, the terrified Chang involuntarily placed his right hand over his heart, which seemed to him to be about to stop beating. When he did this, the Admiral, who was abreast of him, looked into his eyes and then placed his hand in the position of the countersign, which

would announce that he too was a revolutionist. Chang without intending to do so had given the sign of the Society, and when he saw the reply he at first thought it must be a trick to catch him, for he could not believe that the officer was one of the brethren, but when he passed on without a word and nothing was done the relief was intense. His mouth was so dry from fear that he could not speak, but he and his men looked at each other scarcely believing that nothing was to happen to them.

When the steamer reached Hai Phong the party went up the Song Koi river to Hanoi, the capital of Tonkin, where they met Sun Yat-sen. Chang told him of the fright on the steamer, and of the officer giving the countesign, and Sun drew a paper from his pocket which showed that the Admiral was one of them and only waited for success on land to openly join the revolution. That this was not an improbable case was shown by the action of the navy in 1911. At this time (1907) Dr. Sun knew that there were land and naval forces ready to cast in their lot with him as soon as he had gained some striking initial success. This union of trained men with his undisciplined crowd, had been hoped for on each occasion of an uprising, but Sun never seemed to recognize the meagerness of the resources of his party, and the difficulty of overcoming a body of troops with any sort of training. The army and navy had many officers and men in sympathy with the aims of the Progressives, but they were not going to risk

their lives until there was some show of success.

It was in October that the campaign opened, in the province of Yunnan which lies to the north of Tonkin. Several small towns were taken but when the rebels met the Imperial troops, they found that their supply of ammunition had given out, so they had to retire in disorderly flight into French territory.

It was each man for himself, and among the fugitives were Sun Yat-sen and Chang Chau. This pair had been together as close companions since they met at Hanoi, and for the second time they were seeking safety together. They had a narrow escape from capture after the fighting but they managed to get to a village at the entrance of which they came across two beggars. Sun at once accosted them and proposed an exchange of clothes, offering them twenty dollars in gold. To these poor creatures this sum of money would be great riches, for it would keep them in comfort many months, amounting, as it then did, to about forty-six dollars Mexican. The four went into a hovel and Sun and Chang were soon clad in the disreputable garments of the beggars, and when the fugitives rubbed dirt on their faces, their disguise was perfect. They made their way to the river, Song Koi, and there took passage in a junk for Hong Kong.

Sun was again urged to give up all further attempts at revolution, but he declared that he would go on until the people of China rose en masse and overthrew the oppressors.

(To Be Continued)

VERSES

By LEONIE ELDER

I—RICKETY REM AND I.

If rejection slips were bank notes, I'd have canned him long ago
 For a nifty new Corona — but I couldn't make a go
 Of the Great Hawaiian Novel that they said would jolt the earth,
 For the jolty situations, in my novels there's a dearth!
 No, my stories haven't punch enough to suit this fighting age
 When you see two Bozos grappling on each story's picture page.

But Rickety Rem and I
 Just manage to get by;
 We often make folks laugh a bit,
 And sometimes make 'em cry,
 And we get our bills paid somehow,
 Though we don't live very high.

From the crooked kink that's on the Q
 To the chipped tip of the T,
 Every rattle that he rattles is a rattle true to me!
 For pals we've been, and pals we are, and pals we'll always be;
 And we'll never have a quarrel, for we never disagree.

There are times we get so high-brow that we flirt with fickle Fame,
 And at times our stuff's so rotten that we choose a brand new
 name.

Sometimes we rattle heavenward, elated with fond hope,
 And then — one more rejection slip, all slathered with soft soap.
 For editors shoot back our stuff that's scarce been out all night;
 And I think we'd stand it better if they weren't so damned polite!

And poor old Rem and I
 Are ready then to cry.
 We wonder what'll happen, when we can no more get by
 When we can no longer pay the bills,
 No matter how we try?

Then I see the "Shift Key" quiver — that's a wink from good old
Rem

And he's saying, "What do we care? Don't we know the joke's
on them?"

Oh, our silly hopes are shattered, and our pocket book is lean,
But we've found a lot of comfort in just saying what we mean.
Some have put us in their scrap books, and they read us o'er
and o'er

Because they say it helps them, Rem; how can we ask for more?

Yes, Rimmie, you and I

Will stick until I die,

For you're my faithful buddie,

And you'll help me to get by!

And when your snub-nosed type has worked till it's worn
itself away,

Then I'll set you on a pedestal, and drape you with a lei.

II.—THE LAMENT OF THE POLICE GAZETTE.

How are the mighty fallen! I used to take the palm
For all that was most shocking, all that would do folks harm;
My rosy, reckless pages would picture girls in tights,
Deserted women's rages, and pugilistic fights!
But now the very children who for reading me were spanked,
Have grown up into writers, and they have me quite outranked.
Prerogatives of wickedness have moved to other realms,
And all the learned high-brows read "Desire Under the Elms".
Divorce is tame as marketing, and tights are obsolete,
And fights are family reading found on every daily sheet.
The fellows at the barber's drop me rudely to the floor;
They'd rather watch the hoseless girls that come in at the door.
It's really quite discouraging to note these changing moods,
And find myself out-sinned by those I used to think were prudes.

TENSEY

By G. H. SNELLING

THE fire engines went by with a screaming of sirens, the firemen looking forward expectantly and putting on their helmets and rubber coats, the driver sitting calmly in his seat behind the wheel of each truck and the traffic policeman on the corner holding back traffic. The street was cleared in every direction, for the safe and rapid passing of the big trucks.

The boys got very nervous and wanted their uncle to turn the car around and follow the fire engines. For who is there who is not a natural born fire-bug? In everyone's life, there comes a time when they yearn to see something exciting in connection with a big fire,—either to see some firemen effect a great and thrilling rescue, or, perhaps, to be there when the wall falls and three or four are killed.

The older man told the boys to sit still, for he could not turn the car. It was a huge sedan and the policeman on the corner must keep the road clear for all these rushing apparatus.

"They'll be right back in a minute. It won't take them a minute to put that out. There would be nothing worth looking at, anyway," said their uncle.

"Did you ever go to a fire, Uncle

John?" asked one of them.

"Did I? Oh, boy! You kids don't know what it is to go to a fire, any more. Yes, they do have big fires, but what do you see? Wait till we get home and I'll tell you a good bed time story. See? What did I tell you? There they come now."

After the big, red trucks had passed on, Uncle John turned the car and they went on home.

When they arrived there, the boys hurried to get their coats put away and one of them ran for a humidor and ash tray and placed them in the living room, where it was handy to the big arm chair. One of them feverishly filled one of Uncle John's pipes and held up a burning match. Then they gathered to hear about the fire he had gone to, for they were sure it was to be a story of that sort.

Uncle John dropped into the big chair, got a good light on his pipe and put an arm around each of the two boys.

"This happened away back in the '80's and it was at the foot of Mt. Vernon Street, in Boston, where the old Charles River used to run down and swing around, years after the Back Bay was filled in and the old Boston Rope Walk was a thing of the past. It was many years before the

Esplanade was built and the place was beautified like it is now.

You know, my family and your mother's was one of the truly old Boston families. If you doubt there is such a thing, some day, when you have grown up, try going to Mount Vernon or Pinkney Street and attempt to break in. It just cannot be done. It cannot be bought nor can it be faked. Either you belong or you do not. We did.

It was fearfully windy down there, on account of the bend in the river, the hill and the awful north and east winds. I know we burned thirty-five tons of coal in one winter, trying to keep the house warm.

There was a little old retaining wall, alongside the river. It was not a thing of beauty, but of utility. Along the top, there was a small iron fence. In the river, the water was choppy and forbidding, though, at low tide (They used to have tide water there, before they had a nice basin,) the whole river bed was awful looking mud flats. It would be a terrible place for even a mud turtle to fall in the water. And I was watching the sea gulls.

Before I knew what it was all about, the wind has picked my hat off my head and in nerve racking suspense, I watched it deposit it silently in the water. My anguish knew no bounds. There I was, left without a hat, doomed to die of mortification or cry myself to death at the foot of Mount Vernon Street, more than a block from home!

"It's all right, kid. Don't cry. I'll get it for you."

I stopped crying and took my hands down from my face. You should have seen me! Great rings of dirt around my eyes, where I had been wiping nature's own away, after washing it into paste with tears. I was a sorry sight.

But oh! what a sight greeted my eyes. A fireman, of all possible people, was lowering himself to pat me on the back, telling me not to cry and offering to get my hat for me. My hero! I had counted without my hero!

A short block up Mount Vernon Street, there was a fire engine house. You never saw the kind of engines they had then. That's too bad. The big steam engines with three great, big horses to pull them. But more of that later.

Jimmie Fitzgerald was assistant engineman on this engine. He was what you would call a fireman. He was walking down by the river, enjoying a quiet smoke, when his ears were assaulted by a long drawn out, piercing, ear-splitting cry of distress. He flew into action and now, here he was, patting me on the back.

As I say, hero was no name for him. He climbed the rail and put his foot into the water to get my hat. My joy knew no bounds. All the kids, for blocks around, and there were some old ones, ten or eleven years old,—they all saw it with their own eyes.

Jimmy took me by the hand, held my hat in his other hand, so I would not get wet, and took me home.

Now, you know, even at two or three years, a Boston gentleman is

and there is no chance to doubt it. It is undeniably stamped on him, as though he wore a sign. Yes, you may see him everywhere or anywhere and you instantly know that you see a Boston gentleman.

So, a young Boston gentleman, being such, simply had to go around to the engine house, next day, to pay homage to his hero.

I went, stood with one foot on the other, one hand in my mouth, (sucking my thumb,) and with one hand hanging onto the beautiful gleaming chain which was stretched across the door. I don't know why they had those chains. I guess for ornament, for they would not keep kids out and when anyone else wanted to go in or come out, he simply bent over and stepped under it or unhooked or did something else to it and went in. But those chains did shine. Lordy, how they shined!!

There were some other kids beside me, looking in at the fireman at the desk, ("on floor", they used to call it.) All of us whispering in awe. Looking, looking,—at what? I don't know, unless it was the shining engine.

Soon, the fireman looked up and, seeing the other kids, said: "Run away from the door, kiddies. You might get hurt." Then he saw me and his face lighted up with pleasure. "Hello, Johnny. Come in."

Wonder of wonders! There was I, right in the presence of all the kids for blocks around, suddenly elevated to the great fellowship of heroes and allowed to go into a fire house! My cup of joy was over-

flowing. My happiness knew no bounds.

"Do you want to see the horses?" asked Jimmie. All I could answer was a great look of gratitude. Here was none other than my hero, whom my dad and mother had said must be a very nice man, asking me if I wanted to see the horses. Did I? Lordy, how!

He picked me up and took me from one to the other of these gorgeous steeds. They were wonderful animals. Great, big, sleek looking percherons. First Jerry, then Jack, then Roger, the three big dappled greys, all alike, with their names over their stalls. Then, there was Billy, the big black beauty.

Jimmie proved to me that they would not bite,—just wanted to be petted. He allowed me to actually rub Jerry's nose and let Jerry rub his big, black lips on my hand. Oh, what a lovely horsie. Only you couldn't think of these grand animals as "horsie". They were heroic in size, as well as living heroes. And they were full of fun, too, reaching round the end of the stall and biting at their neighbors. Jimmie was just going to show me the big engine, when —

Clang! Whang! Bang! Crash! Good Lord! I thought the world had come to an end! Jimmie grabbed me under the arm, like a bag of flour, ran and did something mysterious to a hook that was on a post and he pressed a button. Doors crashed open, horses ran out and to their proper places under the harness, firemen slid down poles, ran down stairs,

appeared suddenly from out of the floor. There was a resounding crash and the harness fell into place and was buckled quicker than it takes to tell it and the fire engine started out the door.

Jimmie retained his hold on me and swung onto the rear step of the hose cart, drawn by big, black Billy, just as it swung past. Ye Gods! There was I, piled up on top of the hose cart,, going to a fire, while these heroic firemen, who might not come back, pulled on their working clothes and helmets, rang the bell and chatted with me, all at the same time. My first fire!

You remember that, just awhile ago, I said it was too bad you had never seen that kind of a fire engine? Well, it is. Yes, indeed, it is.

Steam pumps, they were, — all bright and shiny brass and nickel ware. Bright and shiny when they were going to a fire, but not so shiny when they were coming back. They were kept clean, my boys. And they had all sorts of steam and water gauges and pipes and connections and a great, shiny vacuum thing on front. And they had a peach of a bell and a whistle for coal.

When they were in the engine house, they were kept coupled up to a boiler in the basement, to keep up a head of steam, and as soon as they left the house, a fire had to be built in the fire box, to make steam for pumping at the fire. We kids didn't know whether it was the water, the steam or the fire that put out the fire, when they got there. Of course, though, the old fellows, four-

teen or fifteen years old, knew, but we didn't.

It certainly was spectacular to see one of these engines, with the hose cart coming on behind. Thrilling! The engine would be belching smoke and sparks, the bell would be ringing, the whistle screaming, the driver of the engine shouting to the drivers of wagons and carriages to get out of the way. There were no traffic regulations in those days and if you don't think it required skill to drive three great, plunging galloping horses, with a cumberson engine like that behind them, through the streets of a city, you don't know what skillful driving is. These folks who think they can drive an auto skillfully, with all the cops and regulations they have are novices.

Then, they had horsecars, those days, and sometimes, there would be a jam of horsecars and carriages and wagons. Those horses on the engine would go right through, answering the rein and using their own brains just like they were human. Don't worry, they know.

And the fire would sometimes be burning so hot in the firebox that the flames would come out of the stack and boy, howdy! Didn't it seem to make that engine go faster.

And those horses! My, oh my! If you have never seen three big, grey horses abreast, with their uncanny instinct for the job, tearing through just such jams as I've described, with the driver strapped in his seat, my boys, you have missed something! It may be true that they were not going as fast as the Twen-

tieth Century Limited, but, to us, they looked as though they were. At any rate, there were no horses in the whole world like Jerry, Jack, Roger and Billy. To us, they were almost human, I tell you.

And Old Tensey had some awfully long runs. The longest in the city. This was old Engine Ten,—that's why we called her Tensey. She had to answer alarms from boxes away round on the other side of Beacon Hill and Boston Common. There was no way over the hill for those horses. It was round the hill they had to go.

Well, we got somewhere. I knew not where, in my excitement. And we came back. Reception committee? Lordy, lordy! There was always one when the engine came back from a fire in those days. At night, if there was a fire, we would hear the alarm and hear old Tensey go. Then we would count the hours, — nay, years, — till she returned. And sometimes, some of the men did not come back with her. And the grown-ups were interested in that.

But that day, my mother had received a wireless message. Yes, oh yes, the mothers had wireless in those days. So she was down at the engine house, wondering where her angel child was and wondering if he were a child or an angel. You can imagine what that re-union of mother and child was, but you don't know what the re-union was when the other kinds saw me handed down off that hose cart.

So, I next took my brother, your Uncle Fred, who was a year older than I was, to the engine house to

see Jimmie. And from then on, when my family were looking for us, someone was sent to Tensey, to get us. And if Tensey was out, so were we. Either on it or with it.

And when the alarms sounded at night, we would listen to the bells all over the city. They sang a pretty song, — all on a different pitch, — but it meant sometimes that our Tensey was going. We knew right where the fire was, without looking at any list. And we were thrilled and worried about our men, as I said before.

When they had the big fire over at the Damon Safe Works, in East Cambridge and someone got excited and rang one alarm in Cambridge and one in Boston, Tensey was the first engine on the job. Why not? No living organization could beat Tensey on a run. And poor old Billy, our Billy, stood there, near the fire, without a murmur and got the snoot almost burned off him.

One day, a load of hay came for Jerry, Jack, Roger and Billy. I guess it was Jerry's turn to work or something, for they brought him out to hoist the big bales of hay to the loft. It wasn't Jerry's fault, but all of a sudden, there was a crash and some hollered "Whoa, Jerry!" Jerry stopped and looked around and there was Quigley, the engineman, on the ground, with a bale of hay on top of him.

Jerry didn't wait for orders. He was the first there. No human being loved Joe Quigley like Jerry did. Didn't they pal togteher, when they were at fires, while the old engine

throbbed and roared and shot sparks into the air, while the other fellows were doing their stuff on the heavy pipes, throwing the seething water, hissing, into the furnaces of death and destruction? And didn't Quigley often come and slap Jerry on the nose and call him names and then pat him? And, anyway, wasn't that one of the boys of Tensey? Jerry didn't need any orders. He grabbed that bale of hay and threw it, with his teeth, halfway across the alley.

Yes, Quigley was hurt and all the neighborhood was still. For he had a fractured skull. We didn't know whether he would ever come back or not. But yo can't kill an Irishman. He soon came back.

And so it went on, from year to year. Wherever Tensey went, we went. And whatever she did, we knew about. And if she went to a fire at nine o'clock in the evening and came back at four in the morning and your grandmother asked us where we had been,—if we said "With Tensey," it was not so bad. She would scold us for losing sleep, but not for being with Tensey.

We ate, slept and thought Tensey. There was no engine like Tensey. There could not be. There were no heroes like the crew of Tensey. Even today, no numerals or names have ever fastened themselves so indelibly in our minds as Tensey.

Then, one time, we moved to another part of the city. We were not rich any more, so we lived in an apartment house. It was a very different part of town.

One morning, my brother woke me up. Of course, when your bro-

ther wakes you up, there is usually nothing strange about it, for he probably wants you to get up first and go get the milk in for Dad. And in a case like that, you don't wake up so easily.

But when he says, in a terrifying manner, "Hey, Johnny, wake up. I smell smoke! I think there is a fire!"—well, that is altogether different. I bounded out of bed. I don't remember hitting the floor. The stench of the acrid smoke was awful. The heat was increasing, though I knew my father always banked the furnace fire at night.

I heard my father waking the other members of the family. He woke my mother. I heard her wake your mother. I heard them call to us. And my mother was frightfully scared. They began to gather a few keepsakes together. Heirlooms and such. The smoke thickened terribly and was stifling. I heard my father bark out the command "Boys,—Get up!"

A policeman, going his rounds, stopped for a second to talk to a fireman, who was going his rounds, testing boxes. They always had to do that, those days. They met on a corner nad stopped just for that little chat that makes brothers of these fellows.

Suddenly, the policeman said "What's that, Jim? A fire?"

The fireman took one look and saw the dull, red glow,—the reflection of flame on smoke.

"Pull the box!" he shouted and he ran across the street. The store on the first floor was all on fire.

My brother and I got to the window

for a breath of fresh air, for we could scarcely breathe. We were just in time to see the fireman go to the store door, "size up" the situation, run to the edge of the sidewalk, roll himself into a ball and throw himself at the door of our house.

He came up the smoke-filled stairway on the run. Two steps at a time, he came, just as my father had gathered the family together at the top of the stairway. He took my mother by the hand, told your mother to get away down, close to the floor, so she could get the good air below the smoke. He turned to my father.

"Where are the kids?"

"We are all here," answered my dad.

The kids had grown up.

"Let's go," he told us, calmly. Then he told my mother, as though he were saying something about a pleasant evening, "There is not a thing to worry about. Come now, buck up."

He got us all down through the smoke and the heat, to the sidewalk and went back looking for more.

The engines came tearing and clanging round. They threw up ladders and got out the big, heavy pipes and screwed the nozzles on and got ot work on that fire in jig time. Some of them brought out a dangerous looking tank of oil, without it catching fire. They worked like fury.

Soon as they had got to work, they found Jimmie lying on the sidewalk, overcome by smoke and exhaustion.

Yes, it was Jimmie. My Jimmie. Jimmie Fitzgerald. My hero. And when the doctor brought him to, with some aromatic spirits of ammonia, and he had had a rest, he put on his overalls and went to work with Tensey.

Come on, kiddies — it's time for you to go to sleep upstairs. Here, take my hands."

THE OUTLOOK FOR FILIPINOS IN HAWAII

By KILMER O. MOE

(Begun in July Number)

THE MODERN WAY. The recruiting of labor is by no means peculiar to Hawaii. It is a practice that is universal in application and is the modern way of disseminating peoples of various races and cultural backgrounds over wide areas. The process in Hawaii has been somewhat unique in that the source of supply has shifted from one country to another over a period of sixty years, the result of which is seen in the striking contrasts in a population that is made up of racial groups drawn from every section of the globe.

The need for labor to man the plantations of Hawaii is quite similar to that in American industry on the mainland and the coming of the various groups has created problems quite like those to be found on a much larger scale in practically all the industrial centers of the country. The alien influx of peoples to America constitutes a new thing on the face of the earth, a most tremendous and unparalleled experiment in nation building. When we speak of the situation in Hawaii we are not

really bringing up a new subject, but another phase of the immigration question that has occupied the minds of American citizens for a long time.

Labor is recruited in accordance with the operation of economic law under which industry seeks this commodity in the best markets available. Ten million Slavs and South Europeans poured into the United States in the thirty years following 1890. These alien peoples found in America an opportunity for social advancement such as they had never had in Europe. In like manner the men and women who have come to Hawaii from the four corners of the earth are learning to live and work together in close harmony with members of other groups within the boundaries of this territory.

The people who constitute the mass of population in modern Hawaii have been selected from the lower strata of society in all the countries from which they came. It is only under conditions such as prevail in this territory that they made social progress of the sort to raise them to higher social levels. The

free public schools have undoubtedly been the greatest factor in making this transition, but it must be admitted that the process has not tended to conserve their status as plantation laborers. The fact must be faced that while members of all the earlier groups have risen to positions of wealth and prominence in the land of their adoption, it has taken them out of plantation work, a process that is taking place at the present writing as never before. Is it for us to deplore the fact that thousands of progressive citizens have been developed within the borders of this territory and that they are helping to make Modern Hawaii a land of great promise? Rather would we say that it is a cause for pride.

KEEPING THE INDUSTRY GOING. This typical American feature is responsible for attitudes that are causing much concern in Hawaii. The very fact that social and economic advancement of members from all the various groups tend to take them out of plantation work has a serious effect in that it stamps those who remain with the stigma of failure. The island born who are citizens of the United States and proud of the distinction, share the idea in common with their parents that the educational advantages which they have enjoyed has the miraculous power to lift them above the status of common labor. As they look at it, they go to school to get out of doing that sort of work, not to get into it. The result is a constant drift away from plantation work and into the secondary occupations. Their

parents too seek to improve their social status and move away from the plantation community as soon as they feel that they can afford to do so. This movement leaves gaps in the organization, gaps that have to be bridged as an economic necessity.

In order to keep the industry going, it was found necessary to draw upon labor from any source available to replace the vacancies created by those who left and in order to keep pace with the growth of the industry. The Philippine Islands have become the sole recruiting grounds for plantation labor in late years as they constitute the last source left available by the Federal immigration laws with the possible exception of Porto Rico. Under these circumstances the machinery has been created to tap this supply to the extent demanded by the economic situation. That is how it has come about that we have in Hawaii a unique social structure, equipped with facilities for social advancement on the one hand, and with provisions for taking care of new relays of raw recruits on the other. It is machinery that operates by feeding it from the bottom.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SUGAR IN HAWAII. Modern Hawaii may be pictured as a vast hopper into which the proceeds of industry are poured as grist to keep the mill running. Looking at it from this angle we get a concept of the importance of the sugar industry and the necessity of keeping the plantations going on a high level of production. That this is being done may be gathered from the fact that, al-

though no appreciable increase has been made in acreage, the production has increased over 300,000 since 1923. The following figures tell the tale:

PRODUCTION OF SUGAR IN HAWAII

1923	545,606 Tons
1924	701,433 "
1925	776,072 "
1926	787,246 "
1927	811,333 "
1928	904,040 "

This phenomenal record is due in part to the favorable weather conditions which have prevailed over the last five years, but it is also due to general improvements in agricultural methods, conservation of irrigation water, use of better cane varieties, shorter cropping cycles, and timing of field operations. The situation reflects a growing skill in management based upon scientific study and the application of agricultural knowledge to the growing of cane and its elaboration in the mill. It is the sort of thing that is putting Hawaii on the economic map as the highest cane producing country in existence, a distinction in which the resident of this territory may also take a pardonable pride.

LABOR AS A FACTOR. The factor of labor is essential to the results above indicated. It is a situation which calls for team work, — science and management on the one side, and dependable labor on the other, both of them pulling together. Insofar as such a combination has been perfected in Hawaii, the sugar and the pineapple industries have been able to forge ahead. It is the Filipino that is being harnessed together with skilled management to form the team that is producing re-

sults like those above quoted. The part that the Filipino element plays in the combination may be gathered from a summary of labor reports from forty-three plantations that constitute the organization known as the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association for the year ending June 30, 1928.

TABLE III

	Total Employed	Monthly Basis	No. Not on Monthly Basis
Americans	1,292	1,201	91
Japanese	9,849	503	9,346
Filipinos	32,149	108	32,041
Chinese	1,038	46	992
Koreans	571	13	558
Porto Ricans	816	19	797
Portuguese	1,675	411	1,264
Spanish	74	4	70
Hawaiians	568	139	429
All Others.....	247	117	130
Totals.....	48,279	2,718	45,718

AMERICAN BRAINS COUPLED WITH FILIPINO BRAWN. From the above which is virtually a cross section of the sugar industry it will be seen that the Filipinos number 32,149 out of a total of 48,279 male employees, or 66 and 2-3%. They furnish only 108 of the number employed on a monthly basis as against 32,051 of those that are not. This is 71% of those not on a monthly basis which number all told 45,718. The field labor runs considerably higher, however, and is estimated to be over 80%. There are no labor statistics of this character available for the pineapple industry, which depends upon the same organization for its labor as the sugar industry, but it is estimated by the management that this cross section holds also for those working with pineapples.

The number of employees listed on

a monthly basis represents the organization that is responsible, to a large extent, for the management. Out of 2,561 the Filipinos furnish only 108, or about 5% in this class, and this number is to be found only in the minor positions. It is evident from this table that the labor to manage the sugar industry is overwhelmingly supplied by Filipino brawn, and that the management is largely in the hands of Americans.

The writer has only had occasion to visit the plantations on the island of Oahu in connection with this study, but there is every reason to believe that labor conditions on the plantations of other islands are even better in many respects than are those on Oahu where the proximity of the City of Honolulu tends to attract labor away from plantation work. Those in positions of responsibility on this island are unanimous in giving a high estimate to Filipino labor such as is made available under the present recruiting system, many even going so far as to say it is the best raw material that the industry has ever received. The results above presented lend point to such an estimate, results which have been achieved simultaneously over a period when Filipino labor has taken over the field work in an ever increasing ratio.

THE SOURCES OF OUR ECONOMIC PROSPERITY. Coming back to the hopper above referred to, let us visualize the situation with regard to the economic prosperity of Hawaii. The following figures of exports that gives us the economic where-with-all to cary on are taken from the customs office for the year 1927, an average year for the last

decade:

TABLE IV
EXPORTS FOR 1927

Sugar	\$69,827,821
Coffee	1,779,809
Fruits and Nuts (Pineapples)	34,934,087
Rice	8,051
Hides	170,034
U.S. Goods returned (Army and Navy)	2,832,300
Others (mostly sugar mill machinery)	1,899,549
Total	\$111,286,617

To this total may be added the income from tourist trade which has been estimated to be about ten million dollars annually and an income from the Army and Navy estimated to be about one million per month. There are other sources of income from products grown and consumed locally such as dairy products, beef, hogs, eggs and poultry and vegetables valued all told about five million dollars annually. All of these go into the general hopper as income in the sense that they cut down the imports by just so much.

These figures are given for comparison, and with it all, one may readily see that the bulk of our economic prosperity is derived from the major industries, sugar and pineapples, the proceeds of which are to a large extent, disbursed in the territory. From this we may deduce the fact that the economic prosperity of Hawaii depends in no small measure upon Filipino labor. In this discussion we are concerned particularly with the manner in which this resource is tapped for the benefit of Hawaiian industry.

The situation at the time when contact was first made between Hawaii and the Philippines has already been referred to in a previous discussion. It was the Gentlemen's Agreement

that put an end to the recruiting of labor in Japan and in Korea and that forced the planters in Hawaii to seek labor supply under the American Flag. The Filipino proved to be the most suitable material that could be found and in course of time the Philippine Islands became the only recruiting ground for plantation labor.

The recruiting of Filipino labor began in 1907 and gradually increased until it became a steady current. The first year of immigrant Filipino labor brought only 188 men, 20 women and 2 children; that for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1928, numbered 12,254 men, 180 women and 138 children. The following tables tell the story of the movement of the Filipino population to and from Hawaii:

TABLE V
MOVEMENT OF FILIPINOS FROM THE
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS TO HAWAII

Year	Men	Women	Children
1907	188	20	2
1908	---	---	---
1909	697	70	52
1910	3,009	227	113
½ of 1911	677	93	31
1911-12	2,573	275	190
1912-13	4,518	766	462
1913-14	2,548	412	224
1914-15	834	232	166
1915-16	1,527	118	99
1916-17	2,515	250	165
1917-18	2,007	278	314
1918-19	2,255	268	204
1919-20	3,029	291	184
Totals	26,447	3,300	2,206
1907-20—	Totals of all Filipinos to 1920—31,953		
Year	Men	Women	Children
1920-21	2,823	327	144
1927-22	7,555	791	334
1922-23	5,838	1,008	490
1923-24	3,947	1,761	709
Totals	20,158	---	---
4 years	10,614	715	292
1924-25	4,799	129	80
1926-27	6,791	120	73
Totals	22,204	---	---
3 years	12,254	180	138

Summary of Movement by Periods			
Year	Men	Women	Children
1907-20	26,447	3,300	2,206
1920-24	20,158	3,887	1,677
1924-27	22,204	964	446
1927-28	12,255	180	138
Total	81,063	8,331	4,466

Grand total, all ages, both sexes.....93,860

Table V. indicates the entire movement from the Philippines to Hawaii of all ages and both sexes. The present population of Hawaii as estimated by the Board of Health is 348,767 of which 60,078 are Filipinos. It is necessary to trace other movements as well. The next table gives the movement back to the Philippines from Hawaii for the same length of time and for the same periods:

TABLE VI
MOVEMENT OF FILIPINOS FROM
HAWAII TO THE PHILIPPINES

Year	Men	Women	Children
1907	2	0	0
1908	---	---	---
1909	0	0	0
1910	35	9	3
½ of 1911	165	33	23
1911-12	100	7	8
1912-13	180	19	12
1913-14	427	54	36
1914-15	325	52	41
1915-16	329	53	49
1916-17	329	53	49
1917-18	520	42	62
1918-19	857	62	95
1919-20	543	79	114
1920-21	906	110	135
Totals	4,389	520	578
1907-20—	Grand total for the period all ages, both sexes.....5,487		
Year	Men	Women	Children
1920-21	1,782	221	279
1927-22	1,517	234	323
1922-23	878	80	90
1923-24	1,274	194	154
Totals	5,451	729	846
1920-24	Grand total for the period 1920-24.....7,026		
Year	Men	Women	Children
1924-25	1,551	212	201
1925-26	2,346	263	250
1926-27	2,727	404	497
Totals	6,624	849	948

1924-27

Total all ages, both sexes for the period				8,421
Year	Men	Women	Children	
1927-28	2,742	473	948	
Year	Men	Women	Children	

Summary of Table VI

1907-20	4,389	520	578
1920-24	5,451	729	846
1924-27	6,624	879	793
1927-28	2,742	473	793
Totals	19,206	2,601	3,165

Total departures from Hawaii to the Philippines 24,972

	Men	Women	Children
Tot. arrivals	81,036	8,331	4,466
Tot. depart's	19,206	2,601	3,165

Net Gain	61,857	5,730	1,301
Net gain all ages, both sexes	68,888		

There is yet another current that has to be taken into consideration before the net results upon the present Filipino population in Hawaii can be determined. It is the movement of Filipinos going and coming between Hawaii and the mainland. As far as this can be ascertained from the records, this movement is set down in Table VII.

TABLE VII.

MOVEMENT OF FILIPINOS BETWEEN HAWAII AND CONTINENTAL U.S.A.

Year	M.	W.	C.	M.	W.	C.
1907	0	0	0	2	0	0
1908						
1909	0	0	0	44	0	0
1910	0	0	0	39	0	0
½ of 1911	0	0	0	201	0	0
1911-12	0	0	0	41	0	0
1912-13	2	1	0	120	5	8
1913-14	15	0	0	170	3	3
1914-15	10	0	2	258	1	1
1915-16	8	0	0	257	7	2
1916-17	2	0	0	489	11	6
1917-18	2	4	1	441	4	11
1918-19	0	0	0	247	6	5
1919-20	0	0	0	152	3	3
	39	5	3	2,461	40	39
Totals 1907-20	47			2,530		

Year	M.	W.	C.	M.	W.	C.
1920-21	7	2	1	151	0	0
1921-22	35	3	0	90	3	5
1922-23	11	1	0	1,042	26	30
1923-24	19	3	1	2,002	93	53
Totals	72	9	2	3,286	122	88

83 3,496

Year	M.	W.	C.	M.	W.	C.
1924-25	68	6	1	940	19	18
1925-26	38	5	2	2,345	73	44
1926-27	217	1	0	2,754	127	119
Totals	217	12	3	6,039	219	181

232 6,439

Year	M.	W.	C.	M.	W.	C.
1927-28	117	6	9	1,405	47	63

Summary of Table VII

Year	M.	W.	C.	M.	W.	C.
1907-20	39	5	3	2,461	40	39
1920-24	72	9	2	3,286	122	88
1924-27	217	12	3	6,039	219	181
1927-28	117	6	9	1,406	47	63
Totals	445	32	17	13,191	428	371

494 13,990

Total departures to Cont. U. S. A.	13,990
Total number returned to Hawaii	494

Net loss to Cont. U.S.A.	13,496
--------------------------	--------

Net gain in movement between Hawaii and Philippines	68,880
Net loss to Continental U.S.A.	13,496

Balance left in Hawaii	55,394
------------------------	--------

The difference of 4,684 between the Filipino population (60,078) at the close of the fiscal year, June 30, 1928, and the balance remaining in Hawaii as shown above is accounted for by the fact of natural increase, that is to say, the excess of births over deaths for the period of twenty-one years that has elapsed since the Filipino first came to Hawaii. The Filipino school population for 1928 was 2,796 so the bulk of this natural increase may be said to be found there.

GAPS IN THE RANKS OF LABOR. It is not necessary to go into a complete analysis of these

tables in this discussion, but merely to point out their significance in the problem of recruiting labor in sufficient numbers to meet the needs of the territory. In this connection it should be noted that all lines of work draw labor from this source which is secured through the regular organized channels. In the natural course of events, the demand for labor in other lines of endeavor tend to draw men away from the sugar industry, and to create vacancies which have to be filled in the same manner for Filipinos as they were in the case of other racial groups. An arrangement is in effect at this writing whereby the pineapple industry reimburses the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association on a quota basis for the labor absorbed from those recruited.

The drift back to the Philippines and that to the mainland leaves gaps in the ranks of plantation labor that are filled by new relays of raw recruits. A considerable number re-enlist after a period in the Philippines where they find that they can no longer live under the cramped conditions prevailing in the Filipino barrio life to which they had returned. It is unfortunate that no records have been kept of these re-enlisted laborers for there are many such and they offer a very interesting study because of their wider social experiences. Such a study would constitute a problem in itself. Under present conditions they are classed with new recruits whenever they re-enlist so they are considered in that light in this paper.

LABOR RECRUITING IN THE PHILIPPINES. The story of labor recruiting in the Philippines is that

of an organization which has had to be improved from year to year until at the present writing it works with the perfection of well-oiled machinery. Notwithstanding the years of experience in many other fields it was impossible to break new ground in the Philippines without considerable adjustment to meet local conditions. The element of time proved to be an important factor also, because the best labor supply is found in the outlying barrios where ideas do not penetrate nearly as fast as they do in the ports.

The need was such that it became necessary to start the ball a-rolling in any manner whatever, and this led to many practices which would not be considered for a moment at the present stage of development. For example, the quota was difficult to fill at the start as there was no chance for a careful selection such as maintain today because the idea of going to Hawaii had not as yet been sold in the rural districts. To fill the quota at all the recruiting agent was obliged to operate in the large ports, Manila and Cebu, and by a system of farming out the work to sub-agents he managed to enlist the required number regardless of their fitness from the standpoint of moral stamina or habits of industry. As a consequence, a considerable number of undesirable characters came to Hawaii by this route whose records, had they been taken in the Philippines, would have been found to have been none too good. The real cost of this experiment is measured in terms of crime and social unrest rather than in the first cost of recruiting. Nevertheless, it was this class of unselected immi-

grants that won out over the Portoricans where similar methods were used, so I suppose one might say regarding these first consignments that "they might have been worse".

Men who gather in the larger ports and who hang around the wharfs waiting for whatever might turn up are usually of a class that has been rejected by the group to which they belong. They refuse discipline to do the work that is required of them to fulfill their obligations towards the community and drift away to other pastures. They develop into restless spirits who become incapable of sustained effort. It is this class of drifters that become the wharf rats and that fills the slums of congested centers of population the world over. The economic pressure that has come upon Filipino communities as a result of the new order tends to purge them of the socially unfit. There are those who are filled with ambition and a spirit of adventure who also seek new fields at every opportunity. Then there must have been a sprinkling of the bona-fide tao with the early recruits such as are found in all rural districts and these would be certain to lend character to the original immigrants.

At least we may say that these early comers made an impression of a character that warranted the development of this field. The Hawaiian planters were experienced miners when it came to extracting pay dirt out of a labor situation. The samples brought in were found to contain enough gold along with the dross to encourage further effort. It was realized also that the samples so far taken had been secured from surface

material and from this a lot of dross might be expected. Plans were laid to sink the shafts deeper into the Filipino structure, a development that has gone forward now for a period of twenty years. The richest vein was found to be located in the Ilocano region and that is the only field that is being worked to any extent at this writing.

LEGALIZING THE PRACTICES OF THE H. S. P. A. Recruiting labor in the Philippines is on a par with every other branch of service undertaken by the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association. It calls for the setting up of machinery and of perfecting the process to a point where the resource may be tapped in the most efficient manner. There was a good deal of experimenting to start with, as only by the method of trial and error and by profiting by every mistake was it possible to make any progress in a venture of this sort. Up to 1915 the agents of the planters were left free to pick and choose without interference from Philippine authorities, but there arose such a clamor on the part of certain elements in the Philippines against what was termed in political phraseology "bleeding the Philippines white for the benefit of Hawaiian interests," that something had to be done about it. Meanwhile the H. S. P. A. had made its researches and perfected its machinery. Its agents were operating at the time in a very satisfactory manner. The question had already been studied from every angle by men trained to sift the tares from the wheat in the same thoroughgoing fashion with which the mastery of a stubborn situation had been accom-

plished in Hawaii. Needless to say that men of this character usually were found to hold trump cards in any game of skill such as had to be played.

No Filipino politician had ever gone into the subject with any degree of thoroughness and when it came necessary to draft legislation for the control of labor recruiting, the experiences of the H. S. P. A. in this field were freely drawn upon. Act 2486 of the Philippine legislature prescribing the procedure that must hold in recruiting labor was really a compromise measure. This act is quoted in full as amended by Act 3148 in the Appendix.

The provisions of Act 2486 may be said to legalize the practices of the H. S. P. A. Section 2 of this act provides for free return passage after the completion of the contract. This had the effect of taking the wind out of the sails of Filipino opposition. There was no way of preventing Filipinos from enlisting to go to Hawaii after that without depriving them of their rights as free agents. That held in a way without any such provision, but with it the planters had the opportunity of showing "good faith," an element that carries much weight in human relationships.

SELLING HAWAIIAN LABOR CONDITIONS IN THE PHILIPPINES. Before the laborer is finally accepted he is submitted to a rigid physical examination by the health officials of the H. S. P. A., a corp of men who are stationed in the Philippines for that purpose. He is further studied by men in the field who ascertain his standing in the community from which he comes to determine

his fitness for the work that will be required from him. This organization is under an administrative officer who has his residence in Manila and who operates through field assistants residing in the various sections of the islands from which labor is recruited.

The laborer is granted a number of concessions as an inducement to others, or as an expression of good will toward the recruit. It may be stated, however, by way of parenthesis, that Hawaiian labor conditions have been so completely sold to the tao of the Philippines that a great many more laborers are clamoring to go than can be accepted. Under the circumstances, many pay their own way, a condition that may eventually do away with concessions altogether. Still the practice in the past is responsible for the present Filipino population in Hawaii, so it is well that we list these concessions as they have applied in the recruiting of Filipino labor. Here they are:

1. Free transportation from the laborer's house to Manila.
2. Free board and lodging during his stay in Manila.
3. Free transportation from Manila to Honolulu and to the plantation to which he may be assigned.
4. Bonus of \$5.00 to every unmarried laborer and \$10.00 to a married laborer who goes with his family.
5. Clothing for the trip given free of charge to the laborer.
6. Free house, water and fuel during his stay on the plantation for the period of his contract.

7. Free transportation given to the laborer on his return to the Philippines if he has worked 720 days out of three consecutive years.

The expenses incurred in granting the above concessions will approximate something like \$200.00 for each laborer that has come to Hawaii under these arrangements. The money has been spent for outfitting emigrants, for food and lodging, for transportation expenses and for commissions to recruiting agents. These commissions are \$3.50 for every unmarried laborer from the provinces and \$2.50 for every one recruited in Manila. There was a time when laborers with their families were encouraged to come, but that was some years ago. A commission as high as \$10.00 has been paid for recruiting families.

The emigrant laborer is required to sign an agreement with the H. S. P. A. before his departure for Hawaii. This document is carefully explained to him by the recruiting agents, but the reputation for fairness of this organization is so well disseminated throughout the Philippine Islands, that this procedure is now pretty much a matter of form. It is the experiences of friends and relatives who are in Hawaii, or who have returned from there, that really carry weight with the new recruit. He knows that he is going to be given a square deal provided he performs his part of the agreement, and that is a good deal more than he often gets in the homeland.

A copy of the agreement entered into before the emigrant leaves the Philippines is found in the Appendix of this paper.

(To Be Continued)

THE MAGIC RUG

By KATHLEEN L. WORRELL

I was a stranger in Los Angeles. I did not know a soul excepting Jimie Keene, and Jimie and I are far from being soul mates. According to the phraseology of a certain sect, our auras do not blend. Still I was glad when he said to me: "I say, Henry, how would you like to run over to the club for a while?"

If you have ever been lonely in Los Angeles, you will know how I felt. I was ready to welcome anything. When we got there Jimie promptly buried his face in a paper while I sat and grouched. I was out of step with life, nothing suited me. The climate seemed suspiciously perfect, the Palms seemed to need trimming, and the Geraniums looked overgreen. In other words I was lonesome and I was just counting up to see how many weeks it would be before I could start for the East again, when a stranger wafted into the room. I use the word wafted advisedly, because he breezed in like a man coming through space, stepping from one star to another. His shoulders were thrown back, his head held high, and his stride was long and swinging. I looked at him curiously. He seemed to be an odd number in the sum of life around me, something that wouldn't come out even. He went over to Jimie and

"I haven't seen you for an age," slapped him on the back.

he cried, "and Jimie, I want to tell you the news. I have found myself at last!"

"I didn't know you had been lost," grunted Jimie in his usual pleasant way.

The stranger paid no attention but sat down in a deep chair and let his chin sink on his breast.

"Yes," he muttered, "I have found myself."

Jimie did not seem to be greatly interested in the stranger's find, but he called me over.

"Henry," he said, "I want you to meet my friend, Mr. Landers. I hear that he has been suffering from a kind of spiritual auto-intoxication lately. Perhaps you two would enjoy talking to each other while I run over to the office for a few minutes."

The stranger clasped my hand warmly but I could see that his thoughts were in the otherwhere. Jimie breezed out and I knew that was the last I would see of him that morning. The stranger, still evidently thinking about something else, asked me if I would have a cocktail. This was in what the poet calls, "The sweet old unforgotten days," before the town went dry. I told him that I would, so we drank and again sat in silence. Suddenly he lifted his head.

"After all this time I have found myself," he said.

I wondered if I were sitting beside the lost Charley Ross.

"Tell me about it," I suggested.

He looked at me in the way a child sometimes looks at you, long and searchingly, storing away every impression in its mind. Then he said the last thing I expected to hear.

"You impress me as being a man who will understand," he said, "and I know I will get a lot of pleasure out of telling you."

I shifted uneasily. This was just my luck! It is bad enough to be lonesome but it is worse to be bored. Little did I think that within a few minutes he would hold me as completely as the Ancient Mariner held the wedding guest, who could not choose but hear.

"I was born in luck so to speak," he said. "My grandfather came to this part of the country when the gold rush was on, and ran into it right and left, found it in places others had passed over, and the queer part of it is he hung onto it. My father bought a lot of land around here in the days when an acre was worth about the price of a Table-d'hote dinner in these days and he struck oil on some of it, found it in places where no one expected it to be, seemed to be able to smell it. He sank wells against the advice of every one who knew more about it than he did and in nine times out of ten struck a gusher. So when I came in for my turn to show what I could do with a lifetime, I had more money than a man with my tastes could possibly spend. I don't drink, excepting a glass now and then, don't gamble, don't smoke, and have no earthly use for women. They are

all alike, no brains, no heart and what is worse no soul."

"Look here," I protested, "I don't know about the heart and soul part of it, but the best trained mind and clearest brain I have ever known belonged to a woman."

"Yes," he said, "and if I were a betting man, I would lay a wager that she was as ugly as sin. She knew that she couldn't do anything with her face, so she began to work on her mind. That is the way it goes every time. I have watched them, I know."

"Have it your way," I said. I wanted to hear the rest of the story.

"As I was saying," he continued, "I had more money than I knew what to do with. I could not get any fun out of making it and very little satisfaction out of spending it."

"You certainly were in a fix," I muttered.

"Yes," he admitted, "until I found myself."

"Look here," I said, "I am not of a nervous temperament but unless you get to that finding part of your story soon, I will scream the way a woman does, when, with the best intentions in the world, you blunder along until you step on the raw edges of her nerves."

"I will get to that in the course of time," he said calmly, "and I will get to it sooner if you don't break in quite so often. As I was saying, I had more money than I knew what to do with, and there seemed nothing in the world I wanted to buy. For several years after my father and mother passed away, I kept up the big house. Finally I sold it and looked around for some comfortable

bachelor apartments and in time found just what I wanted. They were very fine in every way until it came to the rug on the library floor. To look at that rug was like having a handful of salt thrown into your eyes. I told them to take the thing away, that I would select the rug I wanted myself. I thought I might as well get something good while I was at it and the best thing I could do was to go to someone who really knew about such things, so I enquired around for the best rug expert to be found in these parts and went to him.

"Mr. Loftus," I said, "I want to buy a rug and I don't care what it costs. What I want is something that will not make me feel that I am enduring a hardship every time I look at it."

A little glint shot up through the calm of his eyes.

"Is that all you want?" he asked.

By Jove! I don't know how it was, but all of a sudden it came to me that there might be a lot of things in this world that had passed me in the night, so to speak.

"So far as I know — yes," I said, "but if there is anything else —"

His eyes traveled away from me to the shadows in the far corners of the room.

"Do you know any thing about rugs?" he questioned.

"Yes," I told him, "I know that some are easy to look at and some are not, that some are high priced no matter how little they cost, and some are worth every dollar you give for them, like a ticket out of Texas, and that barring a fire or a baby with a pair of shears, they will last a long time."

He went over to a chest and took out a piece about six or seven feet long.

"Yes," he said, "they do wear well. This one for example has been in use for about three hundred years."

Jove. I couldn't believe it. It gave me a sort of queer feeling to look at it and think of all the human feet that had walked over it, all it had lived through, so to speak. And there was something else too, something dreamy and mellow and peaceful, as if it had seen so many centuries pass that it had come to know that nothing matters so very much. I made up my mind on the spot.

"I will take that one," I said.

"No you won't," he smiled, "because it is not for sale."

I stared.

"I came in here," I said, "laboring under the impression that I was coming into a store."

"You had the right idea," he said serenely, "but this rug happens to belong to my private collection and is not for sale."

This was a new idea to me.

"Do you mean to tell me," I cried, "that you keep this thing in a box, just for the sake of knowing that you have it! I thought rugs were used for floor coverings."

He did not answer for awhile, but stood looking down on the old carpet. Finally he came back.

"They are put to all sorts of uses," he said. "I once knew a man who had nothing left in all the world except one old Ispahan. They tell me he is still showing a brave front. I think he must have tied that rug around his heart or it would have

broken long ago."

"He didn't want much out of life, did he?" I said.

The answer came with unexpected sharpness.

"Yes, he did, and he got more than most people get."

I stroked my chin feeling as if someone had shut a door in my face.

"All right," I said, "show me another rug."

He got out half a dozen or so and then he brought out the rug from Shiraz. By Jove! I don't know how it was. Maybe I just happened to be in a kind of blue mood, or something, but anyhow as I stood there looking at it with the soft light of the afternoon sun falling on it, I had an odd sort of feeling as if I were opening the door of a strange house in a strange land. I thought of a song I had heard shortly before. At the time the words struck me as being unusually silly, and I wondered when they came back to me why it is that we remember foolish things so much longer than clever ones; but, standing there with my eyes on that rug from Shiraz, the words of the song came to me with an entirely new meaning, they even had a sort of thrill in them.

"Pale hands I loved beside the
Shalimar,

Where are you now? Who lies be-
neath your spell?

Whom are you leading down Rap-
ture's pathway, far,

Before you wave them in fare-
well?"

I felt that there must be some kind of necromancy about that strip of faded blue and green and red lying at my feet. I could not remember

ever before having felt the way I did then except on one moonlight night in Amalfi, Italy. It was just before I came down with the fever. I remember how that night, for no reason on earth I could see, I wanted to lay my head down on the old Ivy-covered balustrade and howl! I thought it might be because of the blueness of the sea, or the moonlight, or the fragrance of the yellow Musk-vines trailing over the broken urn, or all that purple solitude around me, that I felt so all cut up. Later of course I knew it was the fever coming on. I looked down on the rug and wondered if I was going to be sick again. I bought that one and somehow for the first time in my life I felt rich. I wonder if you realise what I mean? For once in my life I had something I really wanted.

When I started to go I held out my hand to my new friend.

"It is easy enough to buy a rug," I said, "but it is going to be a hard pull for me to get the vision a fellow ought to have to see and feel and understand the beauty of it. Will you give me a lift?"

"Yes," he said, "I will."

But the way he said it!

Landers' voice trailed into silence. I waited patiently. I knew that when a man with a hobby gets started he does not finish quite so quickly. Presently he looked up, his eyes shone.

"And that is how I came to find myself, that is how I came to know how easy it is for a man to slip out of a dull, sand-colored world. I tell you we are living in a gray old age, sitting in the ashes of burned-out fires, as it were, but once let a man find out how to open the doors of his

imagination, — presto! he is in another world, in a new world of adventure, and romance and dreams, and all that sort of thing. He has it all inside, — here!" He pounded his breast with clenched fists. "All he has to do is to find the right key and he is forever beyond being lonely or blue or feeling left out. He is living in a world of his own and can run it to suit himself."

I looked at him wistfully, wondering what sort of a hobby I could pick up. He sprang to his feet.

"My car is outside, come along and let me show you my rugs."

If he had said I want to show you my white mice, or my old slippers, or my cracked glass, I would have gone along just the same. Anything to keep from being alone — alone with the Climate and the Palms and the overgrown Geraniums.

I must admit that the elegance and luxury of Landers' apartment startled me a little. I think the Caliph of Bagdad would have felt quite at home in his library, if he could have overlooked the books.

Landers asked me to sit down on a deep pillow-laden sofa and pointed down to the carpet at my feet.

"There," he said, "is the rug from Shiraz."

I looked at it with a good bit of interest but like the chap beside the river's rim, to whom a yellow Primrose was a yellow Primrose — nothing more, I saw a rug and that was all. Landers proved his innate refinement by not asking me what I thought of it. Probably he did not care. All he wanted was a pair of listening ears to pour his hobby into.

He ordered wine. One must drink wine on a Shiraz rug. I suppose drinking whiskey and soda in its environment would have seemed as out of place to Landers, as eating green turtle soup out of a tin basin.

He told me all about the wonders of the rug. It sounded like Greek to me. But if my sense of hearing was not especially thrilled, my sense of taste was. That wine was certainly fine.. It would have pleased even that old rug-maker, Omar, but come to think of it he wasn't a rug-maker but a tent-maker if my memory serves me right.

When Landers got through telling about the rug, how it was made, and what everything about it meant, he sat staring at it, back in one of his tense silences.

"Look here," he finally burst out, "do you know what human beings need more than any thing else?"

"I don't know," I said, "some need one thing and some another, it depends."

"What I mean," he flashed out, "is not individual needs, desires springing up here and there. I mean what we as a whole need most."

"Speaking from personal knowledge," I said, "and from general observation, I should say money."

He snorted and I felt his eyes flinging the "Thou too Brutus!" at me.

"Oh it is all very well for you to feel the way you do," I retorted, "but never mind. What is it the world needs more than money? I am interested. What is it we all stand most in need of?"

"Thrills," he said calmly, "thrills."

I held up my glass for the Jap to refill.

"We are all like clocks," he went on, "I have a noted physician's word for it. We are just a lot of human Seth Thomases or Ingersolls, according to our inner works, but we are all alike in this, we keep on going just so long and then we run down. The thing that winds us up is a thrill. We go along day after day slowly running down, the color goes out of things, the light begins to fade, our eyes sink from the hilltops down to the gray dust at our feet. We look forward with weariness and backward with regret. We are middle aged no matter how young we are. But, let a thrill come along and hit the bull's eye in the middle of the heart, and presto! we are young no matter how old we are. My rug collecting has given me the big thrill and at last I am contented. In the words of Omar, I turn down the empty glass, I am satisfied."

"Do you know," I said, warming up myself, "I am glad to hear you say that. Human beings have always been too prone to believe that the only thing that can give them a real thrill is love."

"Love!" snorted Landers, "love! good Lord man do you know what love is?"

"I have a vague idea," I said modestly.

"I know what it is," he trumpeted, "I have studied it from the outside, I have stood at a distance where I could get a good clear vision of the whole thing."

"Sooner or later," I murmured, "something is sure to happen to the innocent bystander."

He paid no attention.

"Love," he resumed, "is nothing more nor less than an abnormal vanity. Men and women get so infatuated with their own ego that they begin to feel the need of someone to take an extra shift at the incense burning. And when the Frankincense and Myrrh of flattery waft around their heads they are quieted for the time being that is all. I cannot believe that any man or woman ever got one real thrill from such an experience, they only think they do."

"For obvious reasons," I said, "I feel a delicate hesitation about arguing the matter, but doubtless you are right looking at it from your standpoint."

"Of course I am right," he snapped, "and now I will point out why I know that I am."

"Go ahead," I said, again holding out my glass to the Jap at my elbow.

"It is this way," said he, lifting a corner of the rug with his foot.

"A man or a woman, they are both a good bit alike in this matter, begins to think they are lonely and because the mind has been trained to think in that direction, they think they must find some other human being to lean on. Could any idea be more absurd? Who can be sure of a human mind? And yet we go on building temples on the sand, fine structures that are washed away by the first wind of chance. When we come to learn that we must not lean on any other human being, we are half-way up the hill of peace."

"I don't think I would care to climb up the rest of the way in that case," I said, "I have a lonely disposition."

"You are lonely simply because you

are soul-blind," he informed me.

"I know there is something the matter with me," I said, "and that may be it."

Taking it on the whole, I spent a couple of very pleasant hours with Landers. When I left him I was in a very different mood. I had to admit to myself that his hobby had served me a good turn. The climate was not so smugly perfect, the Palms did not wave their long green arms quite so derisively, nor did the Geraniums glare quite so boldly.

That evening Jimie invited me over to his house. He lived with his mother and sister. Mrs. Keene was one of those thin, nervous, anxious looking women who seem always to be looking over their shoulder as if something were pursuing them. Probably it was not to be wondered at because Jimie hinted that his mother was having a hard time of keeping up the big establishment, but she felt she had to do it for Lenora's sake. I gathered from Jimie's remarks that Lenora had disappointed them by not making a good match long before. He went on to say that she had always been very fond of Landers.

"But Landers, you know, can't see a woman, don't know they are on earth," he said, and he sighed as he said it in a way that made me realise that Landers was one of Jimie's unrealised dreams.

As time went by, Landers and I came to see a lot of each other. I liked to have him talk and he liked to have me listen, so we got along very well together. It rested me to be in the dim, luxurious quiet of his library and he himself rested me too, perhaps because he was so outside

the world in his ideas. To be with him was like lying under old forest trees with your head resting on the moss and the ferns bending above your face. I used to listen to his ravings about his rugs a good bit like a youngster listens to a fairy story. There was something pathetic and sweet in those fairy stories of the heart that Landers wove around himself to keep from seeing that life had short changed him in the matter of real happiness. He used to tell me over and over, "I have found myself now!" It made me see how lost he must have been before his hobby came into his life. There was something lacking in him. It was the insight to know what he really wanted.

One day Landers told me that he was going to give a little dinner party for the Keenes and myself in his apartment.

"I have always liked Mrs. Keene," he said, "but frankly, I would rather not have the young woman. Not that Leonora is so painfully young, but she will probably gush. They all do, they think they must make a noise at any cost."

"Leonora looks like a nice girl to me," I said, "she looks like a girl who can see into things."

Landers laughed.

"Oh yes," he mocked, "she can probably see into the important fact that pink looks better on her than blue, or the other way around, but that will be about all. She is too pretty to have sense, not that I mean to infer that she is beautiful by all means, but her face is not sufficiently disadvantageous to make her turn to mental attainments."

Landers certainly did himself

brown on that little dinner party. Everything was surprisingly perfect. Mrs. Keene seemed even to forget for the time being to glance mentally over her shoulder and shown like an alabaster vase set in the sunlight. Jimie was in **his glory** but Leonora puzzled me. She acted oddly and she looked strange too. Her dress was either very old fashioned or else very new. Even I who know very little about such things could see that it was unlike any thing that had come to my notice. It was of some kind of shimmering yellow stuff and fell straight from her neck to her feet, belted in by an antique girdle of curious design. Her dark hair was piled high on her head, she wore no ornaments.

As a rule she is a clever talker but on that occasion she had nothing to say. Landers did his best to draw her into conversation, but it was like making a comedian laugh off stage. Sometimes she said yes and sometimes she said no, and that was about all. Mrs. Keene glanced at her anxiously from time to time and Jimie wondered at her openly. I noticed that her eyes always strayed to the Shiraz rug, that she looked at it with wide open eyes and lips a little apart, almost as if she were afraid of it. After a while Landers noticed it too and began to talk about it of course. She listened to him, breathing a little faster. Then she spoke, her voice a little strained.

"It is strange," she said, "I know absolutely nothing about Oriental rugs, but somehow from the moment I saw this one I seemed to know it. When I stand on it I feel that I know what Hafiz meant when he

wrote: "O, from the confines of my rug, why should my footsteps stray!" Why indeed! With the right vision one could see life, the world, every thing right here at one's feet."

She sank down on a low stool and spread her hands, palms down on the rug.

Landers stood and looked at her as if he was seeing a woman for the first time in his life. I noticed that he got out other rugs for her to look at. Then I turned my attention to Jimie and Mrs. Keene who were having an argument about a picture by Burne-Jones. Jimie did not like the lady leaning down from the "Golden bars of heaven." He said he liked the looks of the girl in the Rubens copy better even if she did give one the impression of being a Hoover slacker. While Jimie and his mother kept up the argument, I turned my attention back to Miss Keene and Landers. He was showing her another rug and she was looking at it with reminiscent eyes.

"When I look at it," she said, "I seem to see the gay water courses of Khorasan."

"I am surprised at the wonderful understanding you have about rugs," said Landers.

"To tell the truth," she laughed, "I am a little surprised at it myself. It seems all to have been brought about by that old rug from Shiraz, it seemed to shake me awake and make me remember things the moment I laid my eyes on it. Strange how I felt! I wonder what it is?"

"I don't know," said Landers, "I felt the same about it myself the first time I saw it."

She opened wide her eyes at that,

then bent down and took up a corner of the rug.

"After all," she said, "it may not be so very strange, if we could understand some things. The Buddhist conception of life is an ever passing on like the rim of a wheel. The wheel of life moves on, and what has once been engraved there returns. . . . perhaps we have seen that rug before, in some other far-back life; who knows, perhaps you were a wandering desert chief, and — your little brother."

Landers looked at her gravely for a moment before he spoke.

"No," he finally said, "I don't think you were."

I must admit that Leonora surprised me before the evening was over. The girl was positively uncanny the way she saw things. She made us all see pictures on those old rugs. She had a way of describing them, clear as a cameo, that left the whole thing etched on one's mind.

"This one," she said, with her eyes on a prayer Kelim, "makes me see the morning stars, the ashes of camp fires lying dull on the sand, and the brown backs of the camels looming up against the faint dawn-streaks along the horizon."

Then she took up a gay silken piece that looked as if it had molten gold running long its folds.

"And this," she said, "is like a looking glass. Can't you see the broken Lotus flowers lying on the colored tiles of the moonlit courtyard? Can't you hear the plaintive flute call?"

Landers sat with his head resting on his hand.

"Yes," he said, "I can."

Mrs. Keene and I said nothing, and

I noticed with a grateful heart that Jimie had the grace to keep still for once in his life. Mrs. Keene sighed and I noticed that there was a mist of tears in her eyes. Later when Landers and Lenora were talking again, she bent over to me and whispered.

"I never before realised that Lenora has the poetic strain in her, she evidently takes after her grandfather. He wrote a lot of poetry in his time, he kept it all in a scrap-book. He never had any of it published, he was always rather sensitive about having anyone see the things he wrote. He did not believe in opening his heart for all the rabble, who have the price to purchase a magazine, to see, so he kept it hidden away between the covers of his scrap-book, itw as wonderful work. A critic, a man who wrote poetry himself, once told him that he had never seen anything like it, though he had spent years behind the editorial desk. Yes, Lenora evidently takes after her grandfather."

After the Keenes had left that evening and I had started to go myself, Landers laid a hand on my shoulder.

"Look here," he said, "do you believe in reincarnation?"

"I don't know," I confessed, "somehow I sem always to have felt a little vague about the afterwards. I never have been able to hold on to an idea that someone could not come along and knock the pegs from under."

"It certainly is odd," mused Landers, "the way Miss Keene felt about those rugs. There is something eerie about it when you come to think about it. Here is a young woman

who has never in her life taken any interest in Oriental rugs, or any thing Oriental for that matter, suddenly brought into touch with another existence, so to speak, at the sight of that Shiraz rug."

I had to admit that it did seem odd.

"Henry," he said, "there is something about that girl that is different from other women."

I looked at Landers and sighed. I knew that he was a lost man. I did not see much of him for some time after that. I had taken up a hobby myself — beach stones. I met a young lady, a friend of Lenora's, and we used to go down and pick them up on the shore when the tide was going out. Sometimes we found good ones and sometimes we did not. I used to take trips down there in the morning and bribe an old chap to scatter some around at a given time. The first time I gave him an order, he put two polished ones carefully side by side on a pile of sand but I got him trained after awhile.

By this time I had come to realize what wonderful place California is. The climate is perfect, the Palms give a certain poetic touch, and the Geraniums surely are fine specimens.

One day it came to me that I was neglecting Landers, so I went and looked him up. I never saw such a change in a human being in all my days. All the strain had gone out of him. He made me feel as if Life like a gentle mother had taken him on her lap, and stroked his hair, and

told him not to care, and rocked him to rest.

He told me very quietly: "Lenora and I are going to be married soon." That was all he said, but the deep wordless content in his voice made me feel so left out and lonesome and cheated that I wanted to throw back my head and howl like a chained coyote.

The girl I spoke of a while back, went home. She told me about another man, she said she was going to take all the beach stones to him. I threw mine out of the window and hoped they would hit someone on the head. It was the first time in my life that I ever wilfully wanted to hurt a living thing that hadn't harmed me, but when I fired those stones of the window, I felt that I wanted to hurt something, I didn't care what. I didn't care what. I went back to Landers, a good bit after that, and spent hours mooning in his quiet rooms. I used to try to imagine the wonderland that he and Lenora lived in — the wonder gardens outside the world that they had found. Heavens! how long the days were. The climate had changed, the Palms looked miserably frayed, the Geraniums were

I began to wonder if after all there is something in reincarnation. Here were two people who would never have known what was in the other's heart but for that old rug from Shiraz. After Landers and Lenora were married and had gone off on their honeymoon, I saw a little more of Jimie. One night at his home he wanted me to write down

some addresses and looked around in the desk for a piece of paper for me to write on. Finally he found something. He glanced at it carelessly.

"Just an old business letter," he said, "here take it and write on the back of it."

I did. A few days later I glanced at the paper and read it before I realized what I was doing. It was from a large publishing house acknowledging the receipt of twenty-

one dollars from Miss Keene for books on Oriental rugs and other Oriental literature. The date was about a month before Landers' dinner party. A few days later Jimie said to me: "I am glad Lenora is so happy. She is not so very pretty but she is kind, and she is clever too."

"Jimie," I said, "you are right, she IS clever, in fact she is a lot more clever than you think she is."

HAWAII PAST AND PRESENT

By ALBERT PIERCE TAYLOR

ADVENTURE and romance figure largely in the historical background of the Hawaiian Islands. Quickly emerging from a semi-barbaric past when civilization made its contact in the archipelago, the Hawaiian rulers successively adopted and adapted the forward-moving elements of the Occident's civilization, until within seventy-five years the Kingdom of Hawaii had its seat in the council of nations.

England was the first to bring Hawaii in contact with civilization. In 1778 when Capt. Cook, R. N., discovered Hawaii, it was in the Stone Age. Kamehameha the Great utilized foreign men, machinery, ships, arrows and other products to forge his group of conquered islands, into a cemented kingdom, strong and a nation that eventually commanded the respect of the Powers.

America next entered the arena when, in 1820, zealous evangelical missionaries from New England, brought their type of religion and with the sanction of the young king, Kamehameha II, taught it to the people. They did not make religion their single purpose. They brought a printing press and set it up and in two years began printing broadsides and booklets in the Hawaiian language. They started schools; they supervised the Hawaiians in new methods of agriculture and building

and laying out villages into a semblance of New England villages — streets, alleys and so on.

Honolulu, a village, a mere hamlet of grass houses in Cook's time, the center of the chief of Kou — as Honolulu was originally called — became a town; then its harbor attracted commerce, including whalers, until in the 30's and 40's oftentimes two hundred whaling vessels were anchored in or outside the harbor at one time; then it became the actual capital of the kingdom about 1844. In 1898 it became the capital of the new Territory of Hawaii, U. S. A.

UNCLE SAM'S ONLY ROYAL PALACE

Uncle Sam's only royal palace is in the hands of wreckers and rehabilitators. Uncle Sam's only throne room still remains as it was in its monarchical hey-day, but soon it will resound to the blows of hammers and the creaking of boards as crowbars despoil the old koa and ohia wood furnishings.

Honolulu, the former Hawaiian monarchy, now the capital of the territory of Hawaii, United States of America, uses the former royal palace of King Kalakaua and Queen Liliuokalani as the Executive Building for its Governor and several of his cabinet officers, while the Throne Room, retained exactly as it was in

monarchical days, is a tourist magnet, and occasionally used by the Governor to receive large delegations.

The retention of the architectural appearance of the building and of its interior arrangement and finishing, is possibly the desire of the Government in its restoration program, which is a costly feature, occasioned by the ravages of termites.

In 1846 a handsome structure of coral blocks and wood, became the palace of Kamehameha III. It was occupied successively by Kamehameha V, Lunalilo and Kalakaua, the latter being chosen king in 1874. The Reciprocity Treaty with the United States in 1876 gave Hawaii exceptional prosperity. The old palace became too small, and it was going to pieces. Hence a new palace, occupied first by Kalakaua in 1883. In 1893, after the overthrow of the monarchy, it became the executive building of the Republic of Hawaii, and since 1900 to house the territorial government.

It was in 1876 that the first proposal for a new palace to replace the old one (occupied first about 1846) was made by the Minister of the Interior in his report to the Legislature, stating that the cost of repairs would be out of proportion to any permanent good that would result, and recommended it to be torn down and the coral material placed in a wall which he proposed should be erected around the palace grounds. This solid wall was replaced by an iron fence after the revolution of 1889.

In 1878 the new palace idea took more definite form, and in 1879 work was started, but on plans that were "in the rough", and several archi-

fects were successively employed. The following letter written by Robert Stirling, superintendent of public works, to W. N. Armstrong, Minister of the Interior, dated January 24, 1882, on file in the Archives bureau gives considerable history concerning the building of the present palace.

"About the middle of 1879, Mr. Wilder, the then Minister of the Interior, engaged me to superintend the work of building the New Palace on the Plans of Mr. Baker, (such as they were at that time) and, as far as I can recollect, work was begun in the month of August of that year. The Plans consisted of a ground plan, first and second floor plans, on the scale of the present building, and a Front Elevation of a building with 40 feet less frontage, so that it could not be worked to, rendering it necessary to have new plans made by the time the Basement should be built, and Mr. Wilder repeatedly called upon Mr. Baker to furnish them, but could not get him to do so until the work was stopped for want of them, when he was obliged to discharge Mr. Baker. He then employed Mr. Wall as Architect, who set about preparing plans, but did not produce them fast enough, so that the Builder was always complaining of being hampered in his work for want of them, but as there was no other Architect available, we had to do the best we could."

Iolani Palace, as it is still styled, is one of the imposing structures of Honolulu, and the history of Hawaii has largely centered in and around it since 1882. It is constructed of brick with facing of cement and concrete block trimmings. It was designed

for durability, (but termites were not known), and this is the impression conveyed to the beholder, relieved by the spacious verandas and its six flag-staffs from the corner and center towers.

The cornerstone of the palace was laid December 31, 1879, the anniversary of Queen Kapiolani's birthday, at the request of His Majesty, King Kalakaua. Its completion was celebrated on St. John's Day, December 27, 1882, by a Masonic banquet, held therein by the united Masonic bodies, the King being a 33rd degree Mason. The expense of construction reached a total of \$343,595, including the splendid furnishings purchased in England, France and the United States. An immense lot of silverware, the gift of Napoleon III to Kamehameha IV, graced the state dining room until 1893. The silverware now adorns the official dining table of the Governor of Hawaii.

Oddly enough the Athens residence of the late Dr. Schliemann, the German archeologist in Greece, closely resembles Iolani Palace, except that the Grecan abode has no towers.

The transfer of sovereignty of Hawaii to the United States took place on August 12, 1898, on the steps of Iolani Palace.

* * *

WHY HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY QUIT HONOLULU

In December, 1859, the Hudson's Bay Company withdrew their agency from the Hawaiian Islands, selling out their entire stock of merchandise and their rights and interests in the premises occupied by them, corner of Queen and Fort Streets. It is said that Nolte's Coffee Saloon, famous

as a gathering place for Honoluluans, was called the "Beaver Saloon" because of the Hudson's Bay occupancy, the beaver a symbol of the company used to advertise it. Although the company withdrew their agency at that time, it took several months to wind up their affairs.

At what precise date the Hudson's Bay Company first opened commercial relations with these Islands is not definitely understood, but it is known, however, that as early as the summer of 1829, Richard Charlton, the English consul at Honolulu, received consignments from the company's station on the Columbia River, and acted as its agent until the summer of 1843, when George Pelly, (an eccentric, burly Briton of the old school) having been sent out by the company from London, arrived and established a permanent agency; the occasion being that the company might have an outlet for the salmon and lumber from its possessions on the north-west coast.

For many years the company had its headquarters in a building on Nuuanu Street, but in 1846, leased land and built stores on Queen Street, which in 1881 and later, were occupied by the Beaver Block.

As a mercantile house, in all that constitutes the credit and glory of a merchant, the Hudson's Bay Company's agency in Honolulu stood in the foremost rank. For years it was a sort of mercantile moderator, a mercantile balance wheel when fluctuations seized on others.

The withdrawing of their agency from Honolulu was understood to be owing to the fact that the discovery of gold mines on Fraser river, and

consequent settlement, occupation and organization of the adjacent country under a separate civil government, while it removed the cause of the agency, gave new employment for the capital of the company nearer home.

* * *

HAWAII AND A PRIMACY OF THE PACIFIC

If Hawaii, during its monarchical days, was unable to put over a "Primacy of the Pacific", with the sovereign of Hawaii at the head and with Samoa, Tonga, the Fijis and other groups, yielding fealty to this group, it remained for Hawaii to pave the way for another type of inclusion, for Hawaii annexed herself to the United States, and now Samoa (or the so-called American part of it) is to have actual territorial or protective rights under the American flag, thereby more closely linking up the two groups. The attempt of King Kalakaua in 1886 and 1887 to establish a "Primacy of the Pacific" over Samoa, resulted disastrously to the Hawaiian monarchy.

But he was not the first man in Honolulu to launch that movement. Boki, a high chief, in 1829 or 1830 sailed from Hawaii with two vessels ostensibly to locate sandalwood islands in the South Pacific it was said. But he, also, had expansion aspirations.

Robert C. Wyllie, the Scotch Minister of Foreign Relations of Hawaii, in 1857 desired a "Primacy of the Pacific" for Hawaii over the South Sea Islands, by virtue of Hawaii's natural position and by the progress made by the people in civilization and good government, and he believed that the Hawaiian king should

be the leader and suzerain of all the different tribes and groups in the Pacific. In furtherance of this view, Mr. Wyllie placed representatives in Samoa, the Fijis and other groups. As a preliminary perhaps to more extended annexations of territory, an expedition was fitted out by the government in the early part of 1857, to visit and take possession of sundry uninhabited islands to the north west of the Hawaiian group. Capt. John Paty was appointed commander, and the little schooner *Manuokawai* was selected as the exploring vessel. She was absent two months during which Paty visited and examined Nihoa, Necker, Gardner, Laysan and Lisianski Islands, and Pearl and Hermes Reef. The five islands first named were taken possession of in the name of Kamehameha IV.

HAWAII'S SAILOR IN CONFEDERATE NAVY

American and Hawaiian histories record a large number of Hawaiian-born men, haole and native, who served in the Union armies and navy during the American Civil War between 1861 and 1865, but it is not so well known that a Hawaiian served in the navy of the Confederate States.

A "Sandwich Islander", captured by the Confederate cruiser *Shenandoah* after the Hawaiian Bark *Harvest* had been destroyed at Ascension Island, Western Pacific Ocean, on or about April 11, 1865, became a Confederate sailor. The *Harvest*, although flying the Hawaiian flag, was declared by Capt. James Waddell, of the *Shenandoah*, to be an American bark in the Okhotsk Sea, was later enrolled as a seaman on the *Shenan-*

doah while the latter vessel was raiding the Behring Sea where it destroyed a large number of whaling vessels.

On August 2, 1865, the Shenandoah encountered the English barque *Baracouta*, the Captain of the latter giving Waddell the news that the Civil War was actually at an end and the Southern cause lost. Waddell at once decided to head back to Liverpool to deliver up his vessel, which was formerly the British steamer *Sea King*, to the British authorities, and thereby endeavor to escape being apprehended by the American government and tried for piracy.

Cornelius E. Hunt, one of the officers of the Shenandoah, in a book printed in New York in 1866, giving an interesting account of the cruise and the destruction of the whaling fleet, on page 237 says:

"A poor Sandwich Islander, who had joined us from the barque *Abigail*, the first prize we captured in the Okhotsk Sea, died on the return passage, and far away from the sunny land of his nativity, found a sailor's grave beneath the blue water."

James I. Dowsett, and others, of Honolulu, were the owners of the *Harvest*, having purchased her at Honolulu, when put up at public sale, for approximately \$8,000, one of those acting in the negotiations being A. J. Cartwright, grandfather of Bruce Cartwright of this city. Hackfeld & Co., were agents. The ship was entered at the Hawaiian Customs House for Hawaiian Registry in 1862, the document being signed by Warren Goodale, collector of customs. He was the father of W. W. Goodale, who died about two weeks ago while on

a visit in New York.

The Hawaiian representative in London, was able to secure from the Shenandoah, when it had been passed to the British Government, and thereafter to the American Government, the chronometers of the *Harvest*. But the Hawaiian Government which had expected to lay a claim before the British Government for the loss of the *Harvest* because the Shenandoah was originally the British *Sea King* and had been outfitted in a British port before proceeding to sea on her mission of destruction, but the British Government passing the Shenandoah over to the American government made that plan nil.

The American Government, despite continued protests from the governments of the Hawaiian Kingdom, Republic and Territory, have not resulted favorably for the heirs of the owner. It is known as the "Dowsett Claim", most of remaining heirs residing in Hawaii.

The burning of the *Harvest* took place after General Lee had surrendered to General Grant, and when President Jefferson Davis of the Confederate States government was a fugitive from Richmond.

The entire documentary records concerning the *Harvest* from 1865 to 1906 are on file in the Archives of Hawaii.

THE CRIMEAN FLEET'S PICTURESQUE ARRIVAL

Fleets of warships arriving at Honolulu are mere incidents these days. Oahu is called the "Malta of the Pacific".

July 17, 1854, Honolulu was suddenly thrown into a state of excite-

ment by the advent of the combined English and French squadron of war ships on the expedition to Petropaulski, which subsequently turned out so unfortunately. There were no telephones or marine telegraph (semaphores) in those days. First, was the announcement of a steamer off Diamond Head, coming along slowly and seemingly in no hurry to reach the harbor. The numerous "lookouts" in town were occupied with gazers who speculated on the character of the stranger.

But while the guesses were being made, there came a frigate off the point, then another and another, until ten stately vessels under sail besides the steamer — a splendid as well as a novel sight — were seen bearing down towards the anchorage. The British and French fleets were intermingled. By 2 o'clock all were anchored in line off the Harbor, and were reported as follows:

English — Frigate *President*, Rear Admiral Davis Price; frigate *Amphitrite*, Capt. Stamford; steamer *Virago*, Commander Marshall.

French — Frigate *La Force*, Rear Admiral Des Pointes; frigate *L'Euridice*, Capt. Lagrandiere; corvette *L'Artemise*, Capt. L'Eneque; brig *L'Obligando*, Capt. De Rosenat.

In all, these ships carried 218 guns. The British frigate *Pique*, Capt. Sir F. Nicholson, 40 guns, arrived on the 22nd, making in all 258 guns.

The two admirals with their suites were presented to the King (Kamehameha III) on the 21st, and the next day, by invitation of Admiral Price, the King and Queen, Princes Liholiho and Kamehameha, Princess Victoria, the Ministers, Privy Council-

lors, and members of the Legislature, made an excursion on the steamer *Virago* through the squadron anchored outside. As the *Virago* passed each ship the yards were manned and the King was saluted by both the admirals' ships at the same moment, and again on returning from Diamond Head. A collation was served in the cabin of the steamer, and the company, among which was a number of lady and gentlemen residents, had a most agreeable time. On the 25th, after a stay of eight days, during which they very much enlivened the dull summer season, the squadron weighed anchor at 10 o'clock and stood off to the eastward, destination unknown at that time.

It was all a part of the Crimean war, staged however, on the opposite side of the globe.

The Pacific Ocean as a theatre of war, with the Hawaiian Islands a fortified post for the defense of the western coast of the United States of America has been the theme of able writers and naval strategists since Commodore John Downes, U. S. N., commanded his historic frigate *POTOMAC* on her cruise around the world in the 1830's.

When Kink Kalakaua mounted the throne of Hawaii in 1874 as the "American" candidate, and almost took his place there within a fringe of the bayonets of American marines, Hawaii became the objective of vital discussions in Downing Street, the Wilhelmstrasse and Pennsylvania Avenue. When Kalakaua's rule began to wane and just prior to the accession of his sister, Liliuokalani, to the throne (which followed Kala-

ka'aua's death in 1891), naval strategists "played" upon the theatre of this great ocean stage.

Hawaii was one of the "properties", shifted here and there by wily diplomats. The Hawaiian monarchy was overthrown in 1893. American interests dominated the new scene in this "play". The Americans in Hawaii looked to Washington for action that would annex Hawaii to the United States and American warships found a new "home port". In 1900. Hawaii became a territory of the American union.

This monograph of Hawaii's history is a foreword to a rarely strange tale of warfare in the Pacific which was written in the summer of 1891, and published in a Honolulu weekly newspaper in August of that year. As Liliuokalani had only gained the throne in January 1891, and Honolulu was seething with political intrigue, the story merely appeared as a one-day sensation and has since been buried in the newspaper and Archives' of Hawaii files.

The story purports to be an episode of 1902, or eleven years after its publication. The writer was a prophet as to warfare and implements of war such as the dirigible, a mysterious electric car, and terrible explosives which were powerful enough to tear rocky islets to pieces.

Being no statesman, the author, E. E. Carey, was unable to penetrate the veil and see the monarchy crumbled in less than two years; a republic of Hawaii being set up; a war with Spain happening in 1898; a

Joint Resolution of Annexation passed by both houses of American Congress in the summer of 1898 whereby Hawaii was annexed, and the sovereignty transferred in Honolulu on August 12th of that year; and a territorial government operating after midnight of June 14, 1900.

The author, writing in 1891, places his story in the year 1902 in Honolulu. Hawaii, as he wrote of it (as of 1902), was still a monarchy, and its ruler a male sovereign, successor to both Kalakaua and Liliuokalani, but this writer vividly foretold concerning dirigibles, aeroplanes, electric-motored land cars, mysterious high-explosive bombs, phonogram service, inter-ship phone devices, etc., all of which were among the most powerful weapons and accessories used in the World War, the dirigible reaching a high peak of efficiency as an air transport in 1929.

In 1891 there were no aeroplanes or dirigibles or electric-powered land cars. The automobile had not come into being. Warfare was still conducted upon land and water surface. The submarine was still a dream. And yet this extraordinary story tells of the mysterious dirigible, employed as an engine of warfare flying above Diamond Head, and releasing mysterious bombs which destroyed warships as though they were wooden rafts, and represented a destructive power which apparently could crumble entire navies.

This story has lain in the Archives of Hawaii these thirty-eight years. It follows:

AN EPISODE OF 1902.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE
UNITED STATES CRUISER
OFF DIAMOND HEAD.

How the Whole Theory of Modern
Warfare Was Suddenly
Overthrown.

BY E. ELLSWORTH CAREY.

On the 9th of May, 1902, the ADVERTISER received a special phonogram from Lihue, Kauai, as follows:

The strange air-ship has been seen again to-day. For some time our citizens have noticed an air-ship of unusual pattern about the summit of Waialeale. It seems to be of a better build than the few aerial vessels which have been noticed in this country, and one peculiarity of it is that on a clear day it is hardly discenable. It shows no ensign or number, as is customary, and the stranger is causing much comment. The occupants of the ship have it under perfect control, and an ordinary wind does not seem to affect its movements in the least.

The reader will recall that our air-navigation began to attract considerable attention about 1898. Several air-ships were constructed, and an attempt was made to establish regular air lines from the United States to all parts of the world. But all efforts to control the aerial vessels in a wind had proved unavailing. This rendered air-navigation uncertain, and the air-ship companies were not popular. Their lines were used to some extent for mail service and the transportation of light freight, but the public had no confidence in

them. Sometimes a steamer would out-strip one across the Atlantic, the steamer being four days, and occasionally an air craft would make the voyage in twenty-four hours.

Several air vessels after leaving a place had never been heard from, and many prophesied that in a short time they would be relegated to the second-hand shops.

Of course their apparent usefulness in time of war had caused the whole matter of air navigation to be carefully considered by the leading powers. An attempt was made to use them in the great Inter-European war which raged from 1894 to 1896, but the results were not satisfactory. In one instance an army division was destroyed in five minutes by terrorite shells pitched out of an air boat, but something happened to the machinery, and it was soon dashed to pieces, having dropped within range of a Hotchkiss gun, specially mounted for sky practice.

The United States investigated the matter at length, and as a result of the report of the commission, the Government decided that air-navigation could not be successfully used as a means of defense or offense.

This conclusion on the part of the United States Government provoked much adverse criticism. The opposition organs asserted that the Government had private reasons for refusing to adopt an aerial system of defense; they said the \$200,000,000 had been spent on a navy that was practically useless, or would be soon. In a short time an air ship would be produced that would answer all practical purposes. Such a machine could hover over the United States like an

angel of death, and with a few hundred shells of terrorite, what could all the ironclads of the world avail? An ordinary 100 pound shell filled with an improved explosive, dropped from an hostile air cruiser would destroy any vessel afloat. If one shell was not sufficient, another would finish the work. And, given an air ship it is just as easy to drop 1,000 shells as one; and just as easy to plunk a 500-pound bomb down a smoke-stack as a penny cracker.

But all this argument passed unheeded. The government had the ironclad fever bad. Millions were being spent for fast cruisers and big guns, and about 1896 the United States had a navy equal to any two European powers.

For some time prior to 1902, the Hawaiian nation had a claim before the United States Government. The claim grew out of the tariff of 1891, when crude sugars from all countries were admitted free of duty into the United States. Previous to this, a treaty had existed between Hawaii and the United States, which gave Hawaiian sugar in the United States an advantage over sugars from other countries. It was intended to place the Hawaiian planters on an equal footing with the American cane-growers. This equality was to extend a term of years. Before the treaty expired, the United States removed the inequality. If the letter of the treaty was not broken, the intent and design were thwarted. It was claimed that the spirit of the treaty was violated.

Hawaii suffered in consequence, and a claim was made for recompense. The justice of the claim was acknowledged by many, but the United States

determined to disallow the same.

Promises were made that the matter would receive attention. A bill was introduced in Congress calling for the formation of a commission, but the whole matter had been allowed to grow dusty in pigeon-holes.

The Hawaiian Government attempted to get an acknowledgment from the United States to the effect that indemnity was due, but no such acknowledgment could be obtained. Of course the Hawaiian nation was in no position to do anything except to offer suggestions and await the pleasure of Brother Jonathan. In 1895 the Pacific cable was laid from San Francisco to Honolulu, with branches from the latter place to the Colonies and Japan.

The question of indemnity seemed as far from settlement as ever when an event happened that placed a different coloring on the matter.

One afternoon in June, 1902, the Government Observatory at the summit of Diamond Head telephoned a strange air-ship from the northwest. In a short time the city of Honolulu was thrown into a flutter of excitement by seeing a magnificent air-car float gracefully over the city and disappear over the rim of Punchbowl. Soon a strange vehicle came swiftly, but easily and quietly, down the drive from Punchbowl, and took the most direct course to the Government building. The vehicle consisted of a beautiful boat resembling a whale boat, but made of aluminum. It was supported on four wheels, for it was evident at once that the curious carriage was equally at home on terra firma or in the aqueous element.

The carriage was propelled by some

unseen engine, probably electric in principle. Within the amphibious machine sat three men. One, evidently the superior in command, was a quiet-looking gentleman about 38 years of age, dressed as a civilian; the others were in uniform, of a pattern new to the spectators, and were very intelligent-looking men. One of these controlled the movements of the car. At the rear end was a short staff, from which fluttered a long scarlet pennant.

When the car arrived at the Government House one of the men in uniform stepped out and said, in English, to someone standing near:

"Will you please tell the Minister of Foreign Affairs that a gentleman desires to speak to him."

Permission was soon given and the one in the suit of a civilian passed into the building. By this time a thousand or more persons had gathered around the car and its two occupants. They said nothing in reply to the many questions; but they cautioned the crowd not to touch the car, and those assembled heeded the caution with care.

After the lapse of an hour, a clerk from the foreign office brought a card and handed it to one of the men in the car, whereupon the car immediately moved off, and was soon lost to sight up the Punchbowl road. That evening about 11 o'clock several private carriages stopped at a certain spot near the base of Punchbowl, and soon there were collected the sovereign, the cabinet, and members of the Supreme Court. In a few minutes the strange car moved silently to the spot, and the whole party were taken on board, and were soon glid-

ing up the mountain road. Presently they saw the immense air-ship resting quietly on a level space near the summit. It looked like an immense torpedo, and it was evidently composed of aluminum. Air-ships had been seen before in Honolulu, but nothing that equalled this. A neat stairway of woven wire extended in a graceful curve over the side of the vessel.

The royal party were soon seated on the broad upper deck, enclosed by a shining metal railing. Soon the crater seemed to sink beneath them, and ere they were aware they were floating out over the silent city, without a jar or seeming motion, bathed in the lambent light of a tropic moon.

In the morning the wildest excitement reigned in Honolulu. To begin with *THE ADVERTISER* contained a special phonogram as follows:

LIHUE, June 10.—A message by wire from Niihau states that the small rock islet of Kaula, lying about 15 miles southwest of that place was destroyed last night. It is supposed that a submarine earthquake must have buried it in the sea. A tidal wave about three feet high was noticed at many places on Kauai about 3 P. M.

Rumors were flying thick and fast concerning the visit of the air ship and the interview with the Minister. But the Minister was very reticent. He said things were going very well with Hawaii, but nothing more could be ascertained.

It was known that there was great activity in the Government Building, and that a dispatch had been sent to the Hawaiian representative at Washington instructing him to as-

certain what the United States proposed to do about the indemnity question. Part of his reply is as follows:

The secretary was greatly surprised that I should again call his attention to the matter; he hoped that nothing would occur that would strain the friendly relations existing between the two nations, but he did not feel like going into the case. He hoped that Hawaii would not further press a matter that he had considered alreday tacitly disposed of.

The discovery in 1894 of a new chemical combination consisting of C, H₂ O, and Hg gave rise to a crop of new and powerful explosives, a **thousand-fold more destructive** than the old time mixture of aqua fortis and soap grease. These compositions were called terrorine, devastine, chaosite, mercuric-etherine, etc., and a pound of refined quick-silver would make 150 pounds of the explosive compound.

Another dispatch was sent to Washington, and the answer came back:

"The United States positively refuses to entertain the question of indemnity. Ten millions can never be given to your paltry Kingdom's demand."

The United States representative in Honolulu was very much surprised the next day to receive a polite note from the Hawaiian Minister of Foreign Affairs, requesting him to take his departure from the Kingdom. "The stand taken by your Government in the indemnity matter will render it impossible for cordial relations to exist between this Government and your own, and I am very

sorry that I have but one course to pursue in the matter, etc."

The Hawaiian Minister at Washington was ordered home, and arrived in a few days.

At this time there happened to be no United States cruiser in Honolulu harbor, although the North Pacific squadron numbered thirty-nine cruisers. The next thing was an order closing Hawaiian ports to American vessels, a copy of which was duly forwarded to Washington.

Great was the indignation which prevailed at Washington upon the receipt of thsi edict; a cable dispatch was at once sent to Honolulu demanding the immediate recall of the order, or force would be used to compel compliance with the demand. No attention was paid to thsi threat, and the foreign representatives in Honolulu kept the cables warm with messages to their governments. The United States ordered six cruisers to proceed to Hawaii and maintain the authority and dignity of the United States. To be thus defied by one of the smallest nations was very provoking to a great country. The cabinet thought the presence of a few monster ironclads would be all that was necessary to compel Hawaii to retract. So on the 19th of June, 1902, about 8 a. m., the signal station on Diamond Head reported a fleet of cruisers. Some were flying the American colors and the others belonged to different nations, and were coming along to see Hawaii subdued.

About the time the fleet was sighted three large air-ships floated almost imperceptably over the city and settled on Punchbowl. The quiet-looking gentleman in civilian's clothes

hada private signal station at the Government Observatory on Diamond Head. He was there now, and the minister of Foreign Affairs was standing by him.

"You are confident that our calculations are correct?", said the minister anxiously.

"Oh, certainly," answered the civilian. "You remember Kaula?"

"Yes, yes, that is true," replied the minister. "One shell certainly destroyed that rock, and another, exploded in the sea, caused a terrible upheaval and tidal wave, as we learned the next morning. Still it would be beyond endurance should we fail."

"Have no fear," said the other, as he flashed a heliograph towards Punchbowl and began to interest himself with that instrument.

An immense concourse had gathered about the observatory on Diamond Head. As soon as the fleet was signalled the cable lines running to Diamond Head and vicinity were taxed to their utmost. By this time the people of Honolulu had a suspicion that the government had a power behind it that was little dreamed of. So all anxiety had given place to curiosity. All felt that a crisis of some kind was approaching, but none had any definite idea on the subject.

A government launch put out, with a white flag flying. Then the warships that had gathered to see Hawaii subdued steamed slowly by Diamond Head and saluted the Royal Standard, which had just been unfurled. The launch had now reached the United States flagship, SACRAMENTO, and delivered a note. It was

brief, and the admiral read it to his staff:

"The prohibition concerning American vessels is still in force. Any of your fleet that crosses the line of Diamond Head must expect serious trouble." It was signed by the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

"That is pretty cool," said the admiral to his officers, as he read the note.

"I wonder what those fellows are up to," said the captain, as he stroked his moustache. "It don't seem possible that they mean to bluff us."

"I don't think they would do anything like that," replied the admiral. "It looks as though they mean business. They evidently came out to have a picnic. Just look at the mob about Diamond Head! I wonder if they have the blanked harbor full of torpedoes? We had better go slow. Mr. Brown, you will signal the fleet to fall in line, and let the MILPITAS lead, carefully, with torpedo net ready; have her captain send down some torpedo hunters, in armor to see what they can find."

The signal officer quickly gave the orders, and the fleet moved slowly forward.

The visiting cruisers had taken up positions, and their crews were wondering what would happen next. The multitude about Diamond Head was almost breathless with expectation. Near the person in the dress of a civilian stood the royal party and the cabinet. He seemed to be the only unconcerned one in the concourse. In fact he was calculating how much terrorite would be required to pulverize the whole of the assembled

fleets. He concluded that about \$19 worth, would be all that would be needed, and then he noted that the MILPITAS was about entering the forbidden ground. He glanced at the Minister, and then touched the lever of the heliograph slightly.

But few saw the monster torpedo shaped mass glide quickly from the vicinity of Punchbowl, and hover over the harbor. When the stately cruiser drew abreast of Diamond Head, the air-car hung just over the vessel, at an altitude of a mile, and then something flushed downward like a falling star. It struck about 200 feet ahead of the MILPITAS and a white column of spray shot upward. The commander of the cruiser saw the column of water leap up ahead and, instinctively, he reversed the motion of his vessel. There through the openings in the conning tower he saw, what thousands also saw; the water seemed to rise up in front of the MILPITAS as though a huge sugar loaf mountain of water opened, and a cloud of spray and steam flew upward, accompanied by a dull roar. The prow of the MILPITAS rose high in the air and the cruiser struggled on the slope of an avalanche of water like a frightened war steed. The massive wave passed onward, and the

other vessels rocked till the boats on the davits dipped in the sea. The Milpitas was almost lost to sight in a storm of foam and spray; but the staunch ship bore the terrible ordeal, and floated unharmed.

The admiral at once ordered the advance movement to stop. As he was holding a hurried consultation with his officers, a launch bearing a white flag was seen again steaming toward the Sacramento.

"I think we had better lay off eight or ten miles and shell them with our dynamite bateries," said the captain of the flagship.

"Eight or ten miles will be nothing for those fellows," answered a lieutenant gloomily, as he pointed to two air-cars about two miles above the MILPITAS.

The air ships had not been seen before. The cruiser people had been looking at the bottom of the bay for torpedoes, but now they began to use their field glasses. But the launch now came alongside.

"Will you please take a wire aboard, so that the Cabinet can converse with the Admiral a moment?" said an officer in the launch.

This was done.

(To Be Continued)

NIHIL HUMANI NOSTRIS ALIENUM

THE HONOLULU MERCURY

EDITED BY DAVID EARL



An American Woman in the Orient

by

GERTRUDE LAKE

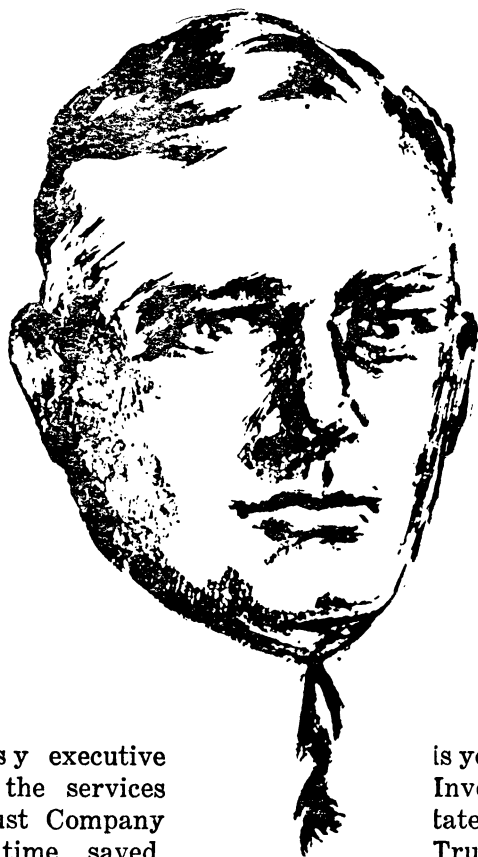
OCTOBER
1929

50¢ a Copy

Hawaiian Islands

\$5 a Year

*Seasoned Business Judgment
Chooses Bishop Trust*



The busy executive utilizing the services of a Trust Company realizes time saved. Some of this service must be bought—a greater part

is yours for the *asking*. Investments, Real Estate, Trusts—Bishop Trust Company lends the greatest *prestige* with its service.

The BISHOP TRUST COMPANY, LIMITED, is represented on all the principal islands.

BISHOP TRUST COMPANY,

HONOLULU

LIMITED

HAWAII

Wall & Dougherty, Ltd.

JEWELLERS SILVERSMITHS
STATIONERS

DIAMONDS PEARLS
WATCHES AND WRIST WATCHES
ABSOLUTELY DEPENDABLE

1021 BISHOP STREET
OPP. BANK OF HAWAII
HONOLULU

THE HONOLULU MERCURY

The Contents for OCTOBER 1929

THE FIRST BEACHCOMBER	
From a Cut Silhouette, by EARL SCHENCK.....	Frontispiece
AN AMERICAN WOMAN IN THE ORIENT	
By GERTRUDE LAKE	1
BEHIND A PANAX HEDGE	
By JOSEPH AUGUSTINE K. COMBS	19
THREE PRAYERS	
By JULIET RICE WICHMAN	28
LETTERS FROM—HEAVEN	
By IRMA THOMPSON IRELAND.....	30
DRUMS OF ATAVUS	
By MARION CARR SCHENCK	37
THE OUTLOOK FOR FILIPINOS IN HAWAII (Part IV)	
By KILMER O. MOE	38
A SONG TO THE ABSENT BELOVED	
By ANNE MONTGOMERY YOUNG	53
LOG OF THE CHATHAM (Second Installment)	
By EDWARD BELL	55
THE FIERY CAT	
By G. H. SNELLING	70
SUN YAT-SEN (Chapters XII-XIII)	
By the Right Reverend HENRY B. RESTARICK, Retired Bishop of Honolulu	75
HAWAII PAST AND PRESENT	
By ALBERT PIERCE TAYLOR, Librarian, Archives of Hawaii.....	91

THE HONOLULU MERCURY: *Published Monthly: 50 Cents a Copy: \$5.00 a Year: Canadian Subscription \$5.50: Foreign Subscription \$6.00. Volume I: Number 5. Issue for October, 1929.*

Copyrighted in 1929 in the United States. All rights reserved. The whole contents of this magazine are protected by copyright and must not be reprinted without permission.

Published by David Earl: Editorial and Advertising Offices: Hawaiian Electric Building, Honolulu, T. H. Post Office Address: P. O. Box 3146, Honolulu, T. H. Advertising Manager: George E. Reehm, Honolulu, T. H. Printed by The New Freedom Press, Honolulu, T. H.

Entered as second class matter May 24, 1929, at the post office at Honolulu, Hawaii, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

The HONOLULU MERCURY

VOLUME I

October 1929

NO. 5

AN AMERICAN WOMAN IN THE ORIENT

By GERTRUDE LAKE

The American Legation,
Peking, China, May 19.

IT has been over a month, or to be exact, thirty-nine days, since I discovered I sailed so gaily away from Honolulu in the midst of "serpentine" and to the strains of music by the ship's band, which was doing its best to enliven the occasion. I watched your friendly faces as long as I could and almost wished I was going to remain with you instead of going 7,000 miles further away, but the Oriental bee had been in my bonnet for three years or more, and now it was taking me off.

The trip across, I am sure, was like all other trips, the usual deck sports, dinners, special dinners, masquerades, dancing, ships acquaintances made, etc. The Japanese boat was comfortable, and officers and crew most courteous; good eats in plenty, fair weather with the exception of one day, when I took the prevention cure and went to bed—and what more could any reasonable being ask for? Fantan was the popular game on board, though poker and bridge,

played for money, had their innings too. One fantan playing passenger must have had a rabbit's foot, for he broke the bank a couple of times; even steady old me played and lost as much as a couple of dollars. Nothing like being a sport, is there?

We landed in Yokohama the 23rd of April, thirteen days on the water. How glad we were to get our feet on land again, and here we took our first ricksha ride; it seemed strange enough to have a man in the shafts drawing us along, instead of an animal; we saw very few horses in Japan, perhaps not more than a dozen while we were in the country. The hauling, no matter how heavy, seems to all be done by men. They have ropes fastened to a truck on which is their load, and then the rope goes around the shoulders, waist, or perhaps neck, and the men, one, two, three, four, five and even six I have seen hauling stone, and men behind to push. In Japan every inch of soil is cultivated, the mountain sides are terraced and something growing, not an inch of waste land, and the wheat and barley are not sown broadcast as we

sow in the States, but in as regular rows as are the rice fields planted, or the pineapples. They say they get better results, more out of their land, and I suppose they do, for their land indicates the last word in farming. There seemed to be no such thing as pasturage for animals, everything was for man consumption.

We had hoped to see the cherry blossoms in their full bloom. We got there too late, only saw the ragged edge, but enough to make us know how very beautiful it all must be at its best. The weather was very cold, and we marveled at any flower being able to bloom; the wistaria and azealia were almost due, and such quantities there would be. It is, indeed, a land of flowers, and the natives all seem to love their flowers, gathering the fallen ones, and handling them so lovingly. Even the little tots do this. The men seem so much taller in their own country. Those we have in the States are so under-sized. Nearly half of the men we saw were of quite average height, even considering the "stilts" they walk on. Most of the men, however, wear European shoes, though none of the women. The latter wear the raised foot piece, not the low slipper, or sandal they use in Honolulu, and walk, and run, and climb even with greater ease than we do in our footwear. Contrary to all we had been told, we found the Japanese customs officials courteous and helpful, and in about three hours, with our hand baggage, we were on the electric train speeding toward Tokio. We had engaged rooms in a Japanese home,

while in Honolulu. We were promised "feather pillows and screen sheets." It was a novel experience; Mrs. Darby and I had a double room, and in the morning about six o'clock along would come a Japanese room boy (they are all boys up to 60 or 70 years old) to inquire what we would have for breakfast. While we were snugly tucked up in bed, we would order our breakfast, then he would stand and practice his English on us for about ten or fifteen minutes, and then go away, and in a little while come back for another lesson in English, each time apparently taking all he could digest; it was terribly funny, and in order to get dressed we had to do a few quick turns between his visits; then breakfast was served in our room with possibly another visit or two. There were several boys, some of well-to-do parents, who worked there without wage so as to acquire English—why they did not go to a school to do it I do not know.

We went to temples, saw shrines. I know I climbed ten thousand steps and saw twenty thousand stone lanterns. Then I quit—I had had enough. Then we went to museums and saw hundreds of Buddhas with dozens of arms and legs. Our Honolulu centipedes would not be in it. Then I was through with Buddhas. The temples were dirty and tumble-down. One had a lot of nicely dressed dolls and to this temple went the women who hope for motherhood. At another temple there were little shrines inside. I watched the worshippers go in, throw in a coin, pull a bell, say a prayer, and go

away apparently quite satisfied.

Before another particularly hideous squatting idol I watched a poor old woman throw in her coin, rub her hands over the forehead of the idol, then rub her own, then the "tummy" of the idol, then her own "tummy," and the legs as well. Each part of the idol was touched, after which she rubbed herself. At this temple were the fortune tellers, and you know my weakness for them, but I had naught to do with these fellows. The faithful would go up, make their payment, get a printed prayer handed to them, which they would read and then go to one side and tie it to a grating. All I could think of was Christ driving out the money changers. At many of the temples we took off our shoes, or had to have covers slipped over them. At one we were served some kind of a drink, for a consideration, of course.

In Tokio we took our dinners at a Japanese restaurant not far from where we roomed; they served excellent European food, for about 60c of our money, tip and all; on Sunday night we went down as usual for dinner only to find the place closed. We were pretty much at a loss, everything Japanese about us. So, rather than walk up the hill to the house, we thought we would try to find some place "eating our eats" and we would ask people "speak English"—not to find one that did, and so we wandered up and down, trying to find either a restaurant or an English-speaking person. We soon had quite a crowd following us, calling after us "speak English." Finally, in despair, we turned around, thinking we would have to go supperless to bed. Lo, just almost beside us we saw a restaurant

and some knives and forks. That settled it. We knew we were saved. We went in, and after considerable excitement the one and only English menu card in the place was found. When we pointed to what we wanted, the waitress did not know what it was, nor did anyone else in the place. We had a funny time eyeing all the plates of the others, pointing to them and to our mouths, but we did succeed in getting something we did want and a good deal we did not want. Anyway we went home satisfied. The meat in Japan is very good, and chicken—and eggs—well, we had chicken for breakfast and every other meal, and for a time I enjoyed it, reminiscently thinking of a skinny old bird in Honolulu costing \$5 or eggs at \$1.25 per dozen when they were serving us three good fresh eggs for breakfast, along with a lot of other stuff for perhaps 50 cents.

We went then to a park, a kind of Tokio Coney Island, all sorts of amusements. We went to a theatre there. The Japanese figures on a revolving stage were most funny, and the big fat bared "tummies" most amusing. I took a programme which I saved and will try to enclose. Then we went to a legitimate stage performance. The squeaky voices of the actors, the stage setting and the audience—all was interesting. Of course, the female characters were portrayed by men.

We stayed at this park for dinner at night, and went to a real Japanese restaurant, a very large one at that. We were not permitted to enter with our shoes on, they had no slippers to put over our shoes, so we had to take them off and enter in our stocking

feet; it was too funny for words. There was our escort, a fellow passenger from our steamer, whom we two women of most uncertain age had "annexed," and who proved just a blessing, and not a disguised one at that. We went up a long flight of stairs and were shown several rooms softly and beautifully matted, with low tables, perhaps a foot high. Finally a room, perhaps sufficiently fine, was found for us and we were settled. We had some three or four little Japanese women attendants, smiling and pretty, and most curious about us and our ways. Dinner was ordered. A plate—no, two huge plates of thinly sliced meat were shown to us, and we nodded approval. Then the cooking arrangements were brought in,—a charcoal stove, set in a wonderful appearing jardiniere, and a real solid gold dish weighing three pounds to cook the meat in. We felt the dish, examined it and enjoyed it first. Then the cooking started and the soye was poured in. When hot the meat was dropped in. In such a few minutes it was beautifully done, served with queer Japanese vegetables, and oh, the good beer we had to drink with it. I know it will make you thirsty to hear about it, but what could we do? We could not drink the water, and drink something we must. I had exclaimed at the size of the meat brought us, saying we could never eat it in the world, but we did and two more dishes as well. We sat on the floor stockingless, at these foolish little tables, and had a most wonderful meal. \$10.00 would have been cheap at home. I think it cost a little over \$4.00 tips and all.

The dust in Tokio was fearful. I

thought Cleveland and Chicago could blow up dust storms, but nothing to Tokio, and the middle of the road to walk in, with its loose stones, and the cars, I wish you could see them, you can't imagine anything like the way they are packed in. Cleveland after we had a reform mayor could truthfully boast of the best street car system in the world, but in the old days the cartoonist's delight was to picture Cleveland cars as they ought to be, made of rubber to allow for expansion. Those cartoons were all I could think of, but we did not patronize cars. There was always the ricksha for the European.

After all the years we had both kept Nikko in mind,—Nikko the beautiful, to see. We passed it up; there was a strike on. It started to rain, and if we were willing to leave Yokohama the next Tuesday we could have our male escort through to Peking. We thought it worth while to pass up Nikko for such a traveling companion. In a foreign country it meant a good deal to have a man who knew how to help us with baggage and ticket buying and all the other troubles travel brings. I think my traveling companion is still disappointed, but I soon had so many temples that I thought one more or less counted off did not matter. So I am not inconsolable by any means.

We had a day in Yokohama, floating around in mud and rain. Don't do, as we did,—neglect to get your Chinese passport vised. It is a lot easier to do it in Honolulu than in Japan. We had to have it done that last day, and every last person we asked sent us at least four blocks out of our way in our search for the Chi-

nese consul. At last we located him, we had some queer tea-boxy looking things added to our autograph collection on our passport, paid him our little dollar, and went away prepared to enter China. In Japan at every turn we had to show our passports, at the steamers, railroads, hotels, and tell our ages. Now what do you think of that? However, as I have reached the age when it does not matter to anyone how old I am, it was not such a hardship as it might have been a few years back. We were fortunate to get a nice double room at the Belmont Hotel in Yokohama for \$6 each; we had a good bath, a good night's rest, and started off the next morning on our long overland journey through Japan, Korea, Manchuria and down to Peking.

We went to Kamakura to see the big bronze Diabutsu, our "Blessing" (the man) and my companion seemed interested in the ugly thing. I gave it a look and went back to my ricksha; and then we rode through pretty, cultivated country to a railway station, took the train for Kozu. From there we took an automobile and went up and up the most wonderful mountains and saw the most wonderful scenery, till we got to Miyanoshita, where there is a beautiful hotel, and scenery to make you stop breathing. Yet we did not see it at its best. In a short time it started to rain. Pursued by the rain we could not see Fuji from here nor the lovely lake as we should. At places we seemed to have climbed up in that auto at a grade of about 60 degrees, with a reckless Japanese driver. They are all reckless; they seem to try to see how near they can come to taking off your eyebrows. I refused to go down by auto, so we

took a car down, and it was again a wonderful ride, and this is one of the places I recommend that you do not miss, only I would spend one day, if not two, at this lovely spot; it is well worth it, even at \$6.50 per day. When you come out, take this auto bus for \$1.80, don't hire an auto for \$6 or \$8; you will likely be the only passenger, and it is just as comfortable. Then we took the train for Kyoto. It was a night's ride; we got in about 8 in the morning, went to the Yaami Hotel, it had been recommended to us, but when you come out don't do it, nicely located, very poor meals, and not too clean; go to the Miyaki; now this may not be the right spelling but near enough for you to get there. Two of our women friends who stopped there say it is fine, \$4.75 a day.

Kyoto has many beautiful shops so you will have to keep a firm hold on your pocket book. There the loveliest cloisonne is made, and the beautiful Damascene, beautiful and not expensive either. Only you will find the travel has made inroads, and you ought not to buy all the things you want. I think one could put in two or three days in Kyoto, the shops a day, and then there are some wonderful spots that take most of the day to reach. Anyway you have to stay over night. I am sorry we missed it, but I would advise you to go.

It was at Kyoto where the greatest crowds followed us. We went down Theater Street with our guide, one afternoon, and really had to go inside of shops to get rid of them, and out on the streets the crowds waited for us to come out. It looked like a riot call or an accident,—something to

draw the people in a big city. We stayed a day and a night, then moved on to Kobe, where we had but three hours and I would so have liked to stay here, just European enough and native enough to be interesting and less difficult. But to make train connections so as to get the daylight ride through the Inland Sea we had to leave at about 2 o'clock.

We took the train for Onimichi, reaching there about 9 at night. The porter loaded our four bags on his back. We started down what looked like a dark alley, got to our hotel, a purely Japanese one, put slips on our shoes, were shown to our rooms, just the matting on, no beds, no chairs, and the mirror was possibly 18 or 20 inches high, it was like a child's toy bureau; well, we laughed and laughed until we were nearly sick. They knew no English; they laughed with us just as heartily, then they went some place and commenced to bring in mat after mat to make us higher beds on the floor; they gave us sheets, and for pillows I am sure we had stones from Pharaoh's tomb, the hardest thing ever, but it was a spotless town, we had a good night's rest, delicious fresh-caught fish, and eggs for breakfast, and took a small boat about nine in the morning up the Inland Sea for Miyajima, the Sacred Island, where there are no horses, no automobiles, no rickshaws even. We had been on this small boat but a short time when it commenced to pour, and poured all day; we got to Miyajima about 5 o'clock and had to walk perhaps three quarters of a mile in a pouring rain to the hotel. On the boat were all Japanese. They served only Japanese food. One friend from Ho-

nolulu had sent me a box of the most delicious biscuit down to the steamer. This we had with us, or we would have been some hungry people. We could not eat their food, which was the worst mess, raw fish, raw fish soup, etc. We had to disappoint the steward because we could not eat it, and when it was served to us, all the passengers swarmed around us to see us eat; the steward stood there and shooed them off, but the moment he went away back the whole crowd came. We found an English speaking Japanese. He said he knew our "Blessing" was English because he said "I think," and he knew we were Americans because we said "I guess" and "yeh" for "yes." Pretty cute, don't you think.

We spent one night at this place, \$9.00 for a double room for one day, and climbed the summit of the mountains, probably seven miles in the round trip, all steps, steps, steps, thousands of them, little shrines all the way up, and a temple now and then. We passed many pilgrims on the way. The view was magnificent, and, I thought, well worth the hardship; it was a beautifully wooden trail, and at not great distances were rest houses, and a view of mountains and sea and surrounding country you will have to see for yourself, it was too beautiful to describe.

However, when you come out do not bother to take the Inland Sea trip, it is not worth the extra trouble, particularly the trouble, for the expense was not great. It is a nice trip, but cannot come up or compare with our trip up and down the Hudson River, and it was a most uncomfortable trip as well, which would not matter really

if it were worth it, but it is not. Either leave the boat at Yokohama and go by train to Kobe; then take the boat to Shanghai if you are going that way, or if you are going to do as we did, go through Korea, stick to the train all through. You will see all you want to of the Inland Sea from the train, and it is a very lovely view you get of it too. However, while Miyajima is very lovely, and I am glad I saw it, yet I wouldn't advise taking it. I would not miss the Miyanoshita trip for anything, and I would go to Nikko if I were you. Yet it is not worth all the changing about to go to Miyajima, and if you do not stop there you can go straight through from Miyanoshita to Kobe and from Kobe to Shimonoseki, where you take the boat to Fusan. The station and the pier are almost side by side, and the boat waits for the train, but you should have state rooms reserved ahead. When we got to the boat, although we had wired for state rooms, we had no place to lay our heads. By tipping the steward we were permitted to sleep on the benches in the second class dining room all night, no covering, no pillow, and on the other side was the "Blessing" and some young Englishman, but where they slept did not disturb them any, for they vied with each other in snoring. You may imagine what we looked like the next morning, not having had our clothes off. We could not even wash or comb our hair. I told my companion I felt like "Mag and Liz"; we got into Fusan early in the morning, and about 10:30 o'clock were on board, our next stop being Seoul.

We rode all day. The country was so bare, with a few sickly looking

trees here and there, that it looked as much like an Arizona desert as anything I had seen which was not a desert. It seems the Korean cuts his trees down as soon as they are two or three years old. He seems to have no thought of the future any more than the Chinese. We got to Seoul about 9 o'clock at night, and at the one good or first-class hotel in the place, the Chosen, which was full and overflowing, the hotel porter told us we had better take the train and go right on to Mikeen, there was no place for us to stop. This we could not do, no sleeper, and one can't sit up all night in a Japanese train.

There were other Europeans with us and after a while the porter said he would come back with a machine and send us to a French hotel. He did this, and when we got to the outer entrance, had we ever been alone we would have been afraid of our lives to go in, but the man of the party went up the alley (nothing but alleys in these countries), came back in a few minutes, and reported it was all right, and indeed it proved to be. Put this down in your memory book, it is called the "Family Hotel" and you will never get better things to eat than right in that place, and lots of it, and a most accommodating host. We had a clean room, two comfortable \$4.50 beds in it, and a huge pitcher of hot water. What more could two tired and most dirty travelers ask for?

The next morning we started out to see Seoul. The Koreans are the oddest, queerest people I am sure the whole world can yet produce. The people, and the whole country, made me think of Biblical days. It seemed

to me as if I had dreamed it all, or else I was looking backward in some sort of fashion. The men wear the most foolish looking hats, some two inches of rims, a high crown, surmounting a sort of buckram frame work. The men are great big black fellows, not as black as an African, but very dark, and wore a sort of loose flowing suit, loose pants which they wrap about their ankles, and tie with blue silk, and a sort of long flowing coat which is just caught on one side, no undershirt that you can notice, and no suspenders. They are not very careful about hitching up those flowing panties of theirs, and you know what Adam did not have—well, they have it, and any one can see it most any time they cast their eyes toward the Korean man. The men who wear the foolish little hats are in mourning for their Emperor; this is worn three years. Another style of hat is a big basket like affair almost a yard in diameter, turns down, and about covers the head and shoulders of the wearer. The women wear a short jacket, not quite midway over the bust, and from the middle of the bust to the waist band nature is plainly seen. I believe this is the custom of the married women.

Now the Korean may ride his donkey, as he does, and wear his flowing garments and look Biblical, but it ends there; this resemblance to anything connected with the Bible, for he is a most wily individual, or at least we thought so when we went out to shop. We were soon their prey; we struck the "Amber" street the first thing, and some twenty-five or more "merchants" surrounded us, offering us all sorts of amber and jade (sup-

posedly) articles, their funny pipes, their funny hats, anything and everything Korean; they started in for a couple of amber drops at 35 yen. I afterward bought them for 7 yen, or \$3.50, and had I been smart I know 5 yen would have landed them; another piece for 25 yen was bought for 8 yen or \$4, and so it was with everything they offered.

Never appear pleased with anything, call it rubbish, or say you don't want it, and then offer about one-fourth of what they ask. You will get it, and you may be sure then you have paid far too much. And not only that but that stuff they swear is real jade, and real amber, will most likely be soapstone and amber gum; the amber gum stands the test of the real amber and so you might as well think you have a real piece, although I do not believe you have.

A lady here in Peking went to one of the best dealers at the Hotel Peking, who offered her a beautiful looking string of real amber beads for \$50; she got them for \$25, and when the merchant made out the bill for American customs use, he offered to make it out at \$15. She was too honest an American to permit that, and told him, "No, make it out at the right price I paid for it," so it was billed at \$25. In a day or two she was in some French shop here, and the jeweler told her if she paid \$7 for it she paid plenty, as it was but amber gum. She went back to the merchant first telling the hotel manager that she had bought this string from this merchant in his hotel, thinking him reliable, that it was not amber, that he had misrepresented, etc., and without any protest, aside from saying it

was amber, she got her full \$25 back, and all this is bringing out the point that for once "honesty was the best policy" and virtue was rewarded. Had she allowed him to bill her for \$15 she would have got but \$15 back.

At Seoul they have wonderful brass things, very reasonable indeed after you have bargained for them. I got a lovely dish for \$2.50, and their brass is much handsomer than any we have seen in China so far. At the hotel they had the dearest brass finger bowls. You would just love them. A dozen was bought for about or a little less than \$8 of our money. There is one store in Seoul, kept by a couple of Koreans who have lived in the States and speak good English. They can be relied upon, they have wonderful brasses and amber, and they will tell you whether the amber is real or not, but anything you want ranges in price from \$12 to \$60 and up. Be sure to get a Korean fan, it is such an oddity. I did not, but am so sorry. If you stay at night at the Family Hotel it is cheap enough so that you can remain several days, and there is so much to see in Seoul, much besides the nakedness of its inhabitants, which I rather think the better class Korean is beginning to resent. Our "Blessing" was taking a picture of a carrier (they have the queerest "contraptions" on their backs for carrying their burdens), when an educated Korean came up and said that their women must not be photographed as they were not properly costumed for their pictures to go out of the country. It will pay to get a guide; you can get one for the day for \$1.50, divide the expense, and it is not much.

The Family Hotel has a splendid Korean, and he will protect you from the merchants and the ricksha men and save you money.

Do go to see the Korean homes, he will take you if you ask him; they are very superstitious. He will show you the Temple of Heaven and the Buddhas on the roof, and one time when there was trouble one of the thousand on the roof (on the corners) flew away, and now there are but 999, and he believes it.

Big natives riding their donkeys over their desolate looking country suggest thousands of years ago, and if you could see the "prophets" of old I do not believe you would be surprised. You rather expect to see them, it is all so primitive, their farming methods, and the wagons, the wheels. Don't fail to get a look at them, great wide rims that, at the distance I saw them, looked as if they were made of clay and small stones set in them.

On our railway journey from Seoul to Mukden I had my first experience in a "compartment" car, had never seen one before, and, believe me, it was some revelation. This one was perhaps six by eight feet, not any more, four berths, not more than a foot aisle space, no curtains, to give any privacy, absolutely nothing, just these four berths, a door shutting off the car aisle, and when I tell you they put us two women in there with our "Blessing" and a Japanese to sleep, can you beat anything like it? The Japanese was a man, to make it worse. He was decent enough to take himself off long enough for us to shed our dresses and shoes. We put on kimonos and crawled into our lowers,

while we with faces to the wall a little later knew that he was divesting himself of his pants and a few other articles of clothing, and behind that closed door there we four slept. At least the Jap slept, I knew that, for there was not a moment we did not hear his snores. In the morning with our faces still to the wall, we were aware of his getting into his clothes, and later we had a feeling that the "Blessing" was getting into his, and after they had both departed we crawled out. It seemed to me every sensibility I ever had of decency had been pretty thoroughly shaken; we could not even have sat up all night, for there was no place to sit, just the awful compartments, and later we heard of one poor young woman traveler who had been told off in one of them with a Japanese and two Russian men. Can you fancy anything like that?

As the ticket agents in Honolulu, it seems to me, know more about anything else than they do about selling tickets, where their tickets take you, or what is required to do, or what options are given, I would like to give those of you who expect to follow our "trail" next fall the benefit of our experience along this line.

The Pacific Mail either does not know, or they do not tell you, that if you buy your steamer ticket to Shanghai and then want to go overland through Korea, you can do so by the payment of \$60 extra. This does not include meals or berths. As we did not know this, we cancelled our ticket to Shanghai, buying only to Yokohama, then when we got there and learned of all that we could do by the payment of the \$60 we found

we could make no change. This ticket had to be bought from our starting point; we found it would cost us considerably more.

We traveled second class in Japan with as much comfort as did the plutocrats who went first; the difference is so little it does not count except in yen; and there is about a third saved in yen, but, as soon as you strike China, be sure to go first class. You can safely go second as far as Mukden, then from there go first, as you will be traveling on the Chinese railroad. You are then in Manchuria, which is superfluous information I am sure to you people who studied your geographies more recently than I did, and have remembered your lessons. Don't forget that at Antung you will have your Chinese examination of baggage. It does not amount to anything except the opening of your trunk, and if you want to be sure of your trunk traveling with you, you may have to re-check at Mukden. I'd be pretty sure to stay right on the job and watch it put aboard the baggage car. I have heard some wild tales of travelers being without their trunks for a month or more because they did not do this. Another thing, the Japanese refuse trunks weighing over 200 pounds, so be careful of that and come as light as you can as you have to pay excess on second class tickets over 87 pounds, I think, and not much more is allowed on first class.

After that harrowing experience of the mixed assembly in that compartment car on a Japanese railway train, which they claim to be "de luxe," we hardly knew what to expect from Mukden to Peking, but we were mighty pleased to get into a two com-

partment, just my companion and I, and once more we felt "respectable" at least.

At Mukden we spent the night and until ten o'clock next morning. We had intended to leave by the night train, but whether it was a sort of a Chinese "rough house," this night train, I do not know, as the ticket officials refused to sell to foreigners tickets for that service, and said we would have to take the morning train. So we had not much time to view Mukden, although they told us that the old city was very interesting, but for two miles about the station it is *all* Japanese concession.

On leaving on the morning train you will have the fight of your life to even keep your clothes on your back; you start for the train peacefully enough, but at the train steps a whirling surge of Chinese humanity grabs your baggage, you are pushed and hustled and jostled until you have not space to put your feet, you somehow or other are carried into the car, and in its narrow aisles you are nearly crushed, and utterly separated from your friends and belongings. Here you must, if you want to ever find your compartment, tip the hotel porter generously, a dollar at least, and have him buy your tickets and reserve your compartment; if two are traveling have him get you a two compartment, and if four, why the four will be pleasanter, as you are shut in this place all one day and night. Have him make the reservation the night before, then when this fighting mad-dened mob of Chinese porters (no, they are not porters really, just coolies trying to pick up a few cents) attack you and fill the cars, this hotel

porter wriggles in someway or other, and tacks a card on the compartment door bearing your name, and in some mysterious manner the coolie who has grabbed your baggage finds you, and the anxious moments are over; you, your luggage and your friends are again a united trio. You have never seen anything like it before I know, and if it were a little less agonizing it might be funny. You can't trust to having anyone but the feed porter tack your card on the door for we saw them pull cards off and put their own on—it seems there is no honor among travelers in China.

As soon as your foot touches ground at Mukden, you will be pushed and hauled and mauled, but as there is more room than in the train aisle it is not quite so bad. Finally you break through, fight your way to Railway Hotel, right there, get inside, feeling you have run a perfect "muck" and begin to give thanks for your escape and safety. In front of this hotel door are perhaps fifty ricksha men, they pounce on you like so many vultures, it is the only thing you can liken them to, and while all ricksha men have a price by the hour they all try to make you pay double, and if you have them an hour and pay 20 cents they will demand 50, the only way to do is to stick to the right price, give it to them, an extra nickel is fatal, they think you don't know anything and there is no limit to the bleeding process. If they refuse to take it throw it at them and "beat it." I think the Railway Hotel charges either 10 or 12 yen a night, and this always includes three meals, five or six dollars of our money.

About 10 o'clock Thursday morn-

ing, May 6th, we reached Peking and here we may remain for some little time. We had some grabbing of baggage here but nothing like Mukden, the hotel porter spoke as one "with authority" and waived them off. Our trunks were placed on the "pizo," which is Chinese for a hand truck, and hauled away to the Lits Hotel, where we stayed two days at \$8 per day with private bath, and found it quite the hottest place this side of the infernal regions, and were good and glad to get away. Thursday afternoon we took rickshas and started out to find quarters, as those we had were a little too rich for a lengthy stay. We went to the Y.M., American Mission, and lastly to the Methodist Compound, where we succeeded in getting in at \$90 per month, and moved over Saturday morning. The Methodist Compound is one of the nicest, very roomy and great big substantial brick houses; we have each a large room in the house of one of the missionaries who is home on a furlough; he is expected back in August; we get our meals over at one of the other houses, and good meals they are. We are most comfortable and most fortunate to get in. The schools close about June 22nd, and shortly after that they all go off to a summer place on the sea shore, Pei-tai-Ho, near Tientsin, and so in July I'll have to find another place to lay my head, and only hope I'll be as fortunate next time.

One's ideas of missionaries has to be completely revolutionized after living with them as we do; more earnest, hard working people one can find nowhere in any walk of life; they are college graduates, people who

could really treble whatever they get as missionaries, and not work a tenth as hard, yet they come to these far-away places, give up home, relatives, friends and nearly every comfort for the good they can do to teach Christianity, and one of the girls (and with the exception of Mrs. Jewel, who is the head of the house we are in, the women are all young, perhaps the oldest not more than 30 years) told me the folks at home felt sorry for the missionary, she said they need not for they did not know the joy they got of serving, of giving their lives to the cause.

The youngest of the girls here, perhaps twenty-two or so, a Wellesley graduate, is here with the hope that she may remain here always; and she is working her hardest to master the language so that she may be sent out in the villages. If you could see these same Christian villages you would certainly think the spirit of the martyrs had entered into the girls. A bunch of mud houses, not a hundredth part as comfortable looking as those adobe ones on our desert, some seem to be made of heavy Chinese matting, and all about clay soil and dust blowing, inside, well I shudder to think what they are inside, and they will have to learn to eat much of the Chinese food, though some of our food they can prepare themselves. They are a happy lot notwithstanding, their whole life is their work, they eat, sleep and breath it, they talk almost nothing else, and it is certainly a gripping thing to see, perhaps—well, I do not know positively how many hundreds, but many hundreds tall, thin, white, light blue or dark clad young Chinese men filing down

the street of the compound to service. It makes a lump come in your throat.

The Chinese girls are so interesting; there are, I believe, nearly four hundred in this school; six of the graduating class were in to dinner the other night; it was the first time they had ever eaten European food, and the first to use knives and forks, though one bright-faced girl across the table from me had studied out of some book how to use the knife and fork, and she could make some Americans I have seen take notice of the way she managed them. She kept a quiet eye out on the others. I noticed her watch where and how the salad was managed, cutting it with her fork and not slashing it with the knife as I am prone to do as a short cut to get to eating it, and when she was through both knife and fork were correctly placed on the plate. Some of the others, one or two who had not studied the uses of the knife and fork, were like bulls in a China shop. All had taken the precaution to eat their own Chinese dinner before coming over, they had their "doots" about how ours would taste, and the most delicious strawberry shortcake we had. I noticed one of the girls made a most heroic effort to down it. She had evidently come to our dinner with the same determination my companion had when we went to a very fine Chinese dinner a few days ago, and that was to try everything, and most of them did, but not me. I sat at the Chinese feast with my stomach feeling as if I were at sea during a heavy gale, and the sharks' fins, which it takes several days to prepare, and are considered a Chinese dainty, very nearly gave me an upheaval.

I think at our dinner we had fully twenty-five courses, no knives, no forks, we did have big spoons, and had to use the chop sticks; most of the people were experts at it, they had lived here long enough to be. It is altogether different from the Chinese dinners in Honolulu. Those I can eat and enjoy; chop sui seems to be unknown. I wandered far afield from the six girl graduates; twenty-four will graduate, and they are having them over in relays, giving them an idea of how the European lives. They were most attractive, bright-eyed, keen and watchful, interested in everything, and very quick to catch on. My companion sang for them, and they appreciated it so much and I do believe even with the awkwardness they must have felt that they had a happy time.

China, I am convinced, needs nothing so much as Christianizing—it is her only salvation I am sure. It will break down superstitions that have the country by the throat. No progress can be made while in such a grip. Ancestor worship prevents mining, and the country is wealthy in gold and coal and other valuable minerals. I have been told that China could produce three million tons of coal a year for a thousand years and not exhaust her mines, and if she could but have honest officials her gold mines could be developed and make her rich, but they say if the gold was mined it would never reach a port, it would all be stolen en route, while China freezes and starves with her wealth of coal and gold.

Such abject misery, beggary and wretchedness I have never seen, though they tell me India is worse,

but I have yet to see that. You take a ricksha and the beggars run after you, those who are able, and these you do not feel so badly for, but many have withered limbs, crawling like animals, and some few are very, very old. Even the tiniest children perhaps only two years old, hold out their baby hands for coppers, and beg in a whining voice. Often there are a number together of these beggars, and if you give to one you have to give to all or there is a perfect stam-pede.

One day we went out to the Summer Palace and before entering there is a score of beggars, very old, very young, and some very crippled. There was one man crawling with horribly withered limbs on my way out I could not resist, and put some coppers in his hand, I threw a few more when the horde was upon me, and I actually had to run as hard as I could and go into a garage to get away, and get into the machine. We saw one beggar chasing a ricksha the other day, he had absolutely no covering over his seat, and the coat they wear even in these hot days will be a quilted rag, such rags you never saw nor can you imagine. They tell us some of it is real beggary, some of it gotten up, and even that some of them are the former proud old Manchus who were officers before their overthrow. If so the mighty have indeed fallen.

In the States we are impatient with the beggar and think he should go to work, but here I do not believe there is work for the people, only for a small part of them. They must live off the foreigner, one never sees

a native giving to another native, and yet these beggars are not attenuated. They do not have the starved look one expects, but the rags and the dirt are all there. How they live at all here, the poor class of natives I mean, I can't see, if there is anything in the germ idea. Men go about the streets selling their food, cooked things in great open baskets covered with the dust and dirt of the streets, and of the dust and dirt of these streets you can have no idea without seeing. Yet they buy this stuff, eat it and live on it, and that is not half the story. It is sickening to think of it and worse to tell it. Yet I feel I must.

We are led to believe at home that the queue and the binding of the women's feet have been done away with. It is not so; as soon as you strike Manchuria you will see great tall men with their queues, and here fully half of the men still retain them. It seems the wearing of queues was forced on them by the Manchus as a badge of servitude to them and now that the Manchus have been overthrown many of the old Chinese, and the young ones who have not sufficiently imbibed the spirit of fearlessness and progression, still keep the queues, fearing the Manchus may again come into power some day, and if they do it will be "all day" with them. One of the boys at the house, a table boy, could get more money if he would sacrifice his queue, but he will not. Yet even among the coolie class many have done so.

The Chinese men here are very tall, very slender, and if they ever

learn anything about "Gym" work and become straight will be fine specimens but they are so "stooped", with such contracted chests, I long to go out and preach the gospel of throwing their shoulders back—they are so fine, tall and slender. We do not see many women. I fancy the better class of Chinese women do not appear much on the street.

There is surely much foot binding going on still. We see children from five to ten years with bound feet, and also young women. At the Wall we saw a little mite of perhaps six or seven with her feet bound, and her tiny face all puckered up with the pain of it, first she would sit and hold one foot, then the other awhile. Evidently her mother sat beside her, and I know her feet were not much over three inches long. They tell me when they become Christianized they let out their feet, and if the bones have not been broken they grow a little, but not much, and they never cease to hurt. It is pitiable, indeed, to see the amahs, the women who care for the children, following the restless, active foreign children about, walking on their heels to rest their poor tortured feet.

Talk about the soft side of a board for a bed, to know what it is you must see a Chinese bed, the better ones are boards with a thin cloth thrown over them; others are stone, and underneath it is possible to build a fire, and it is on such as these they sleep, they call them "kang", pronounced as near as I can get it like can, with a short "a".

With all the dirt, sore heads, and

bald heads one sees in China we have not yet noticed what looked like leprosy, although I am told they have it here. It was at the entrance of towns of the temples in Japan that we saw three fearful cases, two men and a young woman; the woman was not far advanced I should judge, but the two men were. It took days to get them out of my mind; no use in describing it, but fancy handling the coins we threw at them, and having it put into circulation again. Japan with all her boasting of what she is ought not to have in plain view anything like this. They told us they had an over-crowded leper settlement, and lepers are not forced to go there, so they roam at large and beg their living. No precautions are taken, it would seem.

We found the Japanese on the surface quite polite, that is they bowed many times, and quite deeply; the better Chinese seem kindly and friendly to the foreigner, though let a woman or several women go about among them and you soon feel they are jeering you and saying nasty things about you, I do not mean the better Chinese, but the lower class, and many shop keepers. You can sense the insults being hurled at you. You don't know what they say and that helps some. They told me at the Legation, if they had not the fear of the foreigner, they would make it mighty unpleasant, and in the villages they do many times.

Both countries have much of cruelty — cruelty to each other, to humans I mean, and to the suffering animals. In Japan, it made one's

heart ache to see the dogs harnessed and forced to draw such heavy loads, far beyond their strength, and, for that matter, the women too. In China one sees such terribly old, hungry looking horses and donkeys beaten and driven, and I saw a poor old white horse one day hauling a load, he was so lame that he went down to his knee on his fore foot, and how I longed for a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

* * *

A good many days have slipped past since I last wrote on this budget of mine, and I have quite forgotten where I left off in my opinions and travels I'll try not to repeat, for I am sure there will be more than you care to read anyway, but by this time I am quite ready to tell you that I am not assimilating well with the native, the native filth, smells and beggary. I am not sorry I came to see it all. Only don't expect any ravings over it all. I can't see the glories of China, gaudy, tawdry decorations that people "Oh" and "Ah" over, well I can't see any beauty in a lot of ugly purple and green paper striped with hideous yellow, or some gilt, all peeling off, and what you might expect to be marble or beautiful onyx nothing but columns of plaster covered with rags and colored, and that all peeling off too. The ceilings of former palaces I expected to be beautifully tiled; the old tombs, instead of being tiled, all have this old paper. It all looks like some temporary structure put up for a Joy Zone which had done its turn and has been forgotten. I never

see these old places that I do not think of the story my companion tells of the man from Kansas City who went to see the ruins of Pompeii and remarked, "Why, if we had this in Kansas we would have it all cleaned away in a week," and that is the way I feel about the old tumble down relics. Only I can't see these ever had any grandeur.

However, China gave me one most pleasant disappointment, — its beautiful roses, great big pink beauties, just as lovely as I ever saw in California, only not so large, and the deep dark red roses are very beautiful, and such quantities of them, roses everywhere in all the compounds. The trees are pretty too, so many locusts and other lovely trees and bushes bearing the most queer and lovely blossoms, and pretty wild flowers, and the dandelion I almost wept over, it looked so homelike, and the quantity of spirea? I almost thought myself in Santa Barbara it is so lovely here and so much of it, and the wonder of it all is that the country is so dry, so burnt up, everything looks so baked, you wonder how anything could grow and blossom; they tell me the lovely pink roses will last almost to Christmas time.

The wedding processions here are well worth seeing, it is almost a monster parade, of the worst looking lot of tatterdemalions — boys and men in rags forming the procession bearing the present of the bride, going to the groom's house, and the poor little bride is somewhere near the head of the procession in a

tightly closed and most ornate chair carried by four ragged individuals. You can't see where a breath of air can be obtained, and it is said, though I am not vouching for the truth of it, mind you, that these chairs have been opened and a suffocated bride found within. The presents are all opened to the gaze of the public eye and the funny things they have such as stuffed birds, fans, mirrors, paper flowers, brass ware, ornaments, and a world of things that resemble nothing I have ever seen before. I am sure there is nothing in the heavens above or the earth beneath outside of China like them. It seems it is Chinese custom, when it is a church wedding, for the friends of the happy pair, as the bride goes down the aisle of the church, to make every sort of obscene remark, and a little while ago we went to a Christian Chinese church wedding where this was indulged in to some extent. Of course, we could not understand. It was all in Chinese, and the blushing bride was nearly in a state of collapse; a few weeks previous to that the remarks had been so dreadful that the Christian minister (white) who was to perform the ceremony got up and put a stop to such a pleasant custom.

You people in Honolulu who have seen Chinese funerals do not need to be told about them, except that I think here the number of hired mourners are more numerous, ragged, and seem to be even more grief stricken than there. They have to be supported more, and the funeral car is a perfect joy, a huge big red

highly decorated affair that makes the black hearse in Honolulu take a very back seat.

There appear to be no American typewriter agencies here, and the Chinese repairers have the Japanese skinned a block — that is for spoiling the machine, and we thought in Honolulu the Japanese did a good job — that is at making the machine worse than it was in the first place, but here the Chinese make it so you can't use it. The first day I was here they sent for a repair man to come and see what was the matter with the machine. A screw had fallen out some place and the lever at the right side would not work. I wish you could have seen the elegance of the man, tall, slim, stately, gowned in a gray brocaded satin skirt and a magnificent black satin jacket with the rond satin cap, he could not speak English, but he was the personification of dignity and I laughed when I thought of our grimy repair man and then looked at him.

Another funny thing is to see the tall slender men gowned in their satins taking their birds out for a walk. They will have a twig, or a bit of stick, perhaps the bird cage in one hand, a string tied to its foot, and they seem to be just taking them out for a walk. We nearly giggled our heads off. At first I thought the birds were for sale, but I think not now. And then to see them carrying fans, and when they are not carrying them in their hands they stick them in their coat at the back of the neck; it seems the Manchus do this and give their birds their airing.

They tell me there is such a difference between North and South China. Here the men are tall and slender, in South China very short, and stouter, so when I reach Shanghai I may have to reverse all that I have said.

Everything is walled here. The homes are all inside walls of plaster, plastered over a grey brick, with the plaster all a-peeling off, and all native entrances are cut up by crooks and turns, and have a big 14 x 18 wall right in front, all this with the intention of keeping off evil spirits, roofs slanted a certain way. They must certainly be very foolish spirits that would not know enough to turn a corner to get where they want but they can't. It seems they have to have a straight road. The Peking City wall is perhaps 50 or 60 feet wide, and since the Boxer uprising, until rather recently, the part of it around the Legation has been patrolled by the soldiers of the different Legations, and kept it in splendid repair, with trees and foliage on each side it makes a lovely place to walk, away from the hordes of ricksha men and beggars, and one gets a fine view of the City; it is almost a mile from the Mission where I live to the Legation, and I have been walking lately on the wall either to or from my work.

I almost forgot to tell you how I drifted into my work here. I went down to the American Legation, in my ignorance of foreign travel ways thinking I might have to register, and when they asked the secretary (one of them) if he knew of any

vacancy either there or any place else for a stenographer, he took my name and address and said he would let me know in three or four days, this was Friday morning. Saturday morning I got a note telling me to call Monday, I did, and went to work that morning at hold your breath -- bolster yourself up, at \$387.50 Mex a month or \$350.00 Gold.

Well, now if you have recovered from this I'll go on and tell you of something else funny they have here. What is known as a "Thieves' Fair" opens at daylight, and people go there to buy. It is supposed to be, and I fancy much is stolen goods, for one of the women in the compound had an article stolen from her house, but the next morning she went to the Thieves' Fair and bought it back again. Some say their stuff is not worth buying. Some say occasionally one finds a bargain. One of the men from the office has promised to take us down any morning we have courage enough to get up early to get there by daylight. It does not last long, but I think it would certainly be a most unique experience, and I hope to go, and to tell you about it the next time I write.

We are going out to a fair this afternoon, and next week I am invited to spend with a dear little woman, almost a girl, who married and came out here to live; I'll go the eleven miles out in a ricksha, and if I wanted to come back the same night the coolie would haul me back, think of a twenty-two-mile trip in one day pulling my fairy-like proportions; And he would do the round trip for \$1.50, well earned money say I.

BEHIND A PANAX HEDGE

By JOSEPH AUGUSTINE K. COMBS

PSYCHE

Flower, lasting sweetness;
 Tropics-taken balm;
 Nimbles thinking fleetness
 Leave the features calm —
 You.

Evanescent, heady,
 Tingling, feeling me;
 Darting, glowing, steady;
 Something angels see —
 You.

Astral, psychic, soul-like;
 Name it, darling, please.
 Showing, going, goal-like;
 Cognomens appease —
 You.

Though we rest its naming
 In a future thought,
 We can see its framing
 Into you is wrought —
 You.

* * *

There is so much man in the womanliest and so much woman in the manliest, it ill behooves either to try to imitate the other.

* * *

When you stop hating; when a pleasant kindness is your motive; when you refuse to laugh at others' discomforts; when you smile through misfortune; when you forget to avenge yourself; when envy is no longer your partner; when nothing discourages you; when the vocal sledge ham-

mer isn't; when worry and you are strangers; when fear grows into courage; when you permit others to gossip; when you ponder the reason for all things and appreciate there must be some cause; then; why, then you have a half-Nelson on Father Greatness and, you live!

* * *

VATENNKY AND ART

Varieties of charm in sweet handmaids
 Are sister Graces serving Eros joy,
 Till all the Muses love to light the boy.
 Each book from Tarquin's eyes now fades;
 No more than three are saved from fiery raids.
 Now Vesta's wood-wrought flames shall not destroy
 Keen oracles which Grecian seers employ.
 Yes, these and more are all Vatennky's aides.
 And Venus-formed Vatennky shall inspire
 New thoughts of art in poetry and prose,
 Designs in every painter's pulsing fire
 And grander music than we now compose;
 Renew, refresh the deeds we so admire,
 Till great success repays the art we chose!

* * *

ALII O KA MOANA

(King of the Oceans)

King of the Oceans, over the waves;
 Sought by the fishes; countless in wealth;
 Swifter than sunlight; braving his braves;
 Smiling and swimming; robust in health,
 He is the ruling King of the Deep!
 Mightiest Merman; powerful, true!
 Kindly in waking, pleasant in sleep;
 Radiant revels rival his blue!
 Friendly companions clear all his way;
 Sailormen know him over the earth;
 Guarded by mermen brighter than day;
 Loving his lovers, regal in birth!

It is easy enough to be erring
 When life goes by with a song
 But the man in the right
 Earns a pride in his fight
 Which conquers the life of wrong.

* * *

KEAHI AME KA AINA

(The Fire and the Land)

I am she who rules the waves of fire;
 Mountain maiden, aged, unold; beauty
 Makes me lovely but heed my duty.
 Every reader reads that I desire
 New attention, fearing not my ire.
 Stories paint me as a charming cutey:
 Every letter to the left is fruity:
 Dear am I to you who love me, higher!
 Realize I'm often patient, suity;
 Earnest friends can't always truth inspire.
 Leave the lovers with their love and booty
 In the indignation which they hire.
 Earth's weak words are mine to sew deep, rooty!
 Fire Goddess, Landed Lady, PYRE!

* * *

KILAUEA

You frequently speak of me and mention my name half jestingly and half derisively. Knowing better, you pass over my virile potency, yet for many centuries you have neglected to learn how to control me. I am bound by my promise and my laws alone. I am one of the ponderation creators whom science can fathom only at my will. Always I see you and know your whole being, when you think and when you will not. You have created me, buoyant over your own heads, to punish you.

I am an unold, eon-aged punitive power.

I never forget the forgetful. And I always remember the forgetless, and the impatient. But you know my kindness. Patience pleases me. Yet not forever.

The earth, and the mountains, the valleys and the hills, the plains, the abodes of mankind and the underneath of Hawaii-nei are alike mine to devastate or spare. Inevitability alone hurries me. My awfulness is a demonstration of your natural fear. Below you and around you and over you I move as I wish. The roof of my dwelling is close to the clouds shadowing fair Hawaii.

I am Pele, the Queen of the Eternal Fires!

The sheer happiness of truth demonstrates the real truth of happiness.

* * *

HAWAIIAN FOLK BALLADS

SQUID

A lady lives on Molokai and all these things does she:
She searches through the low tide rocks when squidding in the sea.
Full many wrigglers there she finds and cooks at home but six.
She eats one part of each and leaves the rest near the fire sticks.
And then she leaves her little hut, for visiting a friend.
These two declare that all their lives their friendship has no end!
Alone, near home again, she thinks of many pleasant things,
But suddenly she wonders who so loudly talks and sings?
She hurries in and hears this song: "All this our friend has left!"
As all the other parts perform the hula, gay and deft!
Away she hurries from her home and lives there nevermore!
No squid she seeks through low tide rocks when fishing near the shore!

* * *

THE MOUNTAIN BOY

A lovable and charming youth enjoys his mountain home
Though oft he likes to ride the surf and play and swim and roam.
A day he sports upon the beach, a lovely maiden sees
And, glowing fervidly in love, she follows through the breeze.
No love he knows for this fair maid, so off to home runs he.
Still, patiently and ardently, her loving search we see.
He disappears. His gates are closed. She cannot find the boy!
From out her heart her love call chants; from out her heart her joy!
She seeks a path mongst thickest thorns that cruelly tear her skin
Yet all her pain o'er seven hills seems not to bring her in.
In face and form most beautiful he lives among the trees
And he believes he now does know all things of life which please.
Her pearly chant, her ended search, at last her frame relieve!
A million other souls she joins who, when they see, believe!

A billion souls in long sought play a thousand games enjoy
But out her tender soul she yearns: "The boy? The boy? The boy!"

When next he leaves his mountain home he finds her soulless clay!
Full well he knows the door through which she goes to find the play.

A thousand old and rotted nuts he crushes into oil.
Kukui nuts are very strong and any nose can spoil!

His clothes removed, his body oiled, he seeks the wauke tree
And from its bark he weaves his rope, to see what he can see.

He swings and sings above the bedlam there: he looks around:
He swiftly glides and smoothly slides with all a lover's care.

"Oh! See that new soul coming down!" the many millions cry:
"Hoom! How it smells! I wonder who and what, from where and why?"

He swings and sings above the bedlam there: he looks around:
"When I touch you, small soul who cannot swing, you will fall down!"

With puckered noses, upturned eyes, they watch him swing and sing,
Then down he sways and down again, with cool, warm heart and swing.

Aloft she leaps! He catches her! He jerks the rope in glee!
The speed of light marks well their flight! The millions do not see.

His parents grand on earth await the couple to their arms!
He swiftly stores for long her soul within her frame's sweet charms!

In breathing soft, she chants again her song of love to him.
His waiting ear drinks in the cheer. It is their marriage hymn!

A lovable and charming youth enjoys his mountain home
Though oft they like to ride the surf and play and swim and roam.

* * *

THREE LADS

The father, mother, only son live with their parents, too,
Where wildly surging, peaceful waves reflect the Glory's blue.

The goats and pigs his seven pleasant years tend daily to:
Along the shore he plays till he the sea's rare moods imbue.

From home, not far from shore, their patient, searching pains accrue
Until they find the wooing waves caress the residue.

The father, mother, only son live with their parents, too,
Where wildly surging, peaceful waves reflect the Glory's blue.

Their goats and pigs his nine, young pleasant years tend daily to:
Along the shore he plays till he the sea's rare mood imbue.

From home, not far from shore, their patient, searching pains accrue
Until they find the wooing waves caress the residue.

The parents' voice complaint; you know they sometimes do,
And say such work for little lads is not their childish due.

The father, mother, only son live with their parents, too,
Where wildly surging, peaceful waves reflect the Glory's blue.

Their goats and pigs his six and pleasant years tend daily to:
Along the shore he plays till he the sea's rare mood imbue.

At early morn, his seventh day of birth — she says 'tis true —
A mighty wave comes into shore — a man it is! and who

Smiles kindly, saying "Would you like to come with me?" "I do!"
"Tis well; at six o'clock tomorrow afternoon, then you

And I shall meet upon this spot and I will go with you."
"I will be here," replies the only son; "I'll meet you, too."

At home the tale he tells. They weep. His father's father sees.
The family five sit down on shore and face the briny breeze.

His grandpa feeds him bits of fruit that long Hawaii knew,
With awa root and sugar cane and all the residue.

He warmly kisses mother, father, then each dear kuku
Until they find the wooing waves caress the residue.

The parents' parents voice complaint; you know they sometimes do,
And say such work for little lads is not their childish due.

* * *

VOICES

In times not now the Palace feasts draw most delicious foods.
From all Oahu comes the throng in many silent moods.

Oahu Isle gives pig and dog, good taro, chicken, poi,
Hawaiian fruits with rare sea foods from man, wahine, boy.

From Koolau's side a man steep climbs the rugged Pali path:
His heavy load brings now to him a perspiration bath.

His roasted dog of very little, so soft hair, the eggs
And awa root and poi have nearly spent his weary legs,
Yet on he plods, the ki-wrapped, kingly food upon his back,
For Honolulu, till he meets the stream whose trickling track
Runs down the mountain side. He hears an asking woman's voice:
"Where do you go?" He says no word nor has he any choice.
"I'm cooked to feed the Palace feast," he hears a voice exclaim
From out his pack! His own dog's voice? Alack! It IS the same!
He throws the food upon the ground and homeward rushes he!
"'Tis fear enough to hear such things; I do not dare to see!"
His roasted dog of very little, so soft hair, the eggs
And awa root and poi have nearly spent his weary legs!

* * *

HER BEAUTY

Her parents think she goes to school, and she is young and fair.
Instead, she, suitless, floats in mountain pool, face up in air.
"Come, come, wild ducks; do come to me!" she sings in merry glee.
The wild ducks come through many days; the ducks and she agree.
Suspicion comes to Mama, though, and she decides to see,
So Mama floats the mountain pool and in likewise glee.
The wild ducks come to kiss her Ma; the ducks, not she, agree;
She catches, cooks them all; her daughter eats in merry glee.
The mother tells her daughter now her sweethearts are her food.
She weeps, forgets the ducks but turns to other loving mood.
"Dear caterpillar, come to me!" she sings in merry glee
And Mr. Caterpillar comes as she and he agree.
Suspicion comes to Mama, though, and she decides to see,
So "If you love me, open wide your mouth," she sings in glee.
He does. "Please open wider still!" most lovingly she cries
And into there she rools some stones until at last he dies.
Soon daughter calls her caterpillar love but has no word.
She weeps but never since that time his name from her is heard.
A seawormn's charms she next allures — the ducks and he the same —
But Mr. Seaworm finds his rest within an earthen frame.
"Come, come to me, smooth Mr. Eel!" He takes her out to sea.
Within a large, deep cave of blue they live in merry glee.
Her mother hunts and searches far but can't her daughter find.
At last she finds a man's advice, which is so very kind.

Says he, I make the brother of the girl a shrimp. The eel
Is very strong. He leaves the cave and then the shrimp must steal

Within the cave and carry home the girl upon his back.
The shrimp has food with him, so all along his track

He has some poi behind his eyes, upon his back. "That's why
You see the little spots of green behind each shrimp's good eye.

He brings his sister back; they meet the mother and the man
Who, from his wisdom, tells them how to follow out his plan.

From shore they climb the mountain high and go within a cave.
Without the great cave's only door the firewood they save

With heaped-up pile of hardened stones all round the entrance door
And there within the cave work well and wait the watching four.

"Where are you going, red eel?" the people ask, as from the sea
The big eel crawls. "I love my wife so much. I want to see

What has become of her." He knows his wife is in the case
So down he climbs unto the door, that he his wife might save.

He peeps within, while off they chop his head. It falls below
Within the fire's roar. The red eel thinks his eyes can show

The beauty of his wife he wants, so in he pushes, in
And off the wise man cuts each piece as it is pushed within.

Her parents think she goes to school, and she is young and fair.
Instead, she, suitless, floats in mountain pool, face up in air.

* * *

THE MOVING ISLAND

Two gods, on Koolau's side upon an island long ago,
When first to hear the people come, live there, and some folks know
Because they care for every Isle and all the people here
Through all the age of chief and king and warrior and seer.

"I'm planting sugar cane, bananas too; if they return
Perhaps the two gods will for this good food in hunger yearn."

Thus sings a kind old man upon Oahu's countryside
As patiently he labors there his mighty guests abide.

The tabu system breaks when first a woman white of skin,
Though long forbid for many years, at last is ushered in.

The two gods leave the throne and back to Koolau's side they go
By walking overland to where their foods in plenty grow

For them alone. Bananas many there are fallen now,
While up and down, the sugar cane is very long, we vow.

They visit their loving friend and eat their fill at ease
While he devotedly tries well his precious gods to please.

They ask him next to move unto the secret, moving Isle
And promise him they'll send a boat within a little while.

They step upon their fleet canoe and off to home they speed,
While he decides his grandchild home will give her every need.

The children play and swim around a mighty, black, long log
And leap upon the coming waves in fashions of a frog.

For seven days the log lies there and close to shore it floats
While in his mind the old man thinks of paddles and of boats.

"Why do the children yell each day?" The children then explain:
"Come see, kuku, the moving log; it's rolling very plain."

Then he recalls the word of God and says that he must go
Upon the Moving Isle. The log's a shark. He does. We know.

He steps upon the waiting shark, nor looks he once behind
For, if he should, they say, the Island he could scarcely find.

And there lives he with many more in caves upon one side
While on the other side the two High Gods in peace abide.

Along the center runs a mountain there, with roads connecting sides
And every want and need of man, these Two, a King, provides.

The people need no clothes thereon; the sun turns each one brown;
A gourd is slapped for food and instantly the food's set down.

The Island first is peopled from Hawaiians out at sea;
Canoes o'erturn in stormy waves; this Island lets them see.

Spiritual relationship in days now long gone by
Admits their kin to Island joy, for there they cannot die.

When men and women living there would visit other land,
They fish and come to shore; these sold, this brings their wants to hand.

And, like the man of old, they must not turn and look behind
For, if they do, the Island's site they surely could not find.

A family closely kin to Them invites them to this land
Where workless days and well fed feasts are ever near at hand.

When six months pass, the people there the Gods do reverence to:
The lion and the snake receive deep homage as their due.

The people visit all around. They watch and speak with them
While men and women drink within pure wisdom's precious gem.
In prayers they ask for knowledge and for understanding hearts,
While guards at each incoming road perform their special parts.

These sentinels be cow and snake and lion bodies, too,
Most frightful in appearances, a strict but kind taboo!

THREE PRAYERS

By JULIET RICE WICHMAN

I. — HAWAIIAN FISHERMAN'S PRAYER

To you the Great Sea and the Small Sea,
 The sea at morning and the sea at night,
 To you the Father of All Waters:
 My nets are light!
 Haven of little snub nosed fishes,
 The great sharks' lair,
 To you I offer my libation;
 Grant me my prayer.
 Grant me full waters for my fishing,
 Grant me a flecking sea —
 A thousandth part of all your plenty —
 The word is spoken — it is free!

II. — INVOCATION OF A HULA DANCER

Mother of dance, and Mother of Music,
 Laka, who loved e'r the world was begun,
 I offer you maile, lehua, ilima,
 Wreaths of the flowers that are sired by the sun.
 Yellow lehua I have brought you from Puna,
 And fresh awapuhi from distant Waimea —
 Rape of the woodland from distant Waimea —
 Guide me, O LAKA, to serve you in prayer!
 The slow moving hula, your worship O Mother —
 The chant and the oli, the throb of the drum,
 Quickened my heart with the ardent devotion
 To move O my Mother that your will may be done!

III. — HINA PUA KAI
(Hina, Flower of the Sea)

Hina, flower of the sea,
Your brown hands will beckon me
Back to you in memory.
Though I be in winter lands
I will see your gleaming sands
Wet with kisses from the sea;
Watch the silver net of waves
Wash along your rocky caves,
Hear the whispering of song
That they murmur all day long;
Dream a dream of sunlit hours
Crowned with gold ilima flowers!
— These be ghosts for such as I,
Hina, Hina pua kai.

LETTERS FROM---HEAVEN

By IRMA THOMPSON IRELAND

I.

SURELY one need not apologize for writing letters from Heaven when for so many years, in so many different ways people have been trying to find out something about it? I suppose, of course, we'd all used that old quotation more or less thoughtlessly: "A man to appreciate Heaven well must first have fifteen minutes of hell?" The time no doubt is meant to be figurative because it is a well known fact that one's own particular Hades can be measured in seconds yet seem an eternity; while on the other hand — well let's go back to the time when we first got the news we were coming to — Heaven.

Orders came in March; and when in the old converted barracks we called home at Fort L--- the children upstairs would almost come through the ceiling into our soup, I'd sigh and say:

"Never mind, maybe we'll have a house in -- Heaven!"

When I'd settle myself for a moment with a new book or magazine and read three paragraphs before the first interruption, I'd say in my teeth:

"By glory, I'm going to *read* in -- Heaven!"

When the cook got sick right in the midst of packing time, I shook my fist at Fate and shouted:

"I'm going to *REST* when I get to -- Heaven!"

At last the start — the long trek through valleys and over heart-breaking mountain trails where one gasped and gulped at the brink of eternity; the desert where one coughed and steamed and wondered if the clock hadn't stopped on that old quotation about fifteen minutes of hell. Thinking these things I said to myself as I shook dust out of a roll of blankets:

"I'll sleep on a bed when I get to — Heaven!"

When I sat on a stool in a wayside joint gobbling my barbecue between honks of an impatient horn, I said to Gabriel's earthly prototype:

"If you do that in — Heaven, I'll smack your face!"

So at last when we came to the outer gates where there were no more soul-racking ridge roads, no more skin-parching deserts, and no more barbecue sandwiches, verily we were glad with a great gladness which we shared with others of the same mind bound for the same shore.

The great day came when we said good bye to the land of our fathers; walked up the gang-plank; and set forth upon our journey. Many people, friends and otherwise, gathered to bid us farewell. There was much talking, laughter, and shaking of hands. The band played "Aloha" and a few of us wept — just habit of course — for why should one weep when leaving for — Heaven?

A hasty inspection of state-rooms

encouraged us to believe that our dreams had begun to come true. We had taken trips on Army transports before but never had we experienced the thrill of assignment to a suite; two light, airy, commodious rooms with connecting bath! Indications were indeed auspicious.

Yes, it was a good ship — as ships go. The meals were good — I *guess*; and the stewardess was very kind — but — why dwell on that particular period of purgatory? No doubt I had it coming to me for I had blasphemed the climate of San Francisco.

One good thing came out of evil, however. In my half-starved condition due to the impermanent status of my diet I craved baked potatoes and craved them hot; but by the time the stewardess was able to sneak one to me it had become a cold soggy insult — a miserable travesty of the great god Spud.

After several bitter disappointment of this kind I became childish and complained to the official head of our party. As he is a member in fairly good standing of that branch of the Army concerned with the Services of Supply he took the matter up with the chief steward. That worthy gentleman scenting authority from on high hastened to explain that there was a war on between the stewardess and the assistant steward which he *suspected* had something to do with the division of tips. In fact, the stewardess had declared that she was never able to provide all her patients with trays before she'd find the pantry locked. Then somebody would have to go hungry.

The chief said he had just been waiting for a specific instance of

gross injustice to place the whole matter before the Transport Quartermaster for official investigation. Thus it happens that one never knows when his opportunity may come to pioneer in a good cause. And while if given a choice I most likely would have preferred being the sponsor for a non-spouting milk-bottle top or higher rates for free-lance writers — something of far-reaching universal significance — still, after talking it over with a group of fellow sufferers the last day out, I decided that precipitating a crisis in the campaign for better and hotter baked potatoes on ship-board was really no mean achievement.

I did get a meal or two at the table and came to know my neighbors a bit; nice people for companions in purgatory — much nicer than one might expect — but my outlook on life was so unsettled I never really dared to sit back in my chair and relax with any sense of security. When the Colonel's lady on my left reminded me of the olives, I took one from force of habit vaguely wondering what I should do with it. When the nice Medico across the table suggested that I try the fish, I gripped my feet around the chair and murmured: "I must forgive them — they know not what they do!" But when the jolly old Admiral shouted down to me from the end of the table: — "Have you seen John Brown's Body?" it was too much. I'd been so terribly ill myself I'd just forgotten about the others. Poor John Brown! One of the Casuals no doubt—his first trip. Of course, we were too far away to ship the body home — and then a cold sweat broke over me.

What did they do with dead bodies on shipboard? Why, they buried them at sea with a sack of coal tied to them or something. — 'No thanks, I don't care for any ice cream — I'm not feeling so well — excuse me — I think I'll lie down awhile.'

Of course, when the Admiral loaned me the book to read, I got my bearings all right, but I have always been sensitive to impressions and this had reminded me of Mark Twain's morgue story about the "body" with its jaws tied up so that all it could do was roll its eyes back and forth to show that it wasn't really dead. I can imagine the night watchman leaving that morgue as precipitately as I left the dining saloon only he had the advantage of ilimitable space while I could go no further than my stateroom.

Luckily there is an end to all things and at the end of the sixth day we pulled into the harbor of — Heaven? Well, it seemed like that to have the boat stop, and after the necessary formalities, to walk down the gang-plank and step on firm ground once more. But steady there! What was the matter with the ground anyway? Remembering that these island are of volcanic origin, I began to wonder if we had plumped down on this one during an informal little earthquake, but no one else seemed to be wobbling so I decided not to say anything for fear the natives might be sensitive about it.

A nice captain was there to meet us and presently others came up who seemed to know we were expected; and with the pleasing little way they have here, loaded our necks with

flower leis. At last, packed into two Government cars with a truck-load of baggage trailing along behind, we started for our predestined domicile — in Heaven.

Myriads of city lights sparkled like stars in a velvet sky. A swift panorama of queer shops, crooked lanes, flaunting banners, rows of tiny homes; flocks, herds, droves of children—Japanese children—swarmed the streets, dashing in and out between swift-moving cars of all makes and many mixtures.

Then heavenly scents assailed us: dew-drenched *hibiscus*, pungent sweetness of ginger-blossoms, spicy tang of carnation leis, heady incense of gardenia! More tiny homes and then the country! Majestic palms, banana trees, papaia, date palms, fields of sugar cane. A smothered whiff of salt marsh—arched avenues of algaroba trees—long low lines of lights ahead—a brief halt at the main gate, then enter—a sub-division of—Heaven!

"Number twenty-one on the right, Driver; and thank you so much!"

Number twenty-one bulked large and low; half-hidden among vines and sweet-smelling shrubbery. Inside, stacked to the ceiling were crates, boxes, and barrels—our twenty-four year collection of Lares and Penates—shipped ahead on another boat to be ready for us. Further exploration revealed a platoon of Army cots spread with clean sheets, pillows, and blankets. An angel suddenly appeared from somewhere with a pitcher of ice-water and glasses. Another angel knocked at the side door

with an armful of fresh towels. The telephone rang and more angels wanted to know what they could do for us. We thanked them heartily saying among ourselves:

"This is indeed Heaven! Help us, dear Uncle Sam, to deserve these blessings!"

II.

Now it would seem quite logical to believe that there must be a period of adjustment even in Heaven. What with the change of climate, different living conditions, and the difficulty in obtaining household assistance. So the first few weeks of sojourn in our pleasant suburb were no more hectic than one could reasonably expect.

Besides, it's no joke to transfer a whole family from one planet to another. Everybody has some kind of a cold to begin with; you eat too much fruit or not enough; there isn't any iron in the water or else you get an over-dose. It takes time.

Then there are the children's schools. Even in this celestial atmosphere there seems to be the prevailing idea that "Our schools are far superior to any your children have been attending. Of course, they couldn't expect to get very high grades until they have been here long enough to benefit by our advanced methods, etc." Realizing the futility of argument and being mere parents, we let Willie take his algebra over again; Evelyn carries five subjects instead of four; and little Pelham divides his time between Third and Fourth Grades; all of which is good

discipline, no doubt, and part of the game.

Meanwhile, it has been discovered that at least six important Lares and half-a-dozen assorted Penates are more-or-less permanently disabled; and as the gods of the Machine are supposed to function as a Board of Survey to determine the nature and amount of damage done before a claim for reparation can be filed, a sad little company of crippled chairs, tables, book-cases and bureaus retire to the store-room for future consideration.

Although we daily gave thanks for our big cheerful bungalow and knew we were going to enjoy it when we got it fixed; the size and number of rooms—their great open spaces—kept shrieking for substance; for rugs, cushions, drapes, and new reed furniture. We tried a pair of our old fish-net curtains (we have eight alike—purchased in 1911, and—believe it or not—they are good yet!) but they didn't go with brown-stained walls and beamed ceilings. No; we took them down and packed them away. We had to have color; gobs and splotches of gay color. Not only the house but our very souls cried out for it.

Little by little we got things unpacked and tentatively bestowed. I like that expression. It gives me a chance to move the furniture around several times before I have to announce it definitely thus and so. Meanwhile the "help" question had been looming large upon the horizon. I was assured by all my angel neighbors that "living in the country was lovely in some ways but the good

servants didn't like to leave town"; a statement I vaguely recalled having heard before somewhere—probably in a bad dream.

I was earnestly advised to grab any kind of decent "help" I could get and make the best of it, so we registered in several classy employment agencies and said a prayer to the high priestess of the local Y.W.C.A. All to no avail. No catchum cook. Too plenty far from street car. No like. Then at last and quite by chance Rosanna came into our lives. We talked and although she modestly averred that she was not "smart in cookin'," I vaingloriously believed I could teach her. Anyhow Rosanna came, she cooked, she stayed. Nothing wonderful of course, but she loved the country, she had passed the first flush of youth, and—had strength of character to resist the charms of the iceman.

So—having launched Rosanna on the placid seas of domesticity I went back to curtains and gave myself up to the lure of sunfast draperies. A dash of this, a splash of that, and things began to shape themselves slowly. Windows lived and breathed through burnt orange and tan; pictures crept up to cover bare brown walls, books marched decorously on makeshift shelves or sprawled in abandon on racks and tables in odd corners. The new green chairs arrived.

Queer, what different ideas of Heaven people seem to have. Some want to be continually rushing about and changing their clothes. They appear to be having a good time but

they work so hard at it I can't help but wonder sometimes. I must be different, for after the last tentative arrangement of the furniture, what I seemed to care most for was my long easy chair, books and magazines where I could reach for them, and—well, that's about all. Once in awhile I would start a letter, managing to get it into an envelope one day, stamped the next, and mailed the last of the week just too late to catch the boat. This particular Heaven gets you like that after you've been here a few months.

A word or two about the social life since human companionship is as necessary as the air we breathe no matter what the environment. Here it's rather unusual in many ways. In a very short time neighbors call each other by their first names; wave their hands and say "hello" instead of "good afternoon", and if you're sick—there's nothing that's too much trouble to do for you.

We do things out of doors, sprinkle the lawns, trim the shrubbery, exchange cuttings, and scold about the ants. When one woman goes to town she calls up her friends and asks what she can do for them. Economical recipes go up one line and down another until each household has tried the new dish. A clever new pattern for "whatchumacallems" is worn to shreds by necessary foldings and fittings to the various figures it is made to serve.

And cats! Now could you imagine a Heaven without cats? There's Mrs. X on the corner, for instance. She has three to keep and four to give

away. Across the street the doctor's family has I don't know how many—but the mother cat is Flossy who belonged to Colonel So-and-So who gave her to Major This-and-That who in turn bequeathed her to our good doctor. Flossy is not only a fine hunter and a wonderful mother—she has become an institution—a Post tradition—the cat eternal!

To be sure, there are cats among us one wonders about somewhat; their claims to Heavenly privilege seeming vague and indeterminate in sharp contrast with their vocalizations along the back line. But even here in—Heaven an inexorable fate seems to control their destinies. I have in mind the lean black bilious-eyed villain whose doting master had christened him Othello the Moor. Charming, fascinating as a kitten; irresistible as a gay Lothario; but ugly, abhorrent, when grown into a prowling predatory Presence on the back fence at midnight.

Obviously no one but his master could love a cat like that and Othello grew sensitive and bitter. He brooded; he became hard, cynical, and sought strange places "to get away from it all." Had he been a novelist he would have written a great tragedy. Had he been a poet he would have edited a radical magazine. Had he been a composer he would have given the world a masterpiece of Back Line Blues. Being what he was—well—he just died and the Provost disposed of his body in the usual way. I always suspected the Klan got him, but Lady Belle the gray-and-white aristocrat who

presides over our cat household was heard to remark piously to Tid-Bits, her debutante daughter:

"Serves him right for fooling round that big blonde Momma! Remember, my child, the wages of sin is Death!"

Back to more serious things, however, I have always been fascinated with stories of racial distinctions in Heaven; carrying out the idea that all chosen peoples of the earth just move on up and find their own little corner in the Celestial Playgrounds. But until I came here to see for myself I had taken it for granted that all the choice holdings were in the hands of Swedes, Jews, Irish, and Americans. I am now prepared to state from personal observation that there are also Heavenly accommodations for Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Filipinos, Koreans, Mexicans, East Indians, Porto Ricans, and Samoans, to say nothing of a small group of native Heavenians whose solid construction and charming personalities automatically place them as traffic officers and public entertainers.

True, there seems to be a larger group of one race than of others; due perhaps to the deserving character of their citizens, or possibly to over-crowded conditions in their terrestrial domain; need for expansion, in other words.

Inter-racial contacts seem to be amicable enough—all that a Heavenly Commonwealth could really hope for, considering the elasticity of its immigration laws. Individual instances of racial adjustment to modern conditions are always enlightening; fre-

quently amusing. At the magazine stand in the lobby of a well-known hotel I happened to make my selection just as the day and night clerks were exchanging places. Pretty little Hazel Hing Chew was busy with lip-stick and vanity. Equally pretty little Sue Ching Fat was peeping at her reflection in the glass show-case. Meanwhile, I stood waiting for my change. Hazel saw me first and giving the other a playful push chanted musically:

"Here you Sue—do your st-u-uff!"

Of course, there are sections where—but are there not spots on the sun? Can anyone look at a bright light for a long time without seeing black specks about him everywhere? How could there be a Heaven without contrast?

Meanwhile we live on; sniffing gratefully our carnation and gardenia leis; eating ambrosial avocados; extending our arms, legs, and—backs to the warm sun of this Heavenly clime.

L'envoi:

When the cocoanuts are falling
And the shower trees are fair;
When Hula girls are dancing
In the gardens—I'll be there!

When the magic moon is shining
On the beach at Waikiki,
Then I'll take my ukulele
And I'll sail right out to sea.

With a lei around my shoulder
And hibiscus in my hair;
When the roll is called out yonder—
Oh, Hawaii—I'll be there!

DRUMS OF ATAVUS

By MARION CARR SCHENCK

IT had started out to be an ordinary Hollywood party, with Hawaiian trimmings: a hula skirt, ukulele, a few phonograph records reproducing the heart-clutching nasal whine of the beach boys; drenched with several rounds of gin and orange juice.

Then someone began tentatively pounding a quaint homemade drum. There was a weird primitive note that tuned in strangely with relaxed nerves and emotions. The casual thumping gradually found a heathen rhythm, a suspended interval that caught at the throat.

A demure, quiet girl, who had grown more subdued with each tinkling glass, unobtrusively began to sway and dance with the rest. Deftly she transferred the swishing grass skirt from its oblivious wearer to her own waist. At some unnoticed moment she freed her torso and stepped out of her slippers.

The primeval call to the drummer grew stronger, stranger cadences set pulses racing and brains spinning. A few emotional voices begged him to stop; but he and the dancer were far afield by now. Back through Hawaiian times, beyond Polynesia—Aztec, Maya, Inca incantations throbbed and thrummed. Subtle turns and posturings, quaint tossings of the arms, arrested measured placing of noiseless feet, evolved into an attitude of invocation. Enclosed in her

own embrace, secret, Sphinxlike, incredibly remote, her lifted face a pale blur in the flickering candle-light, she began to sing. An eery crooning, half heard, half guessed, rising at times to a note too high for utterance, giving a poignant pathos to the straining, silent lips.

Just when the player passed his drum to another pair of hands no one noticed; but suddenly he had joined the dancer, bare gleaming shoulders matching her own, imperative arms sweeping her into wilder measures. Their bodies became a single outline; the watchers forbore to breathe lest they should miss one throe, one quiver of this atavistic moment. Gone were confining studio walls and floors—a vast star-spangled space unfolded, sighing palms rustled, a surge of waves crashed in the outer darkness.

A high, thin cry, as if carried down endless vistas of time, upflung white arms, slender body bent back into an arc of ecstasy, ended with a startling suddenness this dance of the dawn of the world. A frozen instant, an answering guttural call, confused blending of electric contours—

Somewhere in the group, a sob of sheer hysteria; a candle flared up and died; and a door swung open to silhouette in its block of light the bearer of another tray of cocktails.

THE OUTLOOK FOR FILIPINOS IN HAWAII

By KILMER O. MOE

(Begun in July Number)

FINDING HIMSELF IN THE NEW ENVIRONMENT. In previous discussions we have endeavored to give an idea of the Filipino immigrant from the standpoint of his social background; something of his reaction to the new social concepts that the more recent situations have forced upon him in the course of the last thirty years; and a brief description of the machinery that has been set up for the purpose of bringing him to Hawaii to meet the demands for labor on Hawaiian plantations. We now come to a consideration of the Filipino in Hawaii and to his reactions and economic conditions that he meets up with upon coming to this territory.

There are so many angles to this last phase of the problem that it is difficult to present them all, or to lay the emphasis where it really belongs. Filipinos were brought to Hawaii for the sole purpose of supplying the demand for labor, and as far as that particular end is concerned, it may well be claimed that the venture has been successful. Perhaps it is true in other aspects as well, but that is another story. There is no doubt that

Filipinos are giving a good account of themselves as plantation laborers, but so did the Chinese, the Portuguese and the Japanese up to the time that they drifted away into other lines of work and their places had to be filled by other recruits. Are the Filipinos destined to follow the path marked out for them by the earlier recruits?

It is far easier to evaluate human currents in retrospect than it is to gauge the variations of movement in the present stream. Any one who sets out to do that is in the position of the blind man in the story who thought to learn everything there was to know about the elephant by feeling of various parts of his anatomy. This method, we are told, led to a difference of opinion that proved a fruitful source of argument, but the concept of each as regards the elephant was just as far from the truth as it was different from that of any of the others. It is a dangerous procedure to form opinions too soon or on a basis of insufficient data. The Filipino must be regarded as an unknown quantity in the social fabric of this territory, more so than any other racial group, except in certain particulars. Twenty years do not

allow for enough time on which to base any final conclusions. For that reason the findings that have been set down in these pages should be looked upon as descriptive of conditions into which the immigrant Filipino is forced to make his social adjustments, rather than as an attempt to gauge the final results. When it comes to that, one man's experiences may differ widely from those of another under similar conditions. It may be said, with some truth, that every one's success in regard to economic and social progress depends very largely upon himself.

While variability of the human factor has to be accepted as a matter of course, and that we may expect one Filipino to succeed under conditions where another one fails, yet there are certain general conditions that apply to the group as a whole, and that help or hinder the immigrant who is trying to find himself in the new environment. In this discussion we shall endeavor to set forth these conditions and to state the reactions of certain members of the group toward the situation in which they are placed. In making these studies the writer has had the advantage of knowing the background of the Filipino immigrant and in some instances has been acquainted with the individual immigrant both here and in the Philippines. There are a dozen young Filipinos in the territory who were his former pupils and who have since enlisted to serve as laborers on plantations in Hawaii. These advantages have helped to give him a clearer insight into the problems that confront the Filipino immigrant in this new field.

CAME TO WORK; NOT TO ENJOY HIMSELF. It is recognized by all the Filipino immigrants with whom the writer has spoken that there are decided advantages in Hawaii from an economic standpoint, but few of them would lay any claim to any social advantages. But then, they say: "The Filipino came here to work and to earn money, not to enjoy himself," so they are all inclined to accept this handicap, if it can be so regarded. As to that the writer is inclined to the viewpoint that it is quite the contrary.

As long as the Filipino accepts conditions as they are and is content to work under the plantation system, he has very little trouble, and consequently, the situation to him is anything but a handicap. As far as it can be gauged, the point of view of the new recruits is that he has come to a land of opportunity and that he must make the most of it so that he may acquire the means to go back to the Philippines at an early date with enough money to live in comfort among his friends and relatives in the barrio from which he came for the rest of his days.

But, "There's many a slip between the cup and the lip." A goodly number do go back with their savings as is shown in Table VI., but a vastly greater number stay on and become permanent residents of Hawaii. Another section (see Table VII.) moves on to the mainland, restless spirits for the most part, who are forever hoping to find their opportunities just a little farther on. These are the ones who find their tasks in which they are engaged for the moment to be exceedingly irksome and unprofitable.

Most of those who stay have become so accustomed to life in Hawaii that they prefer to remain here, even after they have accomplished what they first set out to do in point of saving money. The plantation community is well suited to this class of men, for it operates with a well-oiled efficiency that leaves little for the laborer to worry about. Among this class of permanent residents are those who went back to the Philippines and found life in the barrio so devoid of modern conveniences, and so wholly uninteresting to one who has seen something of the world, that they simply could not stand it.

SAVING THEIR MONEY TO GO TO THE MAINLAND. The boys that the writer used to know in the Philippines, and who are now on plantations in Hawaii, are above the average in education, but, with one or two exceptions, they are satisfied with conditions such as they found them to be. One expressed himself as resenting the fact that his education did not count for anything on the plantation. He wanted to secure a place where he could use his "superior" knowledge. As there are many here with better claim to "superior" qualifications for the favored positions, the writer strongly advised him to remain where he was, to save his money, and to use his "superior" knowledge when he went back to the Philippines. Another felt that the Filipinos were being discriminated against in all the positions above that of the common laborer. The fact that he had been brought to Hawaii to do the common labor, and that there is a strong competition for the favored positions on the part of the island

born, had not seemingly entered into his calculations. The rest accepted their status and were making the most of their opportunities. Every one of them expressed a desire to go on to the mainland to continue their studies, and are actually saving their money to that end.

THE SHORT-TERM CONTRACT. The great mass of Filipinos in the territory are content to live and work at the daily routine. They realize that they are better off in Hawaii than they would be in similar positions in the Philippines. It took many of them some time to get used to the work and to understand just what was wanted of them, but, after all, the physical adjustment wasn't so difficult once they got accustomed to the routine. The piecework idea so common on plantations is not new to them, for it has been a practice also in the Philippines from time immemorial, and is known there as "Paqaiiao." This system is called "Ukapau" in Hawaiian and is essentially the short term contract of the plantation. As a system it has a very general use in Hawaii, and includes such work as removal of earth, irrigating, plowing, fertilizing, weeding, cutting cane, loading it upon cars, and laying portable track. Payment for this kind of work varies, but in every case the laborer is paid on the basis of what he does, and this becomes an inducement to further effort.

Day work is not nearly so common here and is used only in cases where the amount accomplished is difficult to determine. Odd jobs, such as cleaning gardens, sweeping floors of the mill and factory, gathering rubbish in the field, and general clean-up work

of all sorts come under this category. This kind of work is usually given to new recruits and to convalescents. Day work is also given for short periods to laborers who have just completed a long, or a short-term contract and are waiting to begin another, and during off-season intervals, at a time when the mill is not grinding but it is still necessary to keep the men profitably employed.

THE LONG-TERM CONTRACT.

The long-term contract is a device under which individuals or groups of laborers take complete charge of cultivating fields and carry on the work until the cane is harvested. It is the practice on plantations to advance \$1 a day plus bonus under this scheme to cover subsistence for each day worked. After the cane is harvested the laborer receives the difference between the amount earned under the contract based on the crop grown, and the advances made. Filipinos earn a minimum of \$1.90 per day under these cultivating contracts, some getting even as high as \$4.00 per day, depending upon the yield and the price of sugar. The average may run around \$2.40 per day, which is over four times as much as the laborer in the cane fields of the Philippines gets for similar work.

It is not customary to offer a long-term contract to a new recruit, but to hold these openings for old employees of proved caliber. Such may even employ their own laborers, drawing advances for them from the plantation and settling all obligations with them at the time of harvest. Such a contractor has a status above that of the common laborer and oftentimes is comparatively well-to-do. One Fili-

pino on Oahu told me his gross income was over \$2000 for 1927, but admitted that other members of the family had helped him with the work. He had sent back to the Philippines for his two brothers to help him with the contract after he had won this recognition. Following is a copy of the final settlement of a long-term contract taken at random from the files of the Hilo Sugar Company and furnished upon request to the Philippines Bureau of Labor:

HILO SUGAR COMPANY, JULY 15, 1925
Final Settlement of Alfredo Fonseca's Cul-
tivation Contract, Wainaku Section,
Field Nos. 38-44, 201 Acres
Crop of 1925

By 13,805.972 tons of cane at 95c	
per ton	\$13,115.67
Less advances as follows:	
To not stripping 118.17 acres	
at \$7	\$827.16
Plantation men and	
mules	3,322.94
Cash advances	4,606.74
	8,756.84
Balance due	\$4,358.83
Received payment:	
(Signed) M. A. Fonseca.	
Average earnings of contractor per man	
per day, \$1.99.	
Approved: (Signed) Alex. Fraser.	

COST OF LIVING IN HAWAII.

The cost of living for the Filipino immigrant in Hawaii has been estimated by the Philippines Bureau of Labor to be \$0.48 per day, or \$14.40 per month. This includes the items for food, cigarettes and incidentals. The price of clothing and of laundry brings it up to \$18 per month for a single man. This amount has to be increased 50 per cent when he has a wife to support and 15 per cent additional for each child. A family with one child would spend \$29.70 at this rate. As a rule, about \$2 per month is allowed in the budget for movies and other

recreations, making a total of \$31.10. This estimate is the average deduced from the statements of a large number of workers. Many of the Ilocano recruits have a tendency to try to save more than they should, thinking to live on the same amount that it took to live in the Philippines. They stint themselves for food and clothing to a point where it endangers their health. The Visayans and the Tagalogs as a rule spend everything that they can lay their hands on and this leaves them even worse off in the long run.

THE TENDENCY TO DRIFT. While managers are loud in their praises of Filipinos as regards general results, they have one complaint common to all of them to make of the group. It is the tendency of so many to drift from one plantation to another, and from one island to another, at the end of each milling season for no cause whatever that can be understood by the management. As one manager put it, "This is bad for the plantation morale, causes delays and upsets the work, but worst of all, it operates to the prejudice of the worker who has a hard time to keep his record straight to the end that he may secure his free return passage back to the Philippines in accordance with the terms of his contract."

The writer investigated this complaint by questioning a number of Filipinos who were leaving their old jobs on plantations to seek employment in some other place, and found them to be all single men, foot-loose, and as they expressed it, "out to see the world." They regarded their term of contract in the light of an opportunity to get experience in as wide a field as possible. They had no

very clear idea of how it would effect the work, nor had they thought much about their own status. Young fellows, such as they were, without any particular sense of responsibility can hardly be expected to settle down to steady work in the humdrum life of the plantation community, any more than they would in a barrio of the Philippines. This sort of instability does not appear to be so serious when one considers the extreme youth of many of the Filipino recruits. Yet aside from this restless urge of youth to seek new pastures, there is undoubtedly a lack of stability in the Filipino group due to so many changes that have come into their lives.

LABOR TURN-OVER. A comparative study of labor turn-over on the mainland and on the plantations of Hawaii does not indicate that the situation is worse here than elsewhere. The Oahu Plantations Company had a twenty per cent turn-over in 1928, a condition that may be a little better than in most industrial centers of the mainland with the same class of labor. What it does indicate is a degree of impatience on the part of the management in regard to the human factor because this element does not lend itself to control in the same degree as the sugar cane plant and refractory soils. The success of the industry lies in the control of the environment, and it is very natural to want to put the human cogs into alignment so that they will dovetail in with the rest of the machinery that has been set up to gain mastery over a stubborn situation.

VICTIMIZING THE FILIPINO LABORER. There is another com-

plaint against the Filipino group as a whole in that so many of its members fall victim to hangers-on and confidence men who swindle their countrymen out of their savings. This is a condition, however, that is worse, if anything in the Philippines. The tao has always been victimized; he cannot hope to escape the cupidity of those that have more nimble wits than he by going to Hawaii. This is some of the world experience, the chance to cut their eye teeth, that so many of the younger set claim to be seeking. An attempt to shield them from such experiences would not be well received.

Gambling is rampant among Filipino laborers the same as it is with that class in the Philippines. The tao has always been an inveterate gambler. It may be regarded as his besetting sin. He gambles because that is his method of seeking relief from the monotony of a barren existence, one quite devoid of interest in anything more elevating. Recreations of the kind that he can understand and appreciate may in time supplant this tendency, but it is going to be a slow process to change his ways. There is no lacking in organizations to accomplish this purpose on every plantation. We will have more to say on the subject of gambling in connection with the criminal record of the Filipino in the Territory.

THE SHELTERED LIFE OF THE PLANTATION COMMUNITY. The plantation community is undoubtedly the best machinery ever devised

to accomplish the purpose of fitting the Filipino immigrant for life in Hawaii. Its forward looking program keeps him up on his toes; the attention to detail by a central authority, a feature that characterizes every phase of this organization, tends to eliminate social hazards as far as such a thing is possible. There is little danger that the Filipino immigrant will go wrong, therefore, so long as he is content to remain in that particular niche that has been assigned to him. The danger lies rather in his everlasting urge to wander away from the sheltered life of the plantation community and to engage on social experiences of his own. It must be admitted that by and large, Filipinos in Hawaii do not fare nearly so well in town where the competition is keener and the hazards are greater. Yet, for all that, the drift to town is quite considerable for the group, as will be shown from a study of the following data:

FILIPINO LABOR OUTSIDE OF THE SUGAR INDUSTRY. A survey was taken of Hawaiian labor conditions by the Philippine Bureau of Labor to ascertain the fact regarding Filipino immigrants. The report of this survey bears out the statement that Filipinos, as a rule, are better off on plantations than elsewhere in the territory. From this survey the following classification is taken of Filipinos outside of the sugar industry. These figures are approximated only, but they go to show that there is a considerable drift of Filipinos away from the plantation community.

TABLE VIII.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF FILIPINO
LABOR OUTSIDE OF SUGAR
PLANTATIONS

Pineapple Canneries	600
Stevedores	300
Fertilizer Factory	25
House boys	200
Barbers	25
Bootblacks	35
Musicians	60
Hospital boys	100
Hotel boys	200
Yard boys	200
Auto drivers	500
Navy Yard (dismissed)	306
Telephone and Street Workers	400
Pineapple Fields	4,000
Fishermen	1,000
Coffee Plantations	900
Unknown (Soldiers)	4,999
Total	14,350

The figures above listed are in round numbers. The value of the data is not for its numerical accuracy, but that it goes to show that Filipinos are invading all fields that require this class of labor. The next census will furnish data which will be accurate and up-to-date, but until that is taken we will have to be satisfied with estimates. That of the Bureau of Labor may be as good as any.

The trend shown is particularly valuable for those who would provide other outlets for the island born than the regular avenues of employment. Does not the economic law operate in all industries with the result that employment goes to those who do the most economical work.

THE HAZARDS OF SEASONAL EMPLOYMENT. The majority of the workers enumerated above do not work steadily as they are required to do on sugar plantations. Stevedores, for example, work only when boats are coming in or going out. Some earn enough for their occasional labors to keep them clothed and fed, but the abundance of leisure time with

which they are encumbered offers too good an opportunity for them to spend money, and many of them get away with their earnings without any particular benefit to themselves. Workers in pineapple canneries are employed steadily for about five months, after which time only a few are kept on the payrolls. Work in the pineapple fields is very much better, but it is still somewhat seasonal as compared with that of the sugar plantations. It must be admitted that most of these seasonal workers actually seem to prefer the hazards of the occasional jobs to greater safety under steady employment. They seem to have been infected with the same germ that attacked members of the other racial groups, an unrest that is responsible for the exodus away from the plantation community of every racial group that has been brought to these islands.

It is not easy to explain why this condition should really exist in a country like Hawaii, where the plantations offer work to every one of these laborers who are desirous of securing a steady job. It is even the policy of the management to give every laborer a chance to earn regular wages every day of the year, rather than to lay any of them off during the slack season. Perhaps it is the perversity of human nature that is responsible for men seeking something different from what the situation affords.

At any rate, the Filipinos are attracted to the bright lights of the city and into the irregular life exactly as were the members of the other racial groups. Those that I have interviewed have admitted that they were better off on the plantations, but the burden of their complaint was that life was

too drab and monotonous and that there was little or no chance for promotion. They preferred rather to take chances on their own, or, as they expressed it, to be themselves, than to have their lives planned for them by others. This seems to be a quirk in human nature, and, though it upsets the best laid plans, it helps also to make life more interesting. Many have pointed out that it is this spark of discontent that is responsible for human progress. We may safely assume in this study that had it not been for the urge to get away from plantation work on the part of their predecessors, the Filipinos would not have come here in the first place.

When this estimate was made in 1925, it was found that 9,350 Filipino laborers out of a total of 34,342 were employed elsewhere than on sugar plantations. Of this number about 4,000 found places in pineapple fields, leaving 5,350, or about one-sixth, in the class of irregular workers that help to swell the tide of competition with the island born for the jobs in the secondary occupations.

THE COMPETITION FOR THE FAVORED JOBS. It is difficult to show anything of the comparative progress of Filipinos in the economic field without resorting to the census figures, and as these are for the year 1920, it must be admitted that they do not have much significance when the fact is taken into consideration that this last decade has witnessed an increase of the Filipino population from 21,031 to 60,078. That is to say, it has almost trebled in number during the last eight years.

Nevertheless, the figures have some value in gauging the success of the

various groups who grapple with each other in competition for the favored jobs in the territory and it goes to picture something of the struggle for place by individuals and groups. We may be sure that the figures for 1930 will tell a different story when they become available.

The Department of Sociology made a statistical study of the races in Hawaii for 1910 and 1920 based on the census figures. In this study it was found that certain occupations are commonly preferred to plantation work, because of the superior wages, the agreeableness of the work, and the social status of the worker. The list of men in preferred occupations includes the self-employed in agriculture and elsewhere, skilled and semi-skilled workers, managers, foremen, bankers, merchants, real estate men, professional workers, electrical workers, and men engaged in the public service.

During the ten years, 1910-1920, the number of men in preferred employment increased 41 per cent, while the number in the less favored pursuits decreased 3 per cent. The following table shows how the preferred jobs were racially distributed in 1910 and 1920, and the per cent of men who were able to secure the better positions.

TABLE IX
MEN IN PREFERRED OCCUPATIONS
1910

	No. of adult males	Men in Preferred Occupations	
		Number	Percent.
Hawaiian	7,926	1,697	21.4
Part-Hawaiian	1,930	803	41.6
Caucas'n (1)	12,443	3,749	30.1
Chinese	13,695	3,494	25.8
Japanese	41,795	6,433	15.4
Others	3,599	308	8.5
Totals	82,388	16,484	20.0

	1920		
	No. of adult males	Men in Preferred Occupations	
		Number	Percent.
Hawaiian	7,097	2,183	30.7
Part-Hawaiian	2,882	1,454	50.4
Caucas'n (1)	13,740	5,903	42.9
Chinese	11,223	3,001	26.7
Japanese	36,584	9,795	26.8
Others	16,422	952	5.8
Totals....	87,922	23,288	26.5

(1) Includes Portuguese, Porto-Ricans, Spanish and all other Caucasians.

(2) Affected unfavorably by a reduction in number of independent rice growers.

(3) Filipinos mostly. Data explained by arrival of large number of Filipinos. The latest arrivals take the bottom jobs.

MOVING TO HIGHER SOCIAL LEVELS. One of the common methods of gauging the social progress of individuals and families is the manner in which they climb out of one residential district and into another in which people live, or are supposed to live, on a higher social plane. This trend is very marked in the case of the second generation Chinese, Portuguese and Japanese. It isn't at all noticeable when it comes to the Porto-Ricans, and the Filipinos have not as yet made a start. This sort of adjustment requires time even in the case of people that are endowed with a high degree of industry and thrift and who are in a position to put everything that they have into the task of rising to higher levels in the land of their adoption. In the case of the Filipinos they have been living too much in terms of their past and for the folks in the homeland. They have not really formed a part of Hawaii in the same sense as the second generation Chinese.

A study of the economic outlook of each racial group will reveal the fact that the foundation is first laid by the parents upon which the children of the next generation build with great-

er assurance. It is quite impossible for the late arrivals such as the Filipinos to break into the more select residential districts without having a family fortune behind them. The situation for the year 1928 may be approximated in this regard from the gross assessed value of real and personal property as reported by races. Table X indicates the position of Filipinos as well as the other racial groups:

TABLE X
GROSS VALUE OF REAL AND PERSONAL PROPERTY FOR 1928

Classified by Races		
Taxpayer	Total Amount	Percent.
Corporations	\$255,003,717	65.29
Anglo-Saxons	55,985,696	14.34
Hawaiians	26,687,637	6.83
Portuguese and		
Spanish	16,161,400	4.14
Chinese	18,031,755	4.62
Japanese	18,564,423	4.75
Filipinos	123,863	.03
	\$390,558,491	100.00

The data in Table X. will only acquire significance as the record is checked with the estimated population as listed by racial antecedents.. Table XI. has therefore been added at this point:

TABLE XI
ESTIMATED POPULATION OF HAWAII FOR 1928 BY RACIAL GROUPS

Hawaiian	20,720
Caucasian-Hawaiian	15,948
Asiatic-Hawaiian	10,036
Grouped as Hawaiian for the purposes of Table X.	
Portuguese	29,117
Spanish	1,807
Grouped together in Table X.	
Other Caucasian	37,502
Called Caucasian in Table X.	
Chinese	25,310
Japanese	134,600
Filipino	60,078
Korean	6,318
Classed with Japanese in Table X..	
Porto-Ricans	6,781
Others	548
Total	348,767

It will be noted that the older the group in point of residence, the greater economic progress will it have made. We may deduce from this that the accumulations of property that were built up by the parents have been passed on to the children of the same group and go to improve the economic status of the group in question. Again, we must admit that the Filipino has hardly made a beginning.

Is he going to be able to make the grade?

Well, it is a steep upward climb, and he has a long way to go.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PHILIPPINES LABOR LAW. The argument that made the greatest impression upon the Philippine Legislature when Act No. 2486 was passed in 1915, was that the Filipinos who were recruited for a term of service were to be returned to the Philippines at the expense of the Hawaiian planters. It was certainly the intention of the law-makers at the time of the passage of the recruiting law that the laborer do return with valuable experience secured in Hawaii for use in the Philippine Islands. But, as is true in the case of many other human developments, the law does not operate in the way that it was intended. The Filipino immigrant cannot lawfully be deprived of his constitutional rights and privileges as a free agent so long as he resides under the American Flag. The law-makers in the Philippines and the Hawaiian planters are both helpless in the face of this situation. The result has been a heavy recruiting of single men under the provisions of the law, while, at the same time, the Filipino immigrant has taken his own course and has chosen to

remain in Hawaii. As he was recruited to do the work in Hawaiian fields, it was the able-bodied male that was selected rather than his wife and family. He may have been married, but his wife was left behind. The result is a disproportion of sexes that is as marked in the case of the Filipino as it was in that of the Chinese more than a generation ago.

It is not possible to discuss the outlook for Filipinos in Hawaii without taking into consideration the very large excess of men over women. This phase is of the utmost importance from whichever angle the Filipino problem may be approached. Table V. in the preceding discussion tells the story.

There was a period (1921-1925) when Filipino laborers with their families were actually recruited in considerable numbers, and this was the time that the bulk of the women came to Hawaii. The effort at the time was an attempt to stabilize the group, which had become more and more restive under the leadership of strike agitators. The situation culminated in the island-wide strike of 1924, an outbreak which caused much loss and misery to the immigrant Filipinos and a complete collapse of the "High Wage Movement" that had been engineered by self-styled leaders whose activities got out of their control and actually ran away with them. After this period of unrest, fewer and fewer families have been recruited. No definite policy has been announced by anyone in authority either here or in the Philippines, but the effort, no doubt, is one of getting back to the spirit of the recruiting law. Last year (1928) brought only 180 women

and 138 children out of a total of 12,472 Filipinos of all classes that came to the territory.

There is undoubtedly a good deal of wisdom packed away in the provisions of Act 2486, which is really designed to make labor recruiting an exchange of benefits to and from both countries. The returned laborers from Hawaii when they get back to the Philippines help to lighten the mass, while their places in Hawaii are taken by new levies. The system was contemplated to operate very much as does the army service. The boys enlisting for a term of service in the army or the navy are usually better citizens for the experience, and the same was expected to be true in regard to returned laborers recruited for work on Hawaiian plantations. The admission of women complicated the problem and tends to defeat the purpose which the framers of the recruiting law had in mind.

But the chief objection to women from the Hawaiian standpoint lies in the prospect of a higher birth rate for the group in Hawaii. The resident here does not like to admit it, but the question of what to do with the island born is a major economic and social issue. The thousands of children crowding into the public schools; the rapid increase of young men and young women with American standards of living; these and similar questions, when looked at from the economic angle, must be regarded as the biggest item of deferred cost in the sugar production of a generation ago. On the other hand, the tremendous urge that is driving people into all sorts of occupations must be regarded as an asset. It resulted in an

actual increase of 41 per cent of preferred positions to be found in the Territory in a single decade, 1910-1920. This is a feature that is very encouraging to say the least. We may confidently expect that the next census will record a much greater progress in this direction for the decade 1920-30.

The coming of the Filipinos as laborers may well be looked upon as having taken place in response to an economic demand, but the increase of the group by birth,—well, that is quite another story. From the economic standpoint, we may say that the enlistment of single men, or, if married, the leaving of their wives and families in the Philippines solves the problem very well, but it doesn't work nearly so well from the social standpoint. As Kipling put it, "Enlisted men in barracks do not grow into plaster saints." Next to gambling, the disproportion of the sexes may be set down to being at the very root of social delinquencies on the part of the Filipino group.

CRIMINAL RECORD OF FILIPINO IMMIGRANT. The criminal record of the Filipino in Hawaii looks rather black until one analyzes the situation with some attention to social and economic conditions that surround the Filipino group as a whole, and takes note of the kind of offenses committed. One must bear in mind all the while that the members of this group are mainly 18 to 35 years of age, — the time of life at which crime is most frequent; that most of the immigrants have no wives in Hawaii, a situation that is anything but conducive to normalcy, one, in fact, that leads to frequent

trouble between men who quarrel over the same woman; and, finally, the profound difference that exists between old Filipino traditional standards and those that have been set up here under the American pattern. As in the case of the other groups, it is the Filipino in the City of Honolulu that most frequently falls foul of the law.

A study of court convictions was made by the Department of Sociology in the University of Hawaii from which the average annual number of convictions in all the courts of the Territory were worked out for a decade, 1915-1924, on a basis of the ratio for each 100,000 males over 18 years of age, classified by race and by offense. The results for the Filipino group may be listed as follows:

TABLE XII.

COURT CONVICTIONS OF OFFENSES
COMMITTED BY FILIPINOS

Murder	27.2
Manslaughter	4.1
Robbery	8.8
Burglary	80.1
Fraud	3.0
Embezzlement	21.2
Forgery	5.9
Gambling	9,243.9
Offenses against Chastity	732.1
Drunkenness	202.2
Violations of Narcotic laws	51.9
Violation of liquor laws	2.4
Other offenses (minor)	3,613.8
All Offenses	13,996.5

This study is very illuminating when it comes to sizing up the criminal record of the Filipino. Attention is invited to the very large number of convictions for gambling and for minor offenses not otherwise classified. It is gambling that especially gives a black eye to the group. The record for 1927, the last available, makes the Filipino group stand out

as the worst offender in the territory, — and so he is, when it comes to gambling — or, at least in being caught at it. In this connection one should bear in mind that it is a simple matter to round up a gang of Filipino laborers who are caught in the act of gambling as compared with the more carefully organized and practiced members of other groups who more often escape punishment. The figures shown in the next table, therefore, should be taken in the light of the preceding analysis.

TABLE XIII.

RACES OF PERSONS CONVICTED IN
COURTS OF HAWAII FOR 1927

	Popula- tion	No. Con- victed	Per- cent
Hawaiian and part Haw.	45,576	675	1.48
Chinese	25,198	603	2.39
Japanese	132,242	1,717	1.29
Caucasian	64,941	1,689	2.60
Filipino	52,124	3,042	5.83
Korean	6,214	249	4.01
Porto-Rican	6,572	153	2.33
Others	553	22	3.97
Total	333,420	8,150	2.44

The Filipino have a comparatively high record for murder. This is the result of the many stabbing frays such as take place in quarrels over women. The offenses against chastity may also be put down as due chiefly to the disproportion of the sexes. In fact, one is tempted to say that the greatest trouble with the Filipinos as a group lies not in there being too many men who compose it, but in its having too few women.

At any rate, the "Filipino crime wave" as pictured in a recent book, *Temperament and Race*, by S. D. Porteus and Majorie E. Babcock, would be reduced to a mere ripple were it not for the two great fac-

tors, that of gambling and of disproportion of the sexes. The elimination of the latter difficulty would mean the substitution of a long list of other social problems such as are connected with the care of the offspring. Until some solution is found for the problem of the island born, the Territory is perhaps better off under conditions as they are.

THE DISPROPORTION OF THE SEXES. A ratio of more than 8 to 1 has put a premium upon even the woman of the Filipino group. She can afford to be independent here for if her man fails to provide adequately, there are many others that would be glad to try for the privilege of her company. In Hawaii the Filipina comes into a status that is quite foreign to her traditional position in the Philippines. In the Philippines every one is impressed by the part that women play in the gainful occupations, the wife being oftentimes the mainstay and usually making more than her share of contributions to the family purse. Here it is quite the opposite. Reports for 1928 show that there were no less than 1,625 Japanese women at work on Hawaiian plantations and not a single Filipina.

In fact, one of the crying needs, as expressed by social workers, is to find profitable employment for the women, so that they may not continue to waste the family resources, or spend their time in idleness or in gambling. It is encouraging to note that the women themselves are taking the situation in hand and Filipino Women's Clubs are springing up in all sections of the territory. These are under the direction of leaders of

their own group and are reported to be doing good work. That these organizations will have plenty of work to occupy their attention will be gathered from the following table of infant mortality for the territory of Hawaii in 1928:

TABLE XIV.

INFANT MORTALITY BY RACIAL GROUPS FOR 1928

	Total Births	Total Under 1 Year	Death rate per 1,000
Hawaiian	420	78	185.71
Caucasian- Hawaiian	977	84	85.98
Asiatic-Hawaiian	736	72	97.83
Portuguese	992	58	58.83
Porto-Rican	319	33	103.45
Other Caucasian	506	16	31.62
Chinese	773	37	47.87
Japanese	5,148	259	50.31
Korean	210	9	42.86
Filipino	1,448	319	220.30
All Others	14	1	71.43
Total	11,543	966	83.69

The infant mortality rate of the Filipinos in Hawaii exceeds by a wide margin that of the Philippines and for the reason above cited. Women cannot possibly attend to the duties of motherhood and at the same time sit around and play cards, "Panguingue". It may well be also that the class of women that come to the Hawaiian Islands are not up to the average, but there is no doubt that the lack of employment and the high premium set upon her sex has reacted unfavorably upon the Filipina as compared with her record in the Philippines. The infant mortality rate for Manila was 165.41 in 1926 and that for the entire Philippines was 157.42 as against 220.30 for the Filipino group in Hawaii in 1928. The birth rate as shown in table XIV is very high for Filipinos consider-

ing the small number of women. The survivals last year after the grim reaper had taken his toll increased the population by 1,129 souls that had passed the first year successfully.

FILIPINO DEATH RATE LOW.

In spite of this high infant mortality the death rate for the Filipino group is still comparatively low. That is accounted for by the fact that these late comers are in the prime of life (very few of them have reached the age of fifty) as well as by the careful physical examination made at the time of recruiting. Table XV. gives the deaths by race for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1928.

TABLE XV.

DEATHS BY RACIAL GROUPS FOR 1928

Race	Total Deaths	Death rate
American, British, German, Russian	265	7.34
Asiatic Hawaiian	137	14.07
Caucasian-Hawaiian	237	15.21
Hawaiian	631	30.30
Portuguese	300	10.43
Porto-Rican	110	16.48
Spanish	12	6.70
Chinese	343	13.58
Filipino	675	12.03
Japanese	1,169	8.76
Korean	76	12.13
All Others	37	67.15
Total	3,992	11.70

The crop of children that issues from the Filipino section of the population is small in comparison with the numerical size of the group in the territory but high considering the small number of women. These young American citizens are put through the school system in the same manner as are those born of the other groups. To all intents and purposes they acquire like interests and attitudes. They imbibe the same dislike for the work in which their

fathers are engaged exactly as did the young folks of the other groups who shun the fields and seek employment in the congested centers. Table XVI. gives the racial descent of pupils attending all public schools in the territory for 1928.

TABLE XVI.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE BY RACIAL GROUPS FOR 1928

Racial Descent	No. Pupils	Per. of Total
Hawaiian	3,355	5.05
Part Hawaiian	7,109	10.70
Portuguese	5,993	9.02
Porto-Rican	1,052	1.59
Spanish	261	.39
Other Caucasian	2,974	4.48
Chinese	6,157	9.27
Japanese	34,621	52.11
Korean	1,444	2.17
Filipino	2,796	4.21
All Others	671	1.01
Total	66,434	100.00

FOLLOWING THE LEAD OF THEIR PREDECESSORS. Nothing has been revealed in a study of the Filipino which would indicate that their outlook in Hawaii is different in any way from that of the other racial groups that have become a part of our multi-colored social fabric. Being the last to come they have farther to go, and that fact constitutes the principal difference. They are going through the same process of adjustment that the others experienced.

The story of the Filipinos in Hawaii parallels that of the Chinese a generation ago in a great many respects. They do not possess anything like the same business ability nor the cultural background of the Chinese, but they have acquired a wonderful adaptation by virtue of their past experiences, and fit into the economic environment of the territory even better than most groups have

done. They are giving an excellent account of themselves on plantations, but are not doing nearly so well when removed from under the control of the plantation management.

After all, we must credit them with making a splendid contribution to the economic progress of Hawaii, but their value lies almost wholly in the work they do as unskilled laborers on the sugar and pineapple plantations, work that their predecessors in the same field have almost completely abandoned. Their sons and daughters react to the situation exactly as do the island born of the other racial groups.

LINKING THE DESTINIES OF HAWAII AND THE PHILIPPINES. The Philippine Islands have natural advantages many times as great as those of Hawaii, but the resources are, to a very large degree, undeveloped. Filipinos are needed at home to help develop the country. But for this task they need experience and a broader outlook both of which they get when they go to Hawaii. Besides Hawaii is able to furnish

needed capital and experienced men to help in the economic development of the Philippines. The success of the relationships such as have grown up between Hawaii and the Philippines depends in no small degree upon the mutual advantages to be derived on both sides. The recruiting law aims to safeguard these advantages as regards labor on a basis of mutual interest.

The pooling of resources such as took place in the developments described in these pages have yielded untold benefits to Hawaii as well as to the Philippines. Difficulties are bound to arise in the future, that is to be expected, but, past experiences give us the assurance that every problem will be approached in the spirit of fairness together with faith in their ultimate solution. All of which leads us to believe that the relationships that have already been established upon a firm basis will continue on in the future, linking the destinies of Hawaii and the Philippines together in a bond of sympathetic understanding and mutual interest.

THE END

A SONG TO THE ABSENT BELOVED

By ANNE MONTGOMERY YOUNG

I will sing you a song of hillside gardens sloping to the sea—
 Full of the flaunting joyousness of carefree yellow daisies,
 And all the sweet old-fashioned dignity of hollyhocks.

A song of trade winds that beat against the languid air like wings of
 mighty birds:
 Soft winds, sweet with peonies and the drowsy breath of stephanotis:
 And urgent winds that snatch away the flowers of the honeysuckle,
 like snatched kisses:
 Wet winds, crafty and slanting and shifting, that whisper—cauti-
 ously—the ancient august secrets of the Orient:
 And winds that are but blowing sunshine, flickering the tattered
 fringes of banana leaves—slashed by the scissors of the wind.

You shall listen to the clear cool music of trickling water,
 The sweet low laughter of waterfalls:
 And lift your eyes to jagged peaks of mountains, against which clouds
 are frayed to mist and torn to weeping rain—
 The great eternal mountains of strength and quietness and conquered
 fire.

Sometimes you will be glad because of nothing at all—
 Except the sparkling dance of green waves, and the long forward
 sweep of gray waves, like great race horses:
 The rank vivid fragrance of motley-clad lantana, heady as wine:
 And the soft mourning of doves.
 Because of sudden leafy valleys into which little shreds of rainbow
 drip pure color:
 The deep vibrating harmonies of bougainvillea:
 And the matchless jade and turquoise of the sea.

You shall be filled with the eagerness of blue windy mornings,
The satisfying happiness of sun-drenched golden noons.
And, when little lost pale colors go ghosting through the sky, and the
 silver moon of early evenings floats like a great white lily
 above the water of the sea,
Night will come and brush your heart with longing and your eyes
 with the shadow of dreams—
Remembering night, wreathed with starry jasmine and welcomed by
 the grave courtesy of bowing palm trees—
Royal palm trees, crowned with stars.

You shall hear the hushed night-song of mountain thrushes:
The mystic ritual of the surf:
And when silence brims the raised cup of the hills there will be the
 drifting incense of plumaria blossoms,
And the Southern Cross hung low above the purple altar of the night.

All these things will I make you see and hear and know.
But I shall never be able to make you feel them,
 In your heart,
Because my Beloved will not be with you.

LOG OF THE CHATHAM

By EDWARD BELL

(Begun in September Number)

NOOTKA Sound as it was supposed that on receiving the Port, one of the Vessels would Stay here. the remainder of the Stock was intended to be left with us. There were besides several large Gardens well Stock'd with Vegetables of all kinds,- All the Vessels in the Cove were regularly supplied with Hot Rolls Milk & Vegetables every Morning, such was the Hospitable and friendly attention of Eig

Except the Governor's house which is large, and built of Wood, and has a second Floor, there are none others except some sheds for artificers, and two or three Store houses,— in one of these was now living Mr. Magee of the Margaret Merchant Ship of Boston. She was now trading to the Nod. for Furs, but had left Mr. Magee here on account of ill health; his Surgeon, and a Gentleman of the name of Howell (a passenger) was residing on shore with him. But before we were here long, we found that ill health was not Mr. Magee's only motive for remaining on shore here, for he was carrying on a most profitable trade with Spaniards & the Seamen in Spirituous Liquors, generously charging only four Dollars a Gallon for Yankee Rum that cost him most probably about 21 or half a crown

& Gallon. Indeed the ill effects of this shameful trade was soon too great to pass without taking notice of it, and endeavoring to put a stop to it; Our Seamen were continually drunk which from the badness of the Liquor threw them into fits Sickness; and Captn. Vancourver was at last obliged to take measures that prevented any further trade of that nature with our people.—

On the Fort which is at the Sopt. of Entrance of Friendly Cove there were now but two Guns mounted; there had been 18— but the Frigate which had sailed for San Bas about a month before, had taken the remainder of the Guns with her.—

As we expected to remain here some time, the Tents & observatory were taken ashore, and set up in an advantageous spot, behind the Governor's house, in a Garden, fronting the entrance of the Sound,— the new Observatory, with the Circular Instrument, astronomical Clock, three Time keepers & the other Astronomical Instruments that were sent out by the Board of Longitude with the unfortunate Astronomer Mr. Gooch, were also sent on shore here.—

(Waimea Massacre) We now heard the particulars of the two unfortunate gentlemen, Lieut. Hergest the Agent,

and Mr. Gooch— and the poor Sea man who were cut off by the Natives of Woahoo, one of the Sandwich Islands.— The Doedalus it seems had come to an Anchor, in a Bay on the N.W. end of the Island,— that they wanted Water, and the Natives being too dilatory in bringing it off Mr. Hergest accompanied by Mr. Gooch went on shore in the Boat with some empty Casks to fill, taking with them six men, and armed only with two Muskets & 2 Musketoons— that they both landed, as did two of the Boats Crew, who roll'd the Casks up to the watering place, where some of the Natives readily assisted to fill them; neither of the Gentlemen, nor the two seamen were arm'd, which was evidently taken advantage of by the Natives, for they had not been long on shore, before it was observed by one of the Seamen that they were in a great hurry removing different articles of property out of their houses, and hauling all their Canoes as far inland as they cou'd, at the same time that a number of Indians were collected on an elevated spot close to the Watering place. All this had only been just taken notice of when the men who were seen collected on the Hill rush'd down the declivity making towards the place where the two gentlemen were, which was then at some distance on the opposite side of the River, or watering place many of the foremost of these Savages had in their hands, brandishing about, long knives & Iron Cahooa's (or Daggers). The Seamen who observed this naturally apprehensive of his own danger, set out with all speed towards the Boat, warning the other Sailor of his dan-

ger, and crying to him to run.

Long after I wrote this account of Messrs. Hergest and Gooch's shocking murder, I got some additional information from Mr. Thomas New junr that is of much import; as a reason (though certainly not one that could warrant such an atrocious act of Barbarty) may be adduced from it, for the committing this cruel murder. After the Doedalus had come to an Anchor (which she did for the sole purpose of purchasing Water) a number of the Natives were permitted to come on board, and as they found that articles of Curiosity were greatly in demand and more sought after by the greater number of the people on board than any thing else, the water trade was carried on very slowly. Lieutn. Hergest repeatedly ordered a stop to be put to the purchasing of Curiosities until their water was compleat; but unfortunately his situation was such that he could not enforce such orders, the inconsiderate Crew took advantage of this, they refused obedience to them, nay these orders seem'd only to have infused a greater spirit of Trade among them, in opposition I suppose to the wishes of Lieutn. H. Vexed and displeased, as may be naturally supposed,— at finding himself possessed at such an extremity with so little authority, he hastily ordered all the Natives to quit the Ship, and a man who seem'd to be a Chief, refusing immediately to comply with this order Mr. Hergest shoved him over the side (it is thought by some that he struck him). Lieutn. H. then ordered the chiefmate (Mr. Neil) to take the Cutter on shore with the empty Casks to fill water, at the same time ordering him

on no account to take any arms with him. On these conditions Mr. N. refused, which so irritated Mr. Hergest that he instantly declared he would go himself in the Cutter unarm'd, and asked Mr. Gooch to accompany him. Unknown to either of these Gentlemen, Mr. New had a Couple of Musketoons & Muskets put into the Boat and thus they proceeded to the shore. (What followed I have related—as it happened.—) run,—after running on some little distance, he observed the other Seaman was not only attacked, but several were in pursuit of him, one of these shortly came up with him and made an attack on him with a Dagger, but having a small stick in his hand, and being a remarkably powerful man, he knock'd the Savage down & made his way through a crowd of the Natives and got down to the Boat with no other hurt than a blow on the head from a stone that was thrown at him.

The Boat lay above a quarter of a mile from the watering place, and in such a situation that those in her, could not observe any thing that had happened; as no mischief was dreaded on the water, (the Canoes as I before observed having been previously haul'd inland the Boat was left with two of the Crew in her, whilst the remaining three, arm'd with two Muskets and one of the Blunderbusses (or Musketoons) set out towards the Watering place, in search of their unfortunate comrades,—they proceeded to the place where the missing Seaman was last seen, and here they found him, but in what manner did they find him?—naked, and most barbarously murdered, having above a dozen stabs in

different parts of his body; after proceeding on up the banks of the Aiver about a mile and a half (in which route they saw only a few Indians, and those on the hills a great distance off)—they saw at some distance a head of them, a great crowd of Natives, among whom they saw or imagined they saw, the two Gentlemen Messrs, Hergest & Gooch;—as it would have been highly imprudent in them to have gone any farther and being almost satisfied of the Natives intentions on them, they return'd to the Boat, and shoved off for the Ship.—The Doedalus lay about three miles from the shore, but on the Boats return, and receiving the melancholy tidings she brought, they got under weigh, and working to windward during the night fetched close in with the landing place in the morning when a Boat well mann'd and arm'd with the chief mate in her went on shore to demand the bodies of the unfortunate sufferers; as they stood in for the Beach they observed great numbers of the Natives on the rising ground, and behind the Rocks, they likewise observed several of them had about them, different articles of the deceased's cloathing, and one man more conspicuous than the rest was waving about a Hat of Mr. Hergest's;—As their conduct was perceived to be insolent and audacious, it was not thought advisable to land, they therefore conversed with the Natives from the Boat; they asked where the two Gentlemen were, and were told that they had been murdered the Evening before,—they then demanded their dead bodies, but were informed that the

From the information of Mr. New-

junr— I have since likewise learn'd that the Seaman who so providentially escaped, and whose name was Thomas Franklin behaved in the whole of the business with uncommon Courage and resolution; he it was who first suspected the designs of the Natives, and being on the opposite side of the River to Mr. Gooch & Mr. Hergest, he call'd to them to warn them of their danger, but the distance was too great to be heard, and his own situation too perilous to attempt anything but immediate flight. His companion was a Portegeuse, Franklin desired him to run, and he himself was the headmost, they ran towards the Beach.— He soon however heard the Portegeuse call out to him, on which though several Indians were in pursuit of him, he turn'd and ran back to him, and found an Indian with a knife uplifted to his breast, on the point of plunging it into him— he instantly knock'd him down again desiring the Portegeuse to run before him; a crow'd of the Natives at this time were now setting on them between them and the beach; Franklin had enough therefore to do, to save his own life, and making his way through them with his arms extended, and brandishing in one hand a small stick, he knock'd several down of the Indians who though arm'd with knives and Daggers were awed by his wonderful resolution and had not courage to attack him; in this situation he miss'd the poor Foreigner, who had neither strength, resolution nor courage sufficient to protect himself indeed there are few I believe who on such an occasion could command so much of these requisites, or that would have so nobly risked his

own life, to preserve his comrade's as did Thomas Franklin.

Nootka Sound

the bodies had been burnt, and the Bones distributed among the different chiefs.—

As nothing more satisfactory cou'd be gained, the Boat returned on board, and the Ship quited the Island, and proceeded on her Voyage.—

This was all the information that the Master and Crew of the Storeship could give, and as it is by no means conclusive, room is left for *hope*,— the two gentlemen were not *seen* murdered, though there is too much reason to fear they were; and we can only lament that weak state of the Doedalus, prevented more activity and exertion being used after the transaction, to discover the real circumstances of the case, and to chastise them as the horrid crime, merited for until some severe memorable example is made of these desperate, daring people, they will be the terror of all Vessels that they occasion to go among them.— If these Gentlemen really are dead, Society has been robb'd of two valuable members.— Mr. Hergest had been round the world with Captain Cook in his last voyage, a Midshipman. When the Discovery was first put in Commission, under the command of Captain Roberts Mr. Hergest was appointed one of the Lieutenants of her but quitted her at the time of the Spanish Armament and went to the West Indies as Agent of a Transport and his return to England which was about the time of taking up the Doe-dalus, he was appointed to the Agency of her. He was well known, and as well belov'd and

Jan-Feb. 12, 1793

From Monterrey to Owhyee, and transactions

during our Stay at that Island.
(2nd time)

After parting Company with the Spaniard we as I have already said stood for the Sandwich Islands nothing remarkable happened during the passage we carried the wind chiefly from the N. W. quarter till we came to the Lat. of about 21° No. when we met the N. E. Trade wind. We directed our attention between the Latitudes of 19° & 20° No. In looking for some Islands call'd Los Majos said to have seen by the Spaniards, and laid down in Capt'n Cook's chart between the above Lates. 19° & 20° No. & 224° & 227° E. of Greenwh, but although we sail'd in those parrallels of Latitude between the 230th & 210th degrees of E. Longitude nothing like Land could be seen from whence I think it may be concluded that no such Islands exist, and from what authority they have been introduced into our charts I know not, but I suppose they have only been copied from other charts.

The 12th of February, in the morning the Discovery made the Signal for seeing the Land, being considerably ahead of us, and soon after we saw the Island of Owhyee, a low point of it bearing WWbW. about 11 the Discovery made our Signal to come within Hail, and sent a Boat for Mr. Puget, who went on board, and soon return'd having received orders to part Company, and proceed round & survey the Southern side of this extensive Island, beginning at the East point of the Island

from whence the Discovery was to proceed round & survey the opposite side, both Vessels intending to meet off Karakakooa Bay. There were some parts of this Island, and considerable parts of the Leeward Islands that had not been seen by Captain Cook, and the intention of to particularly examine those parts Capt'n. Vancouver was this Season in order to determine whether there were any Harbours or commodious Anchoring places among them, besides those already known.—

At two OClock we were close in with the Land and steered along shore with a very fresh Trade wind. This part of the Island, between East & South East points of it, which we had not an opportunity of seeing last year, is a finer Contry than that part about Karakakooa Bay, there being a good deal of fine level ground with a pleasing verdure, which very gradually rose behind to Hills of no very considerable height, it did not seem to be populously inhabited compared to the Western side of the Island along which we ranged last year here & there some small Villages were seen amidst groups of Cocoa Nuts & other Trees, towards the South East end of the Land had a less pleasing aspect, a good deal of the ground being covered with what Capt'n. Cook calls Lava, from volcanic eruptions (which are not uncommon all over the Island) and afforded a dreary barren appearance;—We observed several Villages hereabouts and crowds of Natives assembled on the shore waving white Cloth—yet no Canoes ventured off;—

being abreast a pretty large Village and seeing a considerable number of the Natives assembled at it, we hove too, to give them an opportunity of coming off to us, none of them however come and we made sail, I was much surprised at this but there was a very high sea running and a tremendous surf broke all along the shore. At dusk we shortend sail and hauld out for the Night, in the whole of this day's run we did not see a place where even a Boat could venture in, being a strait rocky shore, on which the Surf broke with amazing violence,—in the Night, we observed many fires burning on the Hills, and in so strait a line, and such regular distances from one another as induces me to suppose they were Signals of the approach of Strangers. The wind had slackened but little in the course of the night, and next Morning blew with its usual freshness attended with Squalls, at day light we bore away along shore. The land now towards the South point became more baren and in some parts rising in abrupt Cliffs from the Sea to a considerable height. Two Canoes put off from the Shore, but it blowing fresh they could not come up with us, and we did not conceive it worth while heaving too in a heavy Sea for so scanty a supply as two small Canoes cou'd bring off. About Noon it blew a perfect gale at Ne which brought us to double reef'd Topsails, about One OClock we rounded the So. pt. of the Island, under the Western side of which we had understood from Mear's Voyage there is a Bay where

Mr. Doubles lay some time, and of which he spoke favorably, we were near enough into this place to determine that it was a very unsafe Bay for Vessels to lay some time being much exposed, it had a fine Sandy Beach on which there appear'd rolling a very heavy Surf, there was a large village situated all round the head of it, very numerously inhabited. Soon after we rounded this point, having now got to the Lee side of the Island, we suddenly lost the Wind

Strong puffs now & then came over the Land, which lasted for a moment, and for that time appeared like a whirlwind on the water. From the South point to the Westward of the S.W. Point the Country reassumes its beautiful appearance, from hence all along the Western Coast towards the North point of the Island it is exceedingly populous, and more numerously & thickly inhabited than all othe other parts of the Island, the Villages are large and separately detach'd situatedp rincipally close downt othe Sea shore, amidst delightful Groves of Trees, of which the Cocoa Nuts are the greatest number, and every spot of ground capable of cultivation, is laid out into regular estates, and plantations with great neatness and uniformity, The Taro grounds in particular having regular Branches or streams of Water carried through them. As it was now Calm with fine smooth water we were much surprised at not having any Canoes off though we cou'd plainly see the Sea shore lin'd

with Inhabitants,—we hastily began to put bad constructions on this, and it was most generally concluded, that they had been behaving ill to some Vessel, that had either chastised them very severely, or not at all, and that they were now afraid to come off. But it never once entered any of our heads that there might have been a Taboo (a certain religious restriction) in force at this critical time, which we afterwards found in reality was the case—, thus it is that we are most commonly more ready to put bad constructions, than good ones, on matters that admit of doubts and opinions, and had it so happened that we meant this year to have, like last year, only pass'd along the Island, and that this Taboo had been of a longer continuance, we shou'd have quitted it, with a more unfavourable opinion of the poor Natives, that they merited.--

At Night we got the regular land with which always in good weather blows at night, and with it stood along shore, not having been this day more successful in search of a commodious Anchoring place that we wer the preceeding.

14th— The Land wind aided by a very strong current had shoved us well on in the Night, and in the Morning we were in sight of Karakakooa Bay. The S. W. point which we pass'd in the night is remarkable having two Humonacks on the Land which at a distance coming from the Eastward appears to form the extreme of the point. We had it now calm, and it is almost needless to say that the Heat was excessive.

To have been in sight of this Island three days, and not able to benefit by the numerous excellent refreshments which it affords was a matter of much disappointment to every person, besides this we longed for the Society of the Natives, their Company was always productive of variety and the great difference between the dismal wretches of the coast of America, and the gay, Sprightly girls of the Sandwich Islands, makes it only natural to desire theri Company. However about Noon nwith much satisfaction we observed three double Canoes coming off to us from Karakakooa. As they came near us we were surprised at seeing a man in one of the Canoes that had the appearance of a European Sailor. He came on board, and proved to be John Young an Englishman, who had belonged to the Eleanor an American Vessel, and had been left here by accident about three years ago, ever since which he had lived on the Island, he told us there weretwo more Englishmen residing on Shore here. (of these three Men I shall say something more in another place.)— The Canoes were well loaded with Hogs and Vegetables, and for the Hogs the Indians demanded nothing less than Poo's (muskets) Young owever told us that they belonged to ToMaiha- ToMaiha-Maiha the Kind, and that he knew from our Situation, we should not trade with any kind of Fire Arms and ammunition— he ordered the Cargoes of the Canoes on board, in return we sent by him to the Kind a handsome present for these arti-

cles. Indeed these refreshments Young told us were not intended for us, for at the distance we were from Karakakooa Bay they could not discern that we were a Brig, but took us for the Sloop Jackall, who had been off the Bay the day before, and had sent to the Kind for a supply of those articles.— We were not surprised at the Natives demand for Guns, when we learnt that Mr. Stewart Master of the Jackall and Mr. Brown of the *Buttersworth* had given To Maiha Maiha and other Chiefs of the Island no less than 30 Muskets in barter for refreshments, this is a most shameful trade, and calls loudly for a stop to be put to it.— We now learnt the cause of not having any Canoes off before — A taboo of seven days was now in force and this was the last day of it.— During these Taboos no Canoes whatever (except some particular Fishing Canoes of the King's) can stir from the Beach, and these three were of the exception. So wonderfully strict, and so religiously tenacious are the Priests in the exaction of these Taboos, that a breach in the observance of them is punished with death—and a poor man had yesterday met this melancholy fate, for going clandestinely on the Water to Catch fish (not being of the privileg'd fishermen) at the request of his wife for her supper. The Taboo on the men was to be out Tomorrow morning at Sunrise, but that on the Women was to continue a day longer. In the Evening the Canoes with Young left us, and with the Land Wind we kept plying about for the Night.—

15th We found that in the Night the current had set us considerably

past Karakahooa Bay, and the Taboo on the men being out, numbers of Canoes came off to us loaded with Hogs and Vegetables. A great number of Chiefs came off, and several of them were admitted on board, among whom was a Brother of the King's named Terrymity, who professed himself the loonyery (or friend) of Mr. Puget, and attached himself to the Ship. He brought a large present of Hogs &c.— But as no Hogs were brought off by any but the Chiefs, we could not buy any, as they rejected every thing offered in barter, their cry was Muskets and Powder,—these of course they could not get, and many of them returned to the Shore with their Cargo's. After standing out in these demands for some time, perceiving we were determined not to comply with them, Red Cloth was asked for, and for a Yard of this, we purchased 10 Hogs, at this rate all the Chiefs were eager to sell their Cargo's, and in an hour we bought as much as we could wish any convenience stow.

The difference in the supply of refreshments at this Island, this year, compared to last year was amazing and not to be accounted for, we now saw more along side in 3 or 4 Canoes, that we say altogether while we were here last year.— The ships provisions were now entirely stopp'd, and the People served as much Fresh Pork as they could eat, together with Potatoes, Taro, Cocoa Nuts, Plantains, Sugar Cane &c.—

Iron seem'd now but of very little value with the Chiefs some of them would not even look at an Axe, that about three or four years ago would have purchased half their property,

—Many of them told us they had more Iron than they knew what to do with,—though in this I do not believe them, as the Common people most eagerly took all kinds of Metal, —particularly Iron in exchange for their Vegetables and other articles they had to dispose of. Scissors were in the greatest demand by all ranks, this article had not in the least decreased in value. The Common people were likewise very eager after Nails & Knives & Looking Glasses. Beads of particular kinds and Colours were much asked for— Red Blue & Yellow were those most in Fashion, perfectly round & small in size.—

Salt was brought off for sale in the greatest abundance,— this very essential article to Merchant Ships who Salt Pork here, is of a finer quality and Colour at this Island, than at any of the other Islands and among the Cheapest of their Articles, as a Bale of it can be purchased (of 50 lb. weight) for two penny knife or a few large Nails.— Several very beautiful feathered Helmet & small Cloaks were brought off for sale, on these they set a very high value, none could be purchas'd but my Fire Arms or Red Cloth one or two were made a present to our Commander. It appears to me very surprizing that any commanders of Vessels should give these people Fire arms and ammunition in exchange for the production of the Islands, when, I will venture to affirm they can get supplied without doing so. Except by the Trade now carried on with the Ships that call at these Islands, the Hogs are to the Natives of very little value, as their religion prohibits their eating Pork, but in very sparing quantities

they must therefore sell them for whatever they can get and they are now so well acquainted with the great superiority of our Metal implements & working Tools-as not to be able to do without them, for at this time, a stone Hatchet, or a Shark's tooth Knife

is as rare a thing among them, as an Iron Axe, or a pair of Scissors was twenty years ago. All kinds of Woolen Cloths, Blankets &c. are in high estimation among them,— Had the first people whom Fire Arms had been demanded of stood out and refused them, and had pointed out of what immense value these things were in our eyes.—they would in course have taken what they could get, and by being thus peremptorily refused by every person, would at last have given up the idea of asking for them. These Islanders are naturally ambitious and of a deep designing disposition and several of the Vessels that have been among these Islands have been attacked, or attempted to be attack'd and one Vessel has at this Island been Captured. this I shou'd conceive aught alone to deter people from placing fire arms in the hands of those that afterwards turn them on themselves.—

To prove what I have said, as to these being no occasion to give fire arms or Ammunition here for the refreshments of the place, the Discovery & Chatham who staid here about three weeks were supplied with every article so abundantly, that more than half of what was offered for sale could not be taken on board. The Natives saw we were determined not to indulge them in every thing they thought proper unreasonably to de-

mand, and very cheerfully & willingly took what was deem'd by us sufficient.

A Sloop which we supposed to be Jackall was seen in the Offing in the morning, but there was scarcely any wind durin the day, and a very strong Southerly Current swept us fast towards the Southern point of Tachaye Bay, which is very remarkable from a Hummock that stands at some distance within the point. In the Evening we were honoured with a visit from ToMaiha Maiha the King, and with him came *Young*. He brought a numerous retinue with him, he had on him a Callico printed dressing Gown which he inform'd us had been given by Captn. Cook to Terreeoboo, the late King. His Majesty has a very stern, Manly countenance, tall and stout, and I think one of the finest made men I ever saw, he had outwardly very little appearance of the effects of the Ava (an intoxicating Hot root which they chew) that disfigured many of the Chiefs we saw here.

Mr. Puget gave him a very large present consisting of a couple of dozen of large axes and Toe's a large piece of Red Cloth, besides a very considerable number of Knives, Scissors, Looking Glasses &c. &c.—but such is the character of these people, that give them ever so much, they will always want more. ToMaiha Maiha was very importunate for a Gun, Powder & Flints, he had plenty of Iron & only wanted Fire Arms, all this had no effect, it was impossible to part with any of these things as they were *Taboo'd* by King George, this seem'd to have a little more weight with him, with the addition

of *Young's* explanation on the business, than any thing else, as he professes the highest veneration & respect for his good friend King George, and indeed it is somewhat remarkable that the three Kings of these Islands, ToMaiha Maiha, Titeeree and Tayo, have each call'd one of their sons by the name of King George.

After demolishing some raw Fish, and aconsiderable quantity of Taro Pudding, at a pretty late hour His Majesty left us intending to go on board the Jackall.

In the Evening our old friend Toweraroo (whom Captn. Vancouver left here last year with Tiana) likewise came on board and seem'd very happy to see us, he was now dress'd in the Fashion of his Country. having only a Maro on, he told us that Tiana had used him extremely ill, and had taken even the few things from him that were given him on leaving us last year, the moment he got on shore. He told us also that ToMaiha Maiha & Tiana were at present not on the best terms, the latter having ungenerously attach'd himself to a party in opposition to the former, although he owes his present high rank and situation to the generosity of ToMaiha Maiha.—

Although Toweraroo did not like to acknowledge his real situation, yet we soon found he was of very unconsiderable rank and power, & of very small property, and here I cannot help again observing on the manner he was left at this Island instead of establishing him at this Island either comfortably, respectably or affluently, to reflect credit on the Country from whence he was return'd, he was put ashore without any other prospect of

naving a house to cover him, or food to allay his hunger, except the bare promise of a Chief of whom we knew nothing but from report, and the doubts I entertained when he was going on shore of his preserving even the trifles he was then possessed of, I now find were too well grounded, Tiana having robb'd him of all.— But as it is intended we shall make some stay at Kaiakakooa this year, it is to be hoped the opportunity will be proffitted of in putting him in that situation which was omitted last year.—

16th— With the Land wind in the night we stood back towards Kaiakakooa, and had got pretty nearly abreast of it this morning, the Jackall Sloop was considerably without us, and there being a light wind we edg'd towards her to speak her. The Taboo on the women being out to-day Canoes were seen coming off with great numbers of them, they approached with smiles of pleasure on their Countenances, and happy were they who were invited on board from amongst such a multitude. We came up with the Sloop in the Afternoon, and Mr. Stewart came on board. He told us he had been amongst the Islands a fortnight, he had come to this Island first, and not finding his consort the Butterworth here, he proceeded to the Leeward Islands, where not meeting there with her either, and not getting sufficient refreshments, he worked up again to this Island, and found that in the interim the Butterworth had been here and gone to Mowee. He gave us no very flattering accounts of the Leeward Islands this Season, at least of Woahoo and Atooi at which he only had been; at the last place, very few Canoes came off to him, and

those with but scanty supplies, what the reason was he cou'd not tell as they had no scarcity of any thing on shore, at Woahoo, the Indians were very saucy and insolent and he had been informed by Mr. Ewing of the Prince Willm. Henry, whom he found at Atooi, that the Woahoo Indians had been very troublesome to two Vessels that had been there this Season, that he had heard by report that the Indians had endeavor'd to set fire to these two Vessels by setting afloat some rafts heaped with fire brands. This however I put no credit to, it is a thing highly improbable, and the fears of some on board might have readily magnified the light of the Oily Nuts in a Canoe, (a thing I have often seen with them) and given rise to that illiberal supposition, and to show how little dependance there should be placed on this tale, as well as on many others prejudicial to them by the same rule; I shall here just mention a circumstance of a similar nature that I have heard at Nootka. It had been reported that the Imperial Eagle, commanded by Mr. Berkly while she lay at Atooi, was attempted to be burnt by means of a raft of fire set afloat as was supposed by the Natives, and this story was generally believed even by most on board of her, but I was assured by a gentleman who was at the time one of the Mates of the Ship, that the business that occasioned this alarming suspicion, was the Gunner's having by accident set fire to his Bed, which on perceiving he instantly caught up the whole of the Bed, Bed Cloathes &c & hove them out of one of the Gun ports, they floated astern and being bulky, burnt briskly for

some time before it got down to the surface, this in the Night of course created alarm, and the Gunner from motives of fear, kept the real circumstances of the case a secret, nor did he reveal it while he was on board after, to more than one or two of his confidants.—

standing to the Westward, and it appeared as if she had come out of Toehaye Bay, she had English Colours, and we conceived her to be either the Discovery or the Ship Butterworth, we lost sight of her in three hours.—

17th— In the morning nothing was to be seen of the Ship we saw the preceding Evening and as the Natives told us that "*Tanneetoper*" (which is the nearest they can come in pronouncing Vancouver) was in Toehaye Bay, we stood towards it, but saw nothing of him there, in the Evening however a Ship was again seen at a considerable distance to the So. of us, which on coming near the following morning proved to be the Discovery, she had not been more successful than ourselves in search of a commodious situation for Vessels to Anchor in, except the place already known Toehaye Bay, here she had been a couple of days but was driven out by a heavy Squall off the Land. She had been supplied very abundantly with refreshments by Tiana & Kayamodu. Captain Vancouver was anxious to get into Karakakooa Bay for he had brought with him from Monterrey intending to leave them at these Islands four Cows & two Bulls, one of these Bulls had died a few days before we made the Land, and the other & one of the Cows were in a fair way of following him. We

were all this day without wind, and a very strong Current was setting us to the N. Westward almost out of sight of the Island, notwithstanding which many Canoes came out to us with refreshments. On the 19th in the Evening the Calm still continuing, the Cattle that were most sickly, were sent on shore to ToMaiha Maiha in large double Canoes. The only remaining Bull was so bad that little hopes remain'd of his living. It may be reckon'd a fortunate circumstance if he lives, the trouble of bringing these animals so far was great, and only to be counterbalanced by the pleasure of looking forward to a time when the greatest advantage may be reaped from so valuable an addition to these Islands. The following day the remainder of the Cattle was sent on shore—some Sheep was likewise put on shore here, but much is to be feared on their account from the Dogs— It was not till the 22nd that we got near enough to the Land to experience any benefit from the wind off it in the night, with this we stood along shore towards the Bay, and the next morning we Anchored with the Discovery in Karakakooa Bay within about half a mile of the head of the little Sandy Bay on the Kakooa Kakoo side. The Multitudes of the Natives who now came off to the Ships surpass'd any thing I had an idea of. The Canoes were so thick and numerous, that they fairly covered the surface of the water a considerable distance all round us,— and I believe I may safely say that I might have walked over them from the Chatham to the Discovery;— the Shoals of people that came swimming off, particularly women, were im-

mense, but the utmost good humour and orderly behavior was preserved.— After the Ships were moor'd, we observed ToMaiha Maiha coming off in State bringing with him a present for Captn. Vancouver. His style and appearance was truly grand and becoming so great a prince.— He was standing upright in the stage in his Canoe,— on his head he wore a very rich Helmet of Red Feathers, with a high crest of Yellow Feathers, and he had on a Magnificent Cloak that reach'd from his shoulders to his heels of yellow feathers. His Canoe was a very large double one, paddled by thirty men with amazing quickness & strength and in regular time. The King carried a Spear in his hand which he occasionally waved, and the Canoes on his approach got out of his way, and formed a lane for him to pass, after making a circuit round the Ships twice, he stopt at stern of the Discovery and dispersing the small Canoes, he drew up ten large double ones, which contain'd his present, and preceding them went on board, and desired Captain Vancouver's acceptance, of the Contents of these Canoes, which was no less than Ninety large Hogs, and a suitable quantity of Fruits and Vegetables. This he said was a testimony of his friendship and esteem, and ar eturn for the present of the Cattle which he promised to take the greatest care of. While we considered the magnitude of the present we could not but admire the manner in which it was made, which doubly enhanced its value few more Polished Princes could have made it in a more becoming style. Captain Vancouver now presented him with a large as-

sortment of every different European article of Trade he had (excepting Fire Arms) and also with a very large Scarlet Cloth Coat, fantastically trimmd with Tinsel Lace &c.— which had a showy appearance— There now came off to us the two other Englishmen, Isaac Davis and John Smith. Young & Davis had been here about three Years, and Smith about nine Months, the two first had never been suffer'd to go off to any Vessel before this year to Stewart's Sloop.— It will not be improper here to give some account of these people's being left on the Island, as in the course of the account, the particulars of the Capture of the Schooner, Fair American, Mr. Metcalf the younger, master, by the Natives of Owhyee will appear. This Schooner had been captured by the Spaniards and taken to San Blas, and on the business between the English & Spaniards being made up, she was restored, and proceeded on her first business, trading on the Coast of America for Furs; in March 1790 she came to this Island to procure refreshments. She was most certainly very ill calculated from her size and strength to go amongst any Indians whatever, but particularly the Sandwich Islanders, she was not more than 20 Tons burthen, and navigated only by four Men, of which Davis was one. One Evening off Toehaye Bay, where she was becalmed, and surrounded with Canoes, a plan to capture her having been previously determined on, Several Chiefs came on board, and after a number of them were assembled it was observed they privately ordered the Women out of the Ship;

among those on board was an old Villain named Kaymayamoku, one of the most powerful chiefs on the Island, and the principal performer in this horrid Tragedy. Davis was at the Helm when he first observed the old Chief playing with young Metcalf (for he was but a Boy) in some manner that rais'd his suspicions,— he communicated them to him, and begg'd of him to be upon his guard, he had scarce time to say as much, when suddenly this old Chief seized poor Metcalf in his Arms, and threw him overboard, and the last time he was seen was rising in the Water, when he was barbarously beat to death by the Paddles of those along side in the Canoes, in the same manner by the other Chiefs on board, perished three of the Crew;— Davis the only one remaining had time & presence of mind enough to snatch up a Cutlass with which, being a very stout powerful man, he defended himself for some time, but being over power'd by numbers, he was thrown overboard and as he rose in the Water the inhuman Natives began beating him with their paddles as they had done his comrades, but after combatting all their barbarous endeavors for a length of time while he remained in the water, without effecting their purpose they dragg'd him into a Canoe, and a man had a dagger uplifted ready to dispatch him, Davis almost dead already and wishing to be released from the dreadful pain & torture he was in, desired the man to kill him at once.

This providentially had the contrary effect. for one of the Chiefs, from what motive I am unable to account, (humanity, I can scarcely

imagine) ordered his life to be spared, and to be carried on shore they then with their Canoes towed the Vessel into a small Creek call'd Teohoe the residence of Kaymearyamoku, where they soon stripp'd her of her most valuable articles.— At this very time it is remarkable that Old Mr. Metcalf the father of the unfortunate young man I have just been giving an account of, was at Anchor in Karakakooa Bay in the Snow Eleanor of which he was Master nor did either Father or Son know of each other being at the Island. A few days after the capture of the Schooner, a plan was concerted to take the Snow,— the credit of planning both these enterprises, devolves entirely to Mr. Tiana, according to report, who in both instances took care not to appear himself. The Snow having loos'd sails to dry in the morning, it was plann'd, or rather propos'd that about the time of furling them, when all hands would be aloft, the Chiefs who were to perform the business, were to be ready on the quarter-deck that each Chief should so contrive by play, presents, or conversation, to engage the attention of one of the Officers, and place himself beside him, in this manner were all those on deck to be secured, so that on a signal being given, every man was to grasp his friend thus engaged with him, and jump overboard with them, and as they rose in the water, they were to be dispatched as those poor fellows of the Schooner were, others were station'd to put the people to death as they descended the Rigging. This proposition was made by Tiana to ToMaiha Maiha but

which to his credit he entirely disapproved of, and wou'd on no account suffer to be put in execution. Mr. Metcalf either privately hearing of their wicked intentions, or else of the Capture of the Schooner, and fearing they might be led from that

success to carry on their desperate ambition, and attack him put to Sea in the Night, and John Young who was Boatswain of the Snow and had only gone on shore, on leave, for recreation that day before, was thus left behind.—

(To Be Continued)

THE FIERY CAT

By GEORGE H. SNELLING

THE man who was lighting his pipe was plainly a sea-faring man. As he came out of the smoke shop, with his hands cupped over his pipe to protect it from the wind, he was blinded, partly by the flame from the match and partly by the sun.

He missed the step and nearly fell, but was about to regain his balance on the edge of the sidewalk, when a voice close by his ear said, "Have you got a match, Mate?"

The first sailor, holding himself balanced on the edge of the walk by a series of gyrations, still holding the light to his pipe and without turning his head, said "Buy yer own matches. What do you think I am,—the ship's slop chest?" He knew the voice of the other.

The second man, laughing, taking advantage of the lack of balance, shoved the first one sprawling into the gutter and then reached out to help him to rise.

"Well, by the holy Spanish mackerel! You old son of a gun. Where you hailin' from now?" asked the first one, disregarding the rough treatment.

"Suva and the way stations," was the reply. "Where you in from?"

"Valparaiso and all the other little spick towns. Hey, we was into Balboa. Did you hear about Rosita?"

"No. What's she done,—stuck someone wit' a knife?"

"No. Worse. She stuck herself."

"What,—suicide?"

"No. Worse. Got married. Come on and get some good, Christian grub and I'll tell you about it."

"Gee whiz,—I was gettin' that way myself. I mean hungry. Not Christian, nor married, either, for the matter o' that."

They walked along King Street toward Aala Park and finally arrived at a Chinese restaurant. The place was questionable-looking, but Chinese restaurants were all the same to these two, so long as chow mein and chop sui were dispensed, the appearance of the place counted for nothing. They could fight their way out of any of them.

They settled themselves and ordered chop sui. It arrived just as one of them was replacing a pint bottle of okolehao, from which each had taken a shot, in his pocket.

The aroma from the chop sui made their eyes open wide with anticipation and they proceeded to the feast.

"Now, that's what I call a good Christian feed," said one.

The other agreed and then, between gulps, the story was told.

* * *

It seems that Rosita was just about the prettiest cabaretista in the whole

of Central America and she worked in the Alamo, a cabaret of only fair character. We can disregard all the pockets she picked, for, secretly, she knew she was also the cleverest pick-pocket of them all, but that was nobody's business. But she could dance. There was not even a cabaretista who would deny that, jealous as they were.

When speaking about her, they called her "La Gata del Fuego,"—The Fiery Cat. They did not call her that when speaking to her, for they knew she could wield a knife and would. Rosita was pure Spanish, but had just a little bit of negro blood in her veins. This irritated her. She liked to think she was white and told most people she was. True, her skin was white. It was like the skin of a peach. It would take a keen eye to detect the least trace of negroid features in her.

Rosita's mother and sister did not sympathize with her in this attitude. Rosita could rave and rant, but it made no impression on these members of her family. They would simply say "You are one fool, Rosita, to ever think that you can make the white men think you are white. Why should you? Are you ashamed that you have the blood of your parents in your veins?"

"Dio mio! The blood of my parents, it is tainted with the blood of the negro."

"Si, por que, that negro was my mother. Do you not think I loved my mother? You should think of that, Rosita, when you say such things about negro blood," said her mother.

"Forgive me, madre, but, I tell you, I will marry una senor blanco."

"Forget such nonsense, Rosita. You should remember that seldom does happiness accompany such marriages."

"Why do you say that? Were your parents unhappy?"

"Well,—that is different."

And so it went on. Every day, at the evening meal, the same discussion took place. Rosita had to control her temper, though, for the singing and dancing in the evening. She would have the last word to the effect that she would marry a white man some day, however.

Henriquetta argued many times with her. She said the negro blood was the stronger and would last longer than the white blood.

"If a negro marries a white," she would say, "the children will never be white. The blood will always be negro blood. You should be proud of being negro descent. Marry your own kind and preserve your negro blood. Make it stronger."

This made no impression on Rosita, however.

At the Alamo, when white men who looked prosperous came in, Rosita always met them and made them all glad they had come and they always came back. Rosita loved them all and each one thought he was the only one she loved. And many a man was kept away from the Cocoanut Grove, two blocks away, by one look at her.

One evening, during the Festival, a "grand-looking" man came to the Alamo. He was handsome like a Spanish gentleman and he was dressed in a wonderful, white, drill suit. And he drank nothing but the best of drinks, such as all white men

drink. He must have lots of money, they judged, from the prices he was willing to pay for drinks for Rosita.

Rosita made the evening very pleasant for him. When he wanted to kiss her, she would not allow it and told him that she was not that kind of girl. If he thought she was, he was mistaken. He should go to the Cocoa-nut Grove for that sort of women.

This made the man glad, for he had already begun to take a great fancy to Rosita and it pleased him to think she was the sort of girl he liked. He told her he did not like the common kind. When the other girls dared to smile at him, he did not seem to see them.

As the days went on, Rosita's dancing became perfectly sensational. She danced with a reckless abandon such as none had ever seen before. And when she sang, everyone noticed a great difference. All began to notice that the words of love she sang sounded true and sincere. Whether the man was there or not, her singing was as reckless as her dancing.

When she went home at night, she was quiet. She flew into a rage, one night, because her sister told her she did not seem to be making so much money as she had before.

"What is the matter? Are your hands coming away empty when you put your arms around your dancing partners?" asked Henriquetta.

Rosita's hand flew through the air instantly, she realised she had struck her own sister. This could not be right. She must be losing her mind.

All the family seemed stunned by the blow. Her sister simply stood and looked in astonishment at her, like a baby who did not understand. The others all moved about in silence,

for they knew Rosita would atone for her sin when she went to confession and communion at Santa Ana. Rosita was the only one who cried and she cried from sheer mortification, to think she would so far forget herself as to strike her own, dear sister.

Then, the secret came out, for Rosita's mother came and placed her arms around her and begged her to tell Mama what was so upsetting her baby girl. Rosita told them then that she was in love. There was no sham about it. It was real. And what had hurt her was that her sister had told the truth. She was dancing with her lovely, big man almost all the time and could not steal from him. The family marvelled.

Rosita had always been kind to her mother and sisters. When fortune smiled upon her and her purse was filled with the good American dollars, she had always stopped in the bazaars on Avenida Central, on her rides in the afternoons, and bought many presents for them. But of late, it was different. She loved her big, white man too well to steal from him. And he loved her, too.

The man begged to be taken to Rosita's home to meet her family, but she always gave the excuse that he would not like her home. She told him her home was dark and gloomy, though there was no house in Caledonia brighter than hers.

He took her for long rides in a great, big car that he bought. He told her he bought the car just to take her out riding. They drove, often, out to the Sabanas and sat in the shade of banana and cocoanut palms, while he told her he wanted to marry her and take her to his

beautiful hacienda with him.

He had a great sugar and fruit plantation over near Paja and the big company was trying to buy it from him. If it did, the price he was paid for it would bring them great wealth. They would never have to think of *trabajando*, but could have some San Blas Indians do the work, while they enjoyed life.

There also were times when Mama asked Rosita why she did not invite her friend to her home to meet her family, but Rosita was always evasive. She told her mother that she did not think he had time to spare from his business. This, the mother knew to be untrue, but Rosita was high strung and temperamental and her mother did not want to upset her. Her singing and dancing would not be so good if she were upset.

One night, Rosita came home to supper and was more thoughtful than usual. She was pensive and seemed to the others to be taking more than usual care with her dressing. She also told them that she was not going to work that night.

"The dancing can wait," she said, "but Rosita needs the evening for rest."

"Has little Rosita some secret she is holding from Mama?" asked her mother.

"No, Mama, but Rosita is going to take the evening for a nice, long ride in the moonlight. It is so restful."

"Muy bien, but is there something else? Nothing you want to tell Mama?"

"I'll tell you when I come home, Mama." This with a coy wink.

So Rosita went for the ride with her man. They rode away out past

Juan Diaz, toward Chepo, where they found a nice, quiet place among the bamboo and palms. There they could listen to the gurgle of a brook and no one but the moon could listen to them.

Here, Rosita's man found it was not so easy to talk. He was sure there was something important that he wanted to say, but did not know how to say it. Finally, he gathered his wits and took her hand in his.

"Rosita, mi linda, there is something I want to say. It may have a great bearing on our lives in a way you do not expect, but I must tell you."

Rosita was at first inclined to feel amused, for she was expecting this fine, big man of hers to come right to the point and ask her to name the day when they would be married. But here he was, stammering. This made her fearful that there was something wrong. She asked him to go on.

He told her that he would not be happy if she did not know that he had some colored blood in his veins. Yes, it was a fact. He went on to tell her that generations ago, his family had come from West Africa. How, he could not say, except that they had settled in the West Indies. One of his ancestors had been king of a tribe of natives near the Umber River. Now, he had but little trace of negro blood, but he pledged his whole life to her, unstintingly.

He took from his pocket a beautiful diamond ring and held it in his hand.

"If you care for it now, my dear, I want you to have it. If you do not, nothing matters. I care not for life or anything else. I want you for

my wife. I love you so that I do not care if the sun never rises again, if you say it matters to you."

Rosita took the little ring in her hands and kissed it again and again and handed it back to her man to place on her finger. Then they were lost to the world for a while,—both shedding tears of happiness.

Some time later, Rosita looked at her wrist watch and emitted a little scream.

"Do you see what the time is? Come. I must take you home to meet my Mama. I know it is late, but what do we care?"

* * *

The second sailor stretched, paid the waiter and carefully lit a cigarette.

"Well, that simplifies matters."

"What do you mean, it simplifies matters?" asked the other.

"Well, I was thinking how much I'd like to marry that little *senorita* myself, but now that she's married, I guess I'll marry the *wahine* I've been going with, here in the islands."

"Here," sympathetically offered the other one, "take another shot of this *oke* and you may feel better."

SUN YAT-SEN

By HENRY B. RESTARICK

(Begun in June Number)

Chapter XII.

Sun Yat-sen in Yokohama. Goes to England Hoping to Secure a Loan. Preparing for 1911.

THE old Dowager Empress died in 1908, and the next year the Assembly which she had promised should be called, was elected by a restricted electorate. To satisfy the revolutionists, or to pacify them, a sort of fictitious parliament met, with a senate nominated by the regent. It was, as Sun had expected, much of a farce.

The people of China were being educated as to abuses and the need of reform by newspapers and magazines, the increase in the number of which was astonishing. The first Chinese newspaper was published in Shanghai in 1870. A revolutionary paper, called *The China*, was started in Hong Kong in 1900, and by 1910 there were, it is estimated, five hundred papers and magazines published in China. With ninety per cent illiterate, some authorities say more, one might ask how these publications could reach the masses. The answer is that in the halls of the guilds, the secret societies, the village tea houses, and in homes, the people gathered and those who were literate read the news and articles relating to reform to eager listeners.

The widespread education promised by the dynasty was in a chaotic condition, but the foreign schools and colleges continued their great work in giving the students a modern education. The foreign colleges numbered fifty-seven, twenty-five of these being American and a like number British, all of which had been founded and were maintained by the Protestant Missions. The Roman Catholics had five colleges. There were two general colleges, one of which was the Hong Kong University. Besides these, there were medical schools connected with the hospitals in various parts of the country. Then there were the many students who had been educated in the United States of America and in Europe.

The veneration for learning, which the Chinese have, made the influence of those trained in these institutions beyond calculation, especially when, combined with the modern learning, the young men and women had a good knowledge of Chinese, which greatly increased their power. For many years all education on western lines in China was the result of the work of the mission institutions. It should not be forgotten by the Chinese or others that to the missionaries belongs the honor of persisting in the work of enlightening the youth of China, in spite of great opposition

and misrepresentation. But such is the perversity of human nature, that many young radicals are inclined to make light of this fact, which is hard to understand when we know that the Chinese are usually a most grateful folk.

When Sun Yat-sen told the American people that "Our greatest hope is to make the Bible and Christian education, as we have come to know them in America and Europe, the basis of reform in China", he must have meant that the people needed not only a knowledge of modern science and political methods, but a new conception of life, and an aroused conscience as to their relations to God and man. Yet, at times, he seemed to think that the ballot and representative government under a constitution, would remedy all the evils existing in his country. He appeared to forget that unless the truths and principles which are the soul of western civilization, are in possession of the people, they cannot attain the condition of western nations. The Chinese have many fine qualities, and the duties of relationships set forth by Confucius, between father and son, husband and wife, elder and younger brother, and a man and his friends, are deeply imbedded in Chinese character. The fifth precept dealing with the relation between a sovereign and his ministers, does not apply, of course, to the common people. It is not material advance alone which China needs, but a knowledge of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. This is the concensus of opinion of those who have lived long in China and know and love the people best.

Sun, however, was not different

from those in the United States and elsewhere, who believed that the ballot box and secular education would eliminate crime, and the best men would always be elected if all men had the vote. He was hopeful and went bravely on with the work of propaganda, biding his time and directing his followers, from Japan, or from any place he might be. It is unnecessary, if not impossible, to follow him as he went from country to country. In the years between 1907 and 1911 he was in Singapore, Tonkin, Hong Kong, Japan, Hawaii, the mainland of the United States, England, France, and then back via the Suez Canal to China.

During these years of preparation Sun Yat-sen was frequently in Japan, where he sometimes remained for months. As we have seen he could readily pass for a Japanese, although he could not speak the language, except a few common words. In 1906 there was quite a large population of Chinese in Yokohama, where the headquarters of the Progressives were, and he worked among these being in constant communication with the organizations in China.

At that time the Rev. Teiichi Hori was pastor of a Japanese Congregational Church in Yokohama, and was later in charge of a church in Honolulu. He was brought in contact with Sun and others of the revolutionary party and his story is of interest. He says:

"After Sun Yat-sen left in 1906, the agent of the American Bible Society brought to my house and introduced to me Mr. Chun, the secretary of Dr. Sun, who had been directed to stay in Yokohama and carry on the work of the Progressive So-

ciety. Soon after this, I found a letter on my desk in Chinese characters, with which I am familiar, telling me that he was in trouble and needed a friend and asking me to come and see him. I went to his lodgings and found that the Chinese Consul had received information that he was in the city, and had brought it to the attention of the Japanese authorities stating that Chun was fomenting a revolution and interesting Japanese as well as Chinese. The result was that Chun had been notified that he must leave Japan and that he could go to any country he pleased.

"Chun knew that I was in sympathy with Sun Yat-sen and his ideals and asked my advice and assistance, as he wanted to stay in Japan where he had important duties to perform. We talked the matter over and I decided to take him to my house, which I did under cover of darkness. We felt that the best way was to dress him as a Japanese, so my wife set to work to make him Japanese clothes, including a kimono, which, at that time was more generally worn by our countrymen in cities than it is now. When he was fitted out I thought it best for him not to remain in my house longer, so I took him to a boarding house near by, whose proprietor was known to me. I told him I had brought a friend whom I wished to stay with him. I said that he had gone abroad when a very small child and he had forgotten his Japanese. He stayed there about four months, until Sun came back from America and remained six months in the country. Sun was frequently at my house and we became good friends. He trusted me and was

grateful to me and we had long talks about his affairs. He was very hopeful and said he was sure of success in the end, by the help of God. Those were the very words he used, for he had told me he was a Christian. I do not think he went to church in Yokohama for he could not have understood what was said.

"He moved to Tokyo where he became friends with many of the professors of Waseda University, and during his stay there he met Count Okuma, who, of course, could not express sympathy but was interested in him. The Japanese Christians, especially, were in favor of Sun because they believed that he stood for the rights of man and was opposed to oppression and cruelty, as shown in the policy of the Manchus.

"In 1910 I was in Honolulu when Sun came there, and, hearing he was to be at the Fort Street Chinese church, I went there to hear him and spoke with him. He called at my house soon after and we had a long talk. I asked him how the revolutionary movement was getting on and he said that the rising would occur next year and that the plans were so well laid that this time he was sure of success. He told me that when last in China he could go about anywhere in the South for the soldiers were with him and were ready to join the revolutionists and that as he went about they even guarded him. He left Honolulu in 1910 and before he went away the Chinese gave him a farewell reception at which the Rev. Frank Damon presided, for he was in sympathy with the aims of Dr. Sun. I was present as a friend and marked the enthusiasm which was shown."

Mr. Hori told the writer that he had formed a high opinion of Dr. Sun and admired his ability, and his devotion to his principles. He did not think that Sun realized the difficulties which were before him in organizing the Republic of China, if the Manchus were overthrown, as he believed would soon be the case. He appeared to think that if a republic were declared, evils would disappear and righteousness prevail. Hori had doubts in his mind as to whether Sun was the man to develop a stable government, and whether the existing conditions of graft, squeeze, jealousy, and political intrigue could be swept away suddenly.

He referred to the fact that Japan had adopted modern methods gradually, and he doubted whether China with its illiteracy and ignorance was ready for a republican form of government. When he was told that President Wilson had written that after mature study he had come to the conclusion that the same form of government was not suitable for all people, Mr. Hori said that was very true but Sun did not seem to know that. He had set his heart on having a republic and believed it was the only remedy for existing evils. With the ideals of Sun, Mr. Hori was in agreement especially as to the enlightenment of China by education.

In all that Mr. Hori saw of Sun he believed him to be a sincere, high-minded, and honest man. He greatly admired the devotion of the great leader to his people and his love of his native land. He knew that Dr. Sun had attended Iolani, a church school, and had been graduated from a Christian Medical College. He said

that in all his many conversations with him, everything showed that he was in agreement with Christian principles and ideals. Whether, in later years, he lost a firm hold on these he did not know, but he continued his deep interest in the revolutionist until the time of his death.

When Dr. Sun left Honolulu in 1910, he evidently did not want the public to know where he was going, for, if his destination had been known, the information would have been cabled at once to the Chinese Government. He did not succeed in concealing this, for a newspaper of the day published the story that Sun Yat-sen had got on board the inter-island steamer, Claudine, which was about to sail for Maui, but as soon as those who came to see him off had gone, he left the steamer and boarded the Mongolia, which was about to depart for the Orient.

Nor was he able to conceal the fact of his arrival in Yokohama, for it was published that Sun Yat-sen had landed under the name of Aloha, and that in Japan he was going under the name of S. Takano. While at Tokyo he was the guest of a friend expecting shortly to rent a house, but his identity being discovered he was compelled to leave the country. The Government of Japan evidently did not want to harbor the arch-revolutionist, and sent him word to that effect. He left Yokohama for Singapore, where, as we know he had sought refuge before and where he was safe among his friends.

While Sun was traveling about, as has been related, General Wang Hing had started a revolt in Yamchow, and in 1910 there was an outbreak under

a Manchu leader, but neither of these was of special significance. In the summer of 1911 Wang Hing was in Kwangtung waiting for orders with a full knowledge that other provinces were prepared to rise when the word was given.

Meanwhile Sun had again gone to the United States and was telling his friends that this time he was sure of success, and that all would be ready in a few months. In the early months of 1911 he visited cities in the order named: San Francisco, Seattle, Spokane, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, and New York. In all of these places there were organized companies which had been drilled under the direction of Homer Lea. While this military training served to keep alive the interest of the men in the revolution, it is doubtful whether many of them went back to fight for their country, though a number returned to China, after the overthrow of the Manchus, to see if there was anything for them to do.

It was while Sun was in America that news came that the Republic of China had been declared at Wuchang. He at once issued a statement addressed to the people of the United States, setting forth the principles and aims of the revolution, with the view of enlisting sympathy for the new Republic. He maintained that its government would be like that of the United States, the provinces having certain powers under the central authority. The press was very anxious to get a personal interview with him, but he managed to keep himself secreted in a hotel near Madison Square, New York. The Chinese who knew of his whereabouts would

tell the reporters nothing. He took his meals with his old friend Tong Phong, from Hong Kong, who at that time had a store near the hotel where Sun had a room. It was in the care of Tong Phong that a cablegram came announcing that the outbreak had occurred prematurely in October, and insisting that he return to China at once.

He was to have sailed on the *Mauretania* but missed that steamer, and although his departure was delayed for two weeks, his identity was not discovered. At the end of that time he booked on another vessel, under an assumed name, and reaching England remained incognito.

He went direct to London and was again the guest of Dr. Cantlie. He told the doctor that he wanted to raise a loan of a half a million sterling, in order to finance the work which yet had to be done. Sun never seems to have given up hope that he could borrow money in America or Europe, on the prospect of his success. It is believed, that besides the contributions from his countrymen, he received gifts from friends of other nationalities, but he found that capital is shy on making loans on political ventures.

Before 1911, and even after that date, he had no practical ideas on the subject of loans from foreigners, which he sought to obtain on several occasions. As to his own countrymen, those who had wealth in China were not as a rule in sympathy with him because he disturbed business, and as for lending money, while they are ready to assist relatives and friends, yet they are exceedingly shrewd and careful in their financial

transactions. He could obtain gifts but not loans.

It was while Sun was a guest of Dr. Cantlie that he received a cablegram addressed simply, "Sun Wen, London", he having given that name at the cable office. Dr. Cantlie stated that this telegram announced that Sun had been elected President of the Republic, but this is an error for he was not elected to that office until January 1912, at which time he was in Shanghai.

The outbreak of the revolution had occurred earlier than the time planned. It was the result of an accident. While Sun had been abroad his agents had been busy everywhere, and at several places explosives were being manufactured. While they were waiting for the word to come from headquarters to begin operations, a bomb exploded in a house in Hankow where they had been making them. This of course aroused suspicion, the Imperial troops were called out and the uprising followed. The revolutionists hastened north from the southern provinces, the revolt spread down the Yangtse River, and large bodies of the Imperial army joined the rebels. It was when the southern provinces were in the hands of the insurgents that the Republic was proclaimed and Dr. Sun was notified by cable to return immediately.

There had not been much bloodshed in this revolution when compared with the many millions who had lost their lives in the Tai Ping rebellion, or the twelve millions who had died in the Mohammedan uprising in 1857-1874. There had been some fighting at Sianfu, Wuchang, and Foochow, and a few thousand

had been killed, but between the beginning at Wuchang on October 10, and the declaration of the Republic on December 2, 1911, eleven provinces had renounced allegiance to the Manchu government. Then a conference of leaders was called and Sun was notified that he would be chosen the first President.

To go back to Sun. On leaving London he assumed his official name Sun Wen, the need of an incognito having passed. He went to Paris and at once hastened to Marseilles, thence by way of Suez to Singapore. There he received his first ovation from his countrymen who hailed him as the liberator of China, and as he went from the ship a company of young girls strewed his path with flowers.

When he arrived at Hong Kong he wrote a declaration of the intentions of the Chinese Republic, which he sent to the Department of State at Washington, with a view of getting recognition by the United States as soon as possible. He knew that in the past Americans had been in favor of expressing their sympathy by recognizing republics, for the opinion of the people seemed to be that there is something magical in the name republic, and that this form of government is suited for all people whether they are prepared for it or not.

Sun Yat-sen reached Shanghai two days after Christmas, and was received with enthusiasm as one who was to be the head of the new government. It was firmly believed that the forces of the Republic were now of sufficient strength to march to Peking and expel the Manchus. Five days after landing at Shanghai Sun Yat-sen was elected President of the

Republic of China, by the Assembly which met at Nanking, which had been selected as the future capital of the nation.

After all these years of plotting, strife, and danger, Sun Yat-sen the village boy, had come into power as the ruler of millions of people. He who had been an outlaw with a huge price set upon his head, was the head of the Republic which he had done so much to found. But while he saw the exhibitions of joy by his countrymen, he knew well there was a mighty task before him for the Manchus were still in Peking. They had to be expelled and order had to be restored. It would require time, wisdom, and patience, as well as statesmanship, to overcome the jealousy between the North and South, the intrigues of the war-lords, and the system of graft and squeeze among the official class. From remarks which he made to friends it would seem that he had doubts whether he was the man to meet these difficulties. He had been a successful revolutionist, would he be a successful constructionist? That was the question which he had to face as he proceeded to Nanking.

Chapter XIII.

Sun Yat-sen, President of the Republic of China. His Resignation.

The speedy success of the revolution of 1911 was due to Imperial forces joining the rebels. This had been brought about by systematic propaganda carried on for years. Following the war with Japan a great many students had been sent abroad for military training, most of them

to Japan. Among these students constant work had been carried on by Sun and his trusted agents and the result had been their conversion to revolutionary principles. When they returned to China to take positions as officers in the Imperial army they were ready to turn over the troops, which they commanded, to the revolutionary cause when the outbreak occurred.

Even before the accidental bursting of the bomb at Hankow, the government had been suspicious and had commenced to disarm the soldiers who were thought to be disaffected. From this it is evident that the uprising could not have been long postponed in any event. It was confidently believed that the Imperial troops in Canton, Nanking and Wuchang would quietly have gone over to Sun as soon as the word was given, and then a march to Peking could have been undertaken. It was understood that at least a half of the government army in the North were ready to join the Southern forces. Considering these circumstances it was believed there would be little fighting, but the Wuchang incident had upset these well laid plans.

As this is not a history of the revolution with its intrigue and its fighting, it will suffice to say here that Yuan Shih Kai had been recalled from retirement and had been made commander of the Imperial army. When he recognized the strength and extent of the revolution, he concluded that the better plan was to come to some agreement with the leaders of the movement.

Yuan Shih Kai was a crafty and able man. He had said that he did

not believe that China was ready for a republican form of government and that he was in favor of a constitutional monarchy, and foreign residents in China were generally in full agreement with him in this regard. It is evident from what followed that Yuan, on consultation with Sun, agreed to bring about the peaceful abdication of the Manchus and to accept the reform program, on condition that he should be the President of the Republic. Sun was to be elected the first President and then resign in favor of Yuan.

On January 1, 1912, Sun Yat-sen was elected President of the Republic of China by the Assembly, which was composed of leading men from the provinces which had joined in the revolution. Of course it was not representative in the sense that its members were elected by the people. A provisional constitution was set forth, and Sun, with his usual alacrity, sent a manifesto to the nations of the world. In this he related the evils which had prevailed under the Manchu rule, and maintained that the only remedy was the establishment of a republic. He promised that all treaties made by the Powers with the Manchus would be continued, all concessions respected, all property of foreigners protected, and that the aim would be the building up of a stable government, the elevation of the people, maintaining security and peace, and legislating for their welfare and prosperity.

Whatever may be said about the lack of constructive ability of Sun, his ideas and plans were excellent, and there is no doubt of his sincere intention to endeavor to carry them

out. If he had remained in office and had been given the support of the representative men, it is probable that progress would have been made systematically. The history of China in the years which followed might have been very different if he had not resigned and handed over the Presidency to one who was distrusted by millions of people.

Many ask the question, "Why did Sun Yat-sen give up the Presidency?" He resigned on February 12, 1912, because he believed it was the only way to get rid of the Manchus without further fighting. He might well doubt whether his undisciplined troops were equal to the task of making the long march to Peking if the experienced General Yuan opposed them. He had seen all his previous attempts to overthrow the Manchus fail, and he was unwilling to run the risk of being beaten again. He believed it was the wisest thing to do and when he had made up his mind no one could make him change it.

When his intention to resign was known cablegrams were sent to him from all parts of the world begging him to hold on to the office. His old and tried friends in Hawaii sent him messages protesting against such action, and those who were members of his household in Nanking pled with him, but it was of no avail.

Among those of his household was Sun Fo, his son. He was a student at the University of California when he received word that his father was to be elected President, and he at once started for home. At Honolulu he was joined by the old friend of the family, Luke Chan, and twelve young men, all of whom had been

educated abroad, most of them in California. To these had come the call to return to China and assist in the organization of the departments of the new government. They had with them the flag of the Republic of China which had been used at the time of the uprising of 1895. It had been designed by Ho Tung who was captured and beheaded as related in a previous chapter.

It will be remembered that the first step of the Young China party had been to petition Peking to start agricultural schools. What had failed in 1894 might now be undertaken and Luke Chan had the promise of Dr. E. V. Wilcox of the United States Experiment Station in Hawaii, to go to China to take charge of this work as soon as there was a stable government. With plans of this kind for the benefit of China the party of young men had a voyage full of joyous expectation. Its members were greeted with the greatest enthusiasm in Japan and at Shanghai and proceeded at once to Nanking, for on reaching China the news had been given that Sun Yat-sen was President.

Sun Fo and some of his party were quartered in the palace where the President resided, and they were amazed and distressed to learn that Sun Yat-sen intended to resign in favor of Yuan Shih Kai. All of the young Chinese who had gathered in Nanking, especially those who had been educated in America were indignant at the idea and strenuously opposed it. They had no confidence in any promises which Yuan had made, for they believed he had been a traitor before when he had in-

formed the old Empress of the intention to restrain her, at the time the young Emperor had issued edicts of reform. They did not believe that he was in favor of a republic, and that in throwing in his lot with the present movement he was only scheming for his own interests.

The question of the resignation of President Sun came before the representatives of the revolted provinces in January and was discussed with great earnestness. Those present were almost unanimously opposed to it and showed a deep distrust for Yuan. They did not believe that he would carry out the reforms for which many of them had struggled for years.

The subject was debated for days and every effort was made to get Sun to change his purpose, but he was obstinate. He told the Assembly that Yuan could secure the abdication of the Manchus readily and that no one else could do it. This would be done peacefully, and any other plan would mean they would have to fight their way to Peking, and they had no money to carry on a long campaign. When Sun's determination was recognized as a final decision, sorrow took the place of anger, and some gave way to despair. General Wang Hing, who had so long and faithfully served the cause as commander of the revolutionary forces, gave way and wept bitterly, for he had been emphatic in advocating a march to Peking.

The young men who were in the palace with the President implored him not to let Yuan have the power, and begged him to give up the idea of resigning. He told them that they

had lived so long abroad that they did not know China as he did, they did not in the least realize the difficulties in the way of getting rid of the Manchus without the aid of Yuan. They did not know the immense power that man had in the north, nor did they recognize the fact that he had large experience in the affairs of government.

What has been related in regard to what took place in the Assembly and in the residence of the President, is from information given by those who were actually present at the discussions and private conferences. It is valuable because it shows a greatness in the character of Sun, in that he put aside personal ambition and gain for what he believed to be best for the country when all the circumstances were considered. He believed in the promises of Yuan to carry out the republican program, but that his confidence was woefully misplaced is shown by what occurred later.

Due to the persuasion of Yuan, the Manchus abdicated on February 12, 1912, and the new Empress Dowager, in the name of the dynasty, issued an edict, which was certainly a masterpiece as an illustration of saving what the Chinese call, "face". A portion of it reads: "The majority of the people are in favor of a republic, such being the general inclination, Heaven's ordinance may be divined. How could I dare to disregard the wishes of millions for the sake of the glory of one family. The Emperor and I will retire into leisure and see the consummation of wise government. This will be excellent indeed."

When the abdication took place, Sun made a public visit to the tombs

of the Ming dynasty, and there paid honor to the shades of the departed Chinese rulers. In this he was following the ancient custom of expressing reverence for the dead, but he had a special purpose for he wished to call the attention of the people to the fact that China was again ruled by the Chinese. In announcing to the departed Mings that the rule of the Manchus was at an end, he was telling the people in dramatic way his party had been successful. The Mings had not always been the beneficent rulers which he appeared to assume they had been, but they were Chinese and not foreign usurpers.

During the ceremony at the tombs Sun's secretary read a paper stating that the President of the Chinese Republic had come to announce that a free republic had been established by the expulsion of the national enemy. He prophesied a united China that would bring glory and prosperity. The large crowd cheered, the function ended and the President went to his residence where a reception was held at which he made an address telling the people that Nanking was to be the capital, and that Yuan would soon come there to assume his duties. In conclusion he said:

"Yuan Shih Kai has given his adhesion to our cause and is at one with our aspirations. He was our opponent yesterday, but today he is our friend. When he comes he will receive the welcome of a united people. When I retire to private life I shall be a citizen as one of you, and shall try to forward to the best of my ability the interests of the Republic. Long live the Republic!"

If Sun had been the ambitious

charlatan which many supposed him to be, he would have held on to the Presidency at all hazards. His resignation showed the abnegation of self and the possession of true patriotism. The founding of the Republic had been largely due to his persistent agitation and to his secret organizations. After sixteen years of constant struggle, danger and discouragements, his

chief object, the expulsion of the Manchus had been accomplished. He was undoubtedly the choice of the revolutionists for President, then for the sake of peace and unity, as he believed, he handed over the office to another. His whole conduct in this instance certainly merits admiration and respect.

(To Be Continued)

EDITORIAL

WHAT many writers are calling the drama of the Pacific, as distinguished from either the Orient or the Occident, is developing in the islands of the great ocean faster perhaps than human evolution has ever moved before. Nowhere else is there a greater contribution to the apparently unending conflict of soul-searching opinion as to whether heredity, whether of blood or innate ideas or both, is the vital element in evolution, or whether environment, carried well through to the point of being considered responsible for the trend of human life and dignified with some such name as behaviorism, is the last word. On the one hand, we are reminded until we are more or less bored that more than one American Indian, equipped with a Harvard education and a Back Bay marriage has been found years later, clad in blankets and living in a tent within the yard containing the house that on the tribal reservation was supposed to be his home. On the other hand, there are the thousands of young Orientals who have imbibed the American notion that each generation in such matters as its marriages and its family incomes should have its own chance to develop, regardless of the efficiency or inefficiency of the preceding generation, and that a society that conserves such freedom does not threaten the real values of life. Existence is not complex in a community where

all or nearly all look through the same racial, religious and economic lenses. But complexity has set in, even in the rigidly supervised regions, when restrictions banning the holding of real estate by alien born are set aside by the simple and straightforward device of acquiring land titles in the names of the native born children of the alien workers. And the real contributions to human knowledge as to the dominating trends of life come profusely in islands, where both heredity and environment are complex. And nothing human should be alien to "the proper study of mankind". Boston's Chief of Police to the contrary notwithstanding, a picture that shows the non-combatant world whose economic urgings bring wars just what war actually was on the Italian front serves a profound purpose. The growing generation has a right to know what it is doing when later it faces issues of war and peace. To blindfold justice is one thing. To blindfold judgment is another. The latter smacks of intellectual dishonesty and moral thimblerrigging. Those of us who will never forget the sound of machine gun fire know that that was not the darkest side of the picture. Paternalism may be good, if the pater is omniscient, omnipotent and all-loving, but when the pater comprises mostly self-appointed finite guardians, acting as vicegerents, no matter how well-inten-

tioned, one is carried back to Abraham Lincoln's dictum that no man is good enough to rule another without the latter's consent. And his dictum was formulated in sight of the problem of the African negro, when the latter's contact with Western civilization was virtually limited to three hundred years of slavery. The ordinary man and woman have the same right as the better informed to direct access to knowledge of truths, such as are contained in Ernest Hemingway's "Farewell to Arms". Any view of human relations that is endangered by the dissemination of clear-eyed knowledge is inherently inadequate to the development of the sort of character that makes a thoroughbred man what he can be.

* * *

We are not always intellectually in frock coats, particularly in this island world of the Pacific, where frock coats are physically as invisible as spats and gloves.

Habits of analysis and subjective mental tendencies find little stimulation in a milieu where the life of the senses and an indisposition to quarrel with the happy sides of human nature minimize the nagging elements of a community. Efficiency and amiability are not inconsistent in those who have learned that a smile is worth more than an epigram. Illusions are one thing and beliefs another. And beliefs which have to be protected in cotton wool have their limitations as mental assets. At the same time not all education is popular, perhaps because of the extent to which clear-eyed knowledge interferes with cherished illusions.

A rose may be taken to pieces in order to ascertain how it is made up,

but there comes to be something repugnant in subjecting a rose to laboratory treatment. When the sheer joy of living is allowed to mellow character, there is less need of physicians, and what may be called welfare pathology is distinctly pathological. It reigns only beyond the pale of the healthy and normal. One of its efficient functions is to bring the individual to the point where the surf, the rainbow, the hibiscus and the human smile may exercise their power through the senses to enrich the days and the nights that make up the span from one full moon to the next.

* * *

One of the many questions that visitors from the mainland put often to the more permanent sojourner in the islands has to do with the uneasy feeling they seem to have, when they are referred to as newcomers or malihinis. Just why one does not care to be freely labelled malihini is not always easy to understand. It is probably true that there are many persons living in the islands, who are neither malihinis nor kamaainas or oldtimers. They have ceased to be the one by absorbing some of the atmosphere of life here and probably will never be the other. They were too mature before they rounded Diamond Head. As a matter of fact, a travelled person can hardly wish to be mistaken for a kamaaina or native son even ultimately any more than he would care to be considered a Frenchman through long residence in France. Such a person could come to believe that a malihini is one who says "Hon-o-lu-lu", "aloha" and "Hawa-yah", regardless of the length or brevity of residence in the Hawaiian Islands.

D. E.

IN consequence of a comment made September 12 before the Honolulu Chamber of Commerce by the Honorable Victor S. K. Houston, Delegate to Congress from the Territory of Hawaii, Mrs. Emma Ahuena D. Taylor, Regent of the Daughters of Hawaii, wrote a letter, which appeared in the "Honolulu Advertiser" September 16, dealing with conditions at Kalaupapa, the leper settlement on the windward shore of the Island of Molokai. Mrs. Taylor's letter follows: "Editor The Advertiser:

"I hope that the remarks made by Delegate V. S. K. Houston before the chamber of commerce last Thursday on the subject of leprosy, will be given more than cursory or ordinary consideration by the people of this Territory, for it is a subject, just at this time, which must be a paramount issue if the future method of handling this disease is to be changed to meet the demands of humanitarianism. I am in sincere accord with the Delegate's statements about leprosy and the manner of handling patients.

"This is no new topic for consideration by the undersigned, for on behalf of the Daughters and Sons of Hawaiian Warriors' Society, I served as chairman upon a special committee of the society, organized at the request of Dr. Trotter, president of the board of health, to consider problems affecting the health and treatment of patients at the Kalihi hospital in connection with the physical equipment at that hospital. There were recommended many drastic changes concerning hygiene, diet and accommodations.

"For several months I have had

under consideration, through visits to the hospital and through requests of persons, many matters affecting the future of patients there. It is impossible to escape the conclusion that any decisions of the board of health to send from the Kalihi hospital to Kalaupapa, on Molokai, patients who are and have been used to all the comforts that a city affords, will work unusual hardships upon such persons. Many patients have been reared in homes that are equipped with every aid that civilization has developed—every comfort, and many luxuries. Through no fault of their own, they have been required to become wards of the government, under the department of public health, at Kalihi, to undergo observation and treatment, the latter to arrest the disease, or to so negative it that they may, under the law, be entitled to parole.

"I take it that the paramount and deepest purpose of the segregation and treatment of such patients is to use every effort and medium of science to assist in retarding the progress of the disease, and through such treatment, develop the system of treatment to such an extent that a future prospect is unfolded that will mean the eventual stamping out of this disease. Kalihi hospital affords just such an opportunity for the patients and the physicians and surgeons assigned to duty there. It is not expected that the science of medicine is to stop at the point it has reached today. It is expected that each year will show some new development in the progress of arresting this disease.

"Because a period of two years or three years has been passed by a patient in the hospital, should not cause

an arbitrary transfer of that patient from Kalihi to Kalaupapa where science is no longer used as in the Honolulu hospital. That is the place or tenement of last resort—the last hope. In other words, transfer to Kalaupapa means that the patient must no longer have any belief that the disease in him will be conquered.

‘Delegate Houston mentioned one thing that is an uppermost thought for all of us. In brief, he referred to the hardships to which patients are subjected when transferred to Kalaupapa.

‘That is true. Take for instance patients sent to the Kalihi hospital from a home where that patient has enjoyed every comfort. At Kalihi they continue to have comforts—cottages, electric lights, ice water, and most important of all, clean laundered linen. They have their food prepared, and if they are too ill it is carried to them on trays by efficient persons. We are well aware that the lease on the present Kalihi hospital will be up in a year or two and a new place must be found.

‘What prospects face a patient ordered transferred to Kalaupapa, especially when the best place they had there, the McVeigh home, has been burned to the ground? As far as I am aware, there are no electric lights, no ice machinery, and no laundries. A transferred patient must go—where? One or two institutions there are looked after by the devoted Sisters or Brothers, and these are overcrowded. They can go to the cottages, so-called, of other lepers. Those cottages are without the usual accompaniments of civilization that the poorest laborer in Honolulu,

who lives in a tenement, paying from \$5 to 7 a month for his room, can have. He is accustomed to all these things. But these wards of the government are denied such privileges.

‘Why, the convicts at Oahu Prison, cuthroats, thieves and other offenders against society are maintained in a palace in absurd contrast to the accommodations awaiting helpless patients at Kalaupapa. The prison affords, if we judge by what we read now and then in the papers, an up-to-date barber shop with apparatus for steamed towels, etc., electric lights, a finely equipped kitchen and dining hall, a library, moving pictures, patent laundry, an up-to-date hospital where everything required for a patient awaits the prisoner fortunate enough—sometimes—to be sent there for the betterment of his health.

‘But the patient transferred from Kalihi to Kalaupapa does not find all these things ahead of him. I know that there are hospitals there, a library, that they have motion pictures. If there are electric lights, then my information is incorrect. It seems, therefore, this hopeless punishment, when a leprosy patient, who can no more have prevented leprosy from tainting his person than tuberculosis, fever, a broken leg, a tumor on the brain, or appendicitis is sent there. When a person acquires leprosy, it means, eventually, Kalaupapa. One incurably afflicted by some other disease may go to the comfortable Leahi hospital, or be the ward of the Government in some local institution.

‘The end of all this means that every effort at Kalihi should be made with patients to the last analyses. If the case becomes worse, then let the

treatment be more drastic, and let science be developed and the spotlight of scientific effort centered upon that case. I know, as do others, that the board of health has its limitations in funds and equipment. It is one of the most costly drains upon our government funds; but do not let us forget that transfer to Kalaupapa, in many, many cases, means punishment. Necessarily, then, more should be given to improve physical conditions at Kalaupapa.

"Delegate Houston's remarks were pertinent. There is work for those of us in this community who would be more humane in the interest of those afflicted by this disease. Let us at least give them the comforts, when they grow old and are feebler than they were in days of health, and

transferred to Kalaupapa. Let them at least have what the prisoners at Oahu Prison have at hand.

"In conversations with the president of the board of health sometime past I have been told by him what a beautiful place Kalaupapa is. Yes, beautiful in scenic attractions, its grand pali, its sweep of seashore, its superb climate. Yes, but lacking right hospitalization. Sending *i n v a l i d s* there is like a wealthy man with a magnificent landed estate, beautiful grounds, etc., taking his pet canary bird and placing it in an ill-kept chicken coop in an isolated part of his grounds."

"Luana Pua", Honolulu
September 14.

EMMA AHUENA D. TAYLOR.

HAWAII PAST AND PRESENT

By ALBERT PIERCE TAYLOR

FORTUNATE for John Jacob Astor that the Sandwich Islands lay in the track of his trading ships between the fur-producing Northwest Pacific Coast, and the fur-purchasing empire of China, for otherwise in that imperialistic gesture of his to establish a great fur-trading post at the mouth of the Columbia river, which was actually established and named Astoria, it is likely that the enterprise would have crashed earlier than it did, but his American employees would have been saved much suffering and adversity.

Hawaii was the clearing house for John Jacob Astor's ships as they were for all ships that cruised in the Pacific with two objectives—the Pacific Northwest and China.

Provisions, water, men were procurable at the Islands, and were actually being drawn upon less than ten years after Capt. Cook discovered the group in 1778. Provisions, water, men on the way up to the Pacific Coast. Provisions, water, men, on the way to China, and above all, sandalwood procured on the Islands at a low rate per picul, and sold in the Chinese marts at a high rate, soon to be finished into curios, so that today, old New England homes, contain many sandalwood relics from China, but the sandalwood came from Hawaii. John Jacob Astor's first ven-

ture in sandalwood was sold in China marts at \$500 a ton, not by the picul, the usual standard weight of barter. A picul weighed 133 1-3 pounds.

In his first ventures in furs and teas, sandalwood came in as "filler".

Then came Astor's great imperial gesture,—his long-considered, poorly-executed scheme to launch an independent fur-trading company in the Oregon country, at the mouth of the Columbia, in opposition to the Northwest Fur Company and the Missouri Fur Company. It was grand in its conception, absurd, even, in its carrying out, for instead of acquiring American partners and employes, Astor, probably believing that conciliation was a better means than outright opposition, employed Scotchmen and French Canadians, all of whom were employed by the rival and most-northern company. They were double-crossers, and for nearly two-years while the ship *Tonquin* was absent and no word had come back from Astoria, Astor was unaware of this. Came the War of 1812, with its complications, and the complete defection of the Scotchmen and French Canadians, all of whom stood under British colors. A few Americans were employed but they were a feeble minority.

The *Tonquin*, on its memorable voyage from New York harbor to the

Columbia called at Oahu, probably anchoring off Waikiki, to take on provisions, water, etc., and a company of islanders for service in Northwest river waters. The Tonquin was commanded by Capt. Jonathan Thorn, detached from the U. S. Navy, but who seemed incapable of asserting his absolute authority on the voyage and knuckled under the threats and browbeating of the Scotch partners. The Tonquin, after landing the party and provisions and supplies at Astoria, went north. An Indian chief was insulted on deck by the captain. The next day bartering Indians came aboard as usual, but suddenly turned upon the crew and killed all, including Thorn, except a mate and two sailors. They escaped in a boat. The mate, fatally wounded, suddenly decided upon a unique revenge. He returned to the ship, opened the powder chests, laid trains, motioned to the Indians to return, and when scores were on board blew up the ship, killing a hundred Indians, as well as himself.

The old Beaver, a favorite ship of John Jacob Astor's in the China tea trade, was sent out with additional supplies, and called here from Archangel whither she had been sent by the Scotch manager to have a representative confer with the Russian manager of the Russ fur trading company about joining forces. Nothing was heard of the Beaver, until one day the ship Albatross arrived at Astoria from Oahu. The Beaver had called at Oahu with a cargo of pelts enroute to China. Mr. Hunt, who had courageously crossed America at the head of a land expedition sent out by Astor, had chartered the Albatross

at Oahu, immediately after she arrived from China. The Albatross also brought the first news that war had broken out between the United States and Great Britain. It was news that made it imperative for him to return to Astoria, says Arthur D. Howden Smith, in his notable and very unusual but vivid biography of John Jacob Astor just published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, a biography which should be read by all those who would know the true story of John Jacob Astor. Smith often takes Washington Irving to task for what he wrote in his "Astoria".

Hunt chartered the Albatross for \$2,000, bought up all the provisions available and sailed for Astoria. The mischief had already been done by double-crossing partners of Astor, and Hunt endeavored only to save what he could out of the wreck for John Jacob. The pelts could not be carried by the Albatross, home-ward bound to New York from China with a rich cargo of tea, but her captain promised to carry Hunt and the twenty-five surviving Sandwich Islanders back to the Sandwich group, via the Marquesas. He sailed six days after his arrival at Astoria. The vessel made a quick passage to the Marquesas, and a few days later was joined by the Essex frigate, Captain David Porter, U. S. Navy, with a squadron of English whalers. Hunt attempted to buy one, but Porter asked \$25,000. Howden Smith says he cannot account for this exorbitant price unless it was a prejudice of the Navy against Astor because of his wealth and unwillingness to vent the capital in privateering. What-

ever the reason, Porter seemed unwilling to assist this outpost on the Pacific coast, declining also to send a naval detachment in one of the prizes to bring off the American property and nationals at Astoria.

Finally, the Albatross sailed for Hawaii, finding here the shipwrecked crew of the Lark, one of Astor's fast ships which had left New York the preceding March 6, and had been wrecked off the island of Kahoolawe. Energetic as ever Hunt bought the brig Pedlar for \$10,000, says Howden Smith, shipped the Lark's crew in her, and by January 22, 1814, was at sea again, bound for Astoria. Toward the close of 1813 the British sloop of war Racoon, Capt. Black, arrived at Astoria, and taking possession, hoisted the British flag over the fort. The Pedlar arrived at Astoria on February 28, 1814. Hunt learned then of the absolute destruction of hopes of salvaging for Astor. Picking up the Americans and what property he could Hunt sailed in the Pedlar April 3 for Kamschatka, where a messenger was sent overland through Siberia to cross Europe and the Atlantic to apprise Astor of the tragic end of his hopes for a Pacific outpost.

The Albatross was sold in 1816 at Honolulu by Capt. Nathan Winship, first to John Jacob Astor and John Ebbetts on September 21, 1816, and by John Ebbetts to Kamehameha the Great, king of the Hawaiian Islands, on Oct. 16, 1816, and was placed by the sovereign in the China trade carrying sandalwood from the Islands. The bill of sale, which is on file in

the Archives of Hawaii, the consideration being "400 Piculs of sandalwood to me in hand paid by His Owhyhean Majesty Tamaahmaah" (Kamehameha). She was then at anchor in "the harbour of Hanarooru (Honolulu) island of Woahoo (Oahu). The bill of sale was witnessed by important foreigners in the service of the King—Captain George Beckley, an English sea captain who built Kamehameha's fort and commanded it at Honolulu in 1816, and Don Francisco de Paula Marin, a Spaniard who arrived at the Islands in 1791, and did much for the future of agriculture and horticulture in the islands.

John Jacob Astor's fur trading ships came here a century and a quarter ago. One hundred years later, in 1898, during the Spanish War, the "Astor Battery", of New York, named for a descendant of John Jacob, encamped in Honolulu, among the first troops to arrive in the newly-annexed island group, soon to become the Territory of Hawaii.

The name Astor is well cemented with the early history of Hawaii.

AN EPISODE OF 1902

(Begun in September Number)

"Flagship, ahoy," came a call from the other end of the wire, which was at the station on Diamond Head.

"On board the flagship," replied the captain, while the Admiral stood near, and the officers stood in little groups, and spoke in low tones.

"The Hawaiian Government is anxious to settle this matter quietly, and without the shedding of blood, if pos-

sible. With this end in view, the MILPITAS will be blown to atoms in about twenty minutes. It is suggested that her crew be ordered to leave her at once; of course the Admiral can take any steps he may think proper to prevent the destruction of the cruiser."

This was repeated so that all heard. For a moment there was silence. The officers on the SACRAMENTO were as brave as men dared to be. But they were also men of intelligence, and thought. They realized, that ordinary means would not avail, but they did not shrink.

"Order the officers and crew to leave the MILPITAS, and report on the SAN DIEGO; have all the sky-batteries manned, and fire at anything in range," said the Admiral.

Then the party went on deck and saw the orders carried out. The sky-batteries were improved Hotchkiss rifles, mounted so they would command any portion of the heavens. They were intended for use against hostile air-ships, and were supposed to be effective three miles. But, on this occasion, no airships could be seen. The fleet drew away from the MILPITAS.

When the twenty minutes had expired, a vast quantity of white vapor belched from the main-hatch of the MILPITAS, and with a fearful grinding noise she parted amidships, and quickly sank in eight fathoms. The forward smoke-stack was blown 100 feet into the air.

A 100 lb. shell had been dropped into the fated vessel, and she was no more. A \$3,000,000 cruiser was at the bottom of the sea, sent there by 90 cents worth of terrorine. No one

saw the shell fall, and no one on the fleet knew where it came from. The sky-batteries were silent. The officers of the visiting cruisers were struck dumb with astonishment, and not a sound came from the concourse on land. The waves caused by the sinking of the MILPITAS gradually subsided, and the sea was again calm as before.

The civilian was the first one to make a move. He went to the wire connected with the Flagship. The Admiral was called below, and went to the receiver.

"On the SACRAMENTO," said the Admiral.

"Did you hear anything drop?"

"Can I send a cable to Washington," replied the Admiral, who did not think it necessary to answer the interrogatory.

"Certainly!"

Then it was noticed that the Flagship lowered her colors. A launch soon put off from her, and in due course a cable was received at Washington. When the reply was received the United States cruisers put to sea.

The next morning the London Times published editorially:

"When the MILPITAS sank yesterday afternoon off Diamond Head, the navies of the world sank with her. A new era has dawned. The world expected it some time, but it is here now. Everything pertaining to warfare must now be reconstructed. The weapons of yesterday are but the bows and arrows of barbarous ages."

The New York Sun contained this:

"The blindness of our Administration has brought shame and humiliation to the American nation. But we need not mourn; it was not Hawaii

that lowered the colors of the SACRAMENTO. It was the great and awful teacher — Progress. The wooden navy perished with the CUMBERLAND, and the steel navy has met its fate with the MILPITAS."

The lesson is brief, but awful. Henceforth the sea will know no more strife. Armies will vanish from the land. War will make his kingdom in the clouds, and Mars will drive his chariot on the mountain-tops. In a word, the huge structure of modern warfare has crumbled to dust.

During the Inter-European War it was as usual to fill the harbors with torpedoes, and fire them by electricity when convenient. A system of alumina-platina cables was sometimes laid at the entrance to a harbor or river, on the sea bottom, and by simple arrangement, a car of explosives could be almost instantly run under any passing vessel which it was desired to destroy. But these systems of harbor defense were rendered almost useless by the invention of a peculiarly constructed diving suit, in which divers could explore the bottom of the harbor and destroy all cables and shore connections.

A HAWAIIAN KING AND AN AMERICAN CONSUL

Threaded with the history of the Hawaiian Islands, including its political, maritime and social life, "Washington Place", the present home of the governors of Hawaii, and at present occupied by Governor Lawrence M. Judd, occupies a place unique in the annals of any nation.

Washington Place owes its origin to Captain John Dominis, of Boston, who, after having made a number of voyages to the Islands, arrived at Honolulu from New York in command of the bark Jonesm, April 23, 1837, accompanied by his wife and son John Owen Dominis, to take up his permanent residence in Hawaii.

He built Washington Place in the 1840's. It was later occupied by his son who had married Lydia Kama-kaeha, daughter of Kapaakea, her father, and Keohokalele, her mother, both descended from a line of high chiefs. On the accession of the high chief David Kalakaua to the throne of Hawaii in 1874, Mrs. Dominis, his sister, became Princess Liliuokalani. After the death of her younger brother, Prince Leleiohoku, she became heiress apparent to the throne of Hawaii, and in 1891, on the death of King Kalakaua, became queen, reigning for only two years. She was dethroned in January 1893.

During the period when she was Princess Liliuokalani, and her husband Governor of Oahu, "Washington Place" became a center of royal social activity. Following her dethronement Liliuokalani returned to "Washington Place" as her private home, and resided there until her death in November, 1917. It passed into the possession of her heirs and was purchased from them by the government of the territory of Hawaii to become the gubernatorial mansion and was first occupied as such by Governor Charles J. McCarthy, who served under President Woodrow Wilson, and then by his

successor, Governor Wallace R. Farington.

It was the feeling of the public in general, and of the legislature, that "Washington Place" was too historic to be permitted to fall into private hands. The beautiful mansion has been restored, but care was

taken to retain its old mansion lines.

The American Consul in Honolulu in 1846, Mr. Ten Eyck, and the Hawaiian sovereign, Kamehameha III, officially concerned in naming the mansion "Washington Place", the dedication taking place on February 22, 1846.

NIHIL HUMANI NOSTRIS ALIENUM

CARDINAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
NOV 9 1929

NOV 9 1929

THE HONOLULU MERCURY

EDITED BY DAVID EARL



Fiji and the Future

By Kilmer O. Moe

A Nickel's Worth of Heaven

By Marion Carr Schenck

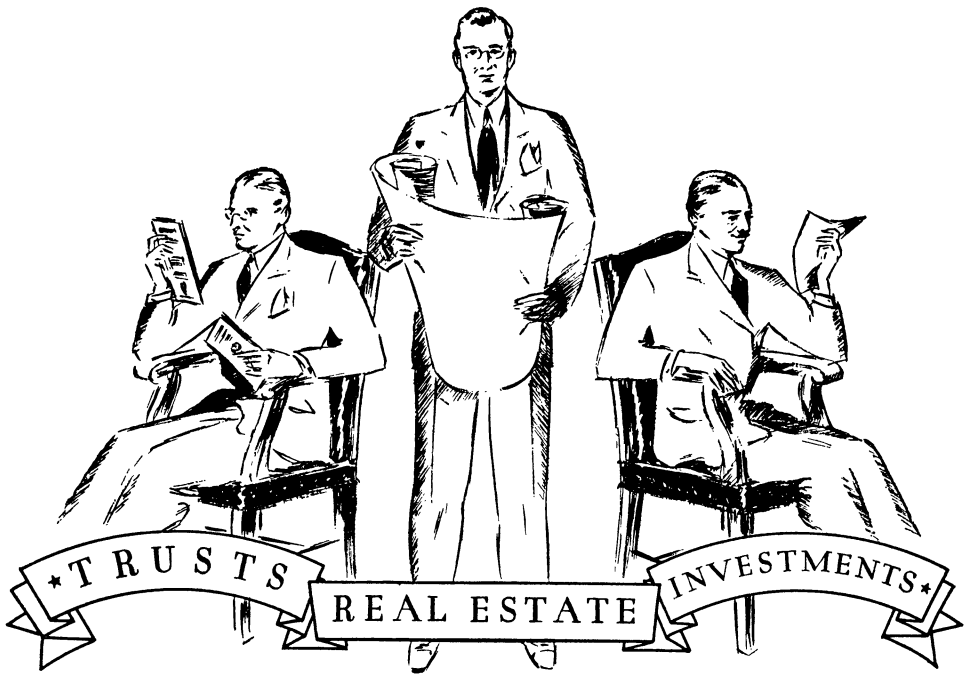
NOVEMBER

1929

50¢ a Copy

Hawaiian Islands

\$5 a Year



BUILDING for TOMORROW

THE executive, the housewife the young business man, each realize the importance of their position. The future must be built by capable and experienced hands; that is why they have learned to consult the

Bishop Trust Company.

Real estate, stocks, bonds or trusts there is someone anxious to help you build for tomorrow. The greater part of this service is free; the balance cost surprisingly little.

BISHOP TRUST COMPANY,

HONOLULU

LIMITED

HAWAII

Largest Safe Deposit
Vaults in Hawaii

Representatives on All
the Principal Islands

Wall & Dougherty, Ltd.

JEWELLERS SILVERSMITHS
STATIONERS

DIAMONDS PEARLS
WATCHES AND WRIST WATCHES
ABSOLUTELY DEPENDABLE

1021 BISHOP STREET
OPP. BANK OF HAWAII
HONOLULU

THE HONOLULU MERCURY

The Contents for NOVEMBER 1929

ABDU'L BAHA—From a Painting by JULIET THOMPSON.....	Frontispiece
A MONEY-DOCTOR IN CHINA	
By J. B. CONDLIFFE.....	1
FIJI AND THE FUTURE—I.	
By KILMORE O. MOE.....	5
PETALS FROM A PASSION FLOWER	
By HELEN CAREWE.....	13
JANET AND MY THELMA	
By JOSEPH AUGUSTINE K. COMBS.....	17
A NICKEL'S WORTH OF HEAVEN	
By MARION CARR SCHENCK.....	26
WHERE THE OLD GODS WALK	
By MILDRED FIRTH CROCKETT.....	29
THE CHINESE SCREEN	
By JOHN F. EMBREE.....	30
SUN YAT-SEN (Chapters XIV-XVI)	
By the Right Reverend HENRY B. RESTARICK, Retired Bishop of Honolulu.....	32
DOMESTIC DRAMA — DONE BROWN	
By IRMA THOMPSON IRELAND.....	46
IS MODERN POETRY SENSE?	
By LEO DE VIS.....	51
THE LIBRARY TABLE	
By MAHLON ASHFORD.....	56
WHAT PRICE BOXING?	
By EARL DEGRAFF SPORE, co-lightweight champion, United States Army, Hawaiian Department.....	61
EDITORIAL	70
LOG OF THE CHATHAM (Third Installment)	
By EDWARD BELL.....	76
HAWAII PAST AND PRESENT	
By ALBERT PIERCE TAYLOR, Librarian, Archives of Hawaii.....	91

THE HONOLULU MERCURY: Published Monthly: 50 Cents a Copy:
\$5.00 a Year: Canadian Subscription \$5.50: Foreign Subscription
\$6.00. Volume I: Number 6. Issue for November, 1929.

*Copyrighted in 1929 in the United States. All rights reserved. The
whole contents of this magazine are protected by copyright and must
not be reprinted without permission.*

*Published by Honolulu Mercury, Ltd., David Earl, President and Peter
Entau Chu, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial and Advertising Offices:
Hawaiian Electric Building, Honolulu, T. H. Post Office Address: P. O.
Box 3146, Honolulu, T. H. Advertising Manager: George E. Reehm, Hono-
lulu, T. H. Printed by The New Freedom Press, Honolulu, T. H.*

*Entered as second class matter May 24, 1929, at the post office at Hono-
lulu, Hawaii, under the Act of March 3, 1879.*



ABDU'L BAHA—From a Painting by Juliet Thompson

The HONOLULU MERCURY

VOLUME I

November 1929

NO. 6

A MONEY-DOCTOR IN CHINA

By J. B. CONDLIFFE

A quarter of a century ago a young American economist, Edwin W. Kemmerer, put forward suggestions for the stabilizing of the silver currency of the Philippine Islands. After their capture from Spain, the economic life of the islands had been disorganized and the new American government was anxious to bring order out of chaos. Dr. Kemmerer, at that time a very recent graduate indeed, worked out suggestions by which the depreciated silver money was linked up with the stable currency of America. The amount of currency issued was strictly regulated by reference to a gold fund established in American banks. When trade was good and export credits built up the gold fund, more currency was issued in the Philippines to take care of the increased trade. When exports dwindled currency was called in.

An Indian Device

This device of the gold-exchange standard was simple and effective. It had been originally worked out

by members of that great service through which Britain has governed India. In the nineties a series of experiments was cautiously made as a result of which the rupee was stabilized on the basis of a gold fund in the Bank of England. The new device based as it was upon a new application of sound economic principles attracted great attention among economists though its importance is even yet hardly known outside a limited circle. The classic description of its early working was written by a young Cambridge graduate who was then teaching at the University of Allahabad, but who was afterwards to become widely known as Mr. J. M. Keynes, chairman of the Inter-Allied Financial Commission during the war and author of "The Economic Consequences of the Peace."

The Career of the Money-Doctor

Dr. Kemmerer therefore took this device from India and applied it to the Philippines. It worked and has continued to work ever since except in the brief periods when political

control has tampered with its basic principles. Kemmerer continued to specialize upon the problems of money and in his university chair at Princeton gradually built up a reputation as a "money-doctor." Business men in the United States are apt to speak of him in terms of awe and admiration; but he himself would be the last person to claim any other powers than those of a clear well-trained mind and a firm grip of economic principles. A rather small, very modest person with smiling blue eyes and a complete absence of intellectual arrogance, he yet has a directness and clarity of thought and expression which, combined with simplicity, gives him great force. When the writer met him at a ship's gangway a short time ago, two desires were uppermost in his mind, first to have a swim again at Wai-kiki, and second to get from a fellow-economist all the information possible about facts and personalities in China. He had direct access to all the great public figures of China and he was not worrying about them; but he could not hear enough about the obscure experts whose information could be relied upon, the solid university people, the junior statisticians, the business men and officials who had special reliable knowledge.

His journey to China has a fascinating interest despite its lack of publicity. Since he formulated his first suggestions for the Philippines, he has been called in to apply the same simple financial remedies in many other lands. Most of his pub-

lic work has been in the silver-using countries of South America; but the South African Union joined him with the Dutch economist Vissering in 1924 and has followed his advice. Poland also preferred, perhaps for political reasons to call him in for consultation and float American loans rather than accept the same advice from the Economic and Financial Section of the League of Nations. The invitation from China was his twelfth and greatest mission.

A Chinese Puzzle

Only those who know something at first hand of China's currency chaos can fully realize the complexity of the task. Certain obvious facts may, however, indicate the chief difficulties in front of him. The first of course lies in the fact that China uses a silver standard and that there have been great fluctuations in the price of silver in relation to gold. Gambling in silver exchange has burned the fingers of almost all foreign residents in China at one time or another. The constant fluctuations lend a speculative element to all Chinese trade.

This, however, is only the beginning. There are several silver coinages and some of them are depreciated. Moreover the subsidiary coinage used by the common people is depreciated in varying degree all over the country. Even the coppers and the strings of "cash" in which the coolies and the peasants buy and sell have been depreciated—a cruel wrong upon an ignorant and helpless people. To centralize and standardize these

various currencies is a baffling task in itself.

To the age-old trick of debasement modern China has added the modern trick of over-issuing paper money. There is no centralized banking system. Certain foreign banks are strongly entrenched and conservatively administered; but even upon their paper there is a local exchange charge. There are Chinese banks also which are firmly organized. Some of them carry the deposits of the foreign-controlled Chinese Maritime Customs and have branches all over China. Others have local prestige. Still others unfortunately have over-issued paper-money. Among these are branches of the Bank of China which in 1924 was the chief means by which Mr. T. V. Soong the brilliant Finance Minister of the Canton government made possible the Nationalist advance to the north.

Mr. Soong is now Finance Minister for the Nationalist government at Nanking. One of his sisters is married to Chiang Kai-shek, the President and generalissimo, another to Mr. H. H. Kung a lineal descendant of Confucius and Minister of Commerce, the third is the famous widow of Sun Yat-sen who has just returned to Nanking from her self-imposed exile in Moscow. Mr. Soong is himself a distinguished graduate of the Harvard University School of Economics. He is essentially conservative in his finance. His great ambition is to reorganize the finances of China upon efficient modern lines. To help him do so he has called in the help of Dr. Kemmerer.

The Prescription

The Kemmerer mission totals seventeen, including many distinguished economists who also have had practical experience in government and business. One is a specialist on tariffs, another on railway finance, another on budgets, still another is a practical banker. They are all "theorists." Indeed Dr. Kemmerer in explaining to the hard-headed Chamber of Commerce at Honolulu the principles upon which he chose his helpers startled them by saying that his first requirement was that every man must be a dreamer.

If this is the first requirement it is not the only one. When he began the task, he anticipated at least a year of heavy grinding detailed work involving travel, conference, analysis, criticism and finally constructive suggestions. There will be no voluminous report. The whole work of the party will be summarized in a few drafts of regulations for a central banking system, a scientific tariff, a model budget, a new set of railway accounts, and so on. When these are prescribed the task of the money-doctor is done. He leaves the practical application to the responsible statesmen who employ him.

At this point the wiseacres of the foreign community shake their heads. Knowing the old China with its universal "squeeze", corruption and inefficiency they have scant hopes of any very honest or scientific finance. They may be right, but they will not always be right. There is, de-

spite all the pessimism of the practical folk, a new spirit in China. It is sometimes disconcertingly anti-foreign, often enough too it is superficial and impractical; but a fire of new-born patriotism runs through it and it will continue to have its victories. Given sympathy and support from the leading foreign powers and their economic magnates, it is quite within the range of possibility that

within the next few years China will achieve a measure of financial reform that will confound her critics. If she does, the prospects of trade and industrial development that will thereby materialize will naturally accrue in greatest degree to those who have stood to help rather than scold Young China in its immaturity and inexperience.

FIJI AND THE FUTURE

By KILMER O. MOE

I.

THROUGH THE EYES OF AN AMERICAN

IT is a very great honor for a citizen of one country to be asked to visit another for the purpose of looking into any problem whatsoever. This attitude of open-mindedness may be said to be a new phase of international relationship, unofficial to be sure, but of very great value in the solution of problems common to all and in fostering international good-will and world unity through better understanding. Honolulu has become a center of very wide influence in the Pacific Area in this regard. It is now the meeting place of people from many lands who come together to discuss their problems in an atmosphere of friendly conferences.

I am not unmindful of the honor shown to me personally as an American, to the Kamehameha Schools, which institution I represent, and to Hawaii as well, for the privilege of being invited to Fiji in order to make it possible for us to consider together our common problems in the field of agricultural education. This is an effort to get more light by the method of pooling our common experiences. The advancement of Pacific Island peoples is a problem suf-

ficiently international in character to warrant a careful study from every possible angle.

The only apprehension that I have in approaching the problems arises out of a feeling of my own inadequacy. Coming to Fiji as I do from another background and having worked with peoples of other lands, it is but natural that I should hold opinions that are based upon experiences other than Fijian; but I have a feeling also that the elements are essentially alike as regards fundamentals. This feeling has ripened into a conviction as I have been able to make a closer examination of the local situation.

It is sometimes advantageous to take the long range view. In this way we get a better perspective. Looking at it from afar we see the problem in its relative position. Fiji from this point of view becomes a factor in the solution of larger problems, of better human relationships throughout the Pacific Area. I consider myself in the kindergarten class in this regard, but a four years' residence in Honolulu where I have been in weekly attendance at the round table discussions, has given me a better insight into the meaning of my own experiences as well as those of others who are making a contribution in a similar field.

Looking at it from this vantage point, it is easy to see that Fiji holds the same relative position in the South Seas that Hawaii does in the North Pacific, and that it is manifestly destined to be a center of very great influence for Pacific Island peoples. A mere glance at the map of the Pacific Ocean will convince any fair minded person that this is true. It is evident further that what is taking place in Fiji at the present time is of the utmost significance, not merely as regards the Colony of Fiji, but the whole Pacific Area. It is not too much to say that the correct solution to the problems that now confront the Colony is of the greatest importance to the welfare of the human race. This fact is so obvious that it must have its appeal to every resident in Fiji. We may say positively that as the problem is solved in Fiji so will the Pacific Islanders in all sections of the South Seas have the hopeful outlook.

The Indian in Fiji (the immigrant from India) complicates the situation, of course, but not any more than is the case in other parts of the world. In Hawaii, for instance, there are 130,000 of Japanese ancestry, 60,000 Filipinos, 30,000 Portuguese, 27,000 Chinese, 8,000 Koreans, 5,000 Porto Ricans, besides 45,000 Hawaiians and Part-Hawaiians, together with an equal number of Americans and Europeans which we may here class as a single group. In this medley of peoples and this Babel of tongues it is necessary to find a common denominator, something by which and through which

every individual, regardless of color, tradition, or culture, may live together in harmony, and work together in unity, loyally supporting one another in a common effort to push forward to the higher levels of better living conditions and greater rewards. We cannot hope to give people this outlook by setting up a miniature Balkan situation or another India. The least common denominator in Hawaii has come to be the Anglo-Saxon social pattern and the Anglo-Saxon tongue. This is true because it held the dominant position in Hawaii before the immigrant invasion.

When America came out of her isolation to assume control of affairs in the Philippines, her sons held fast to their own convictions,—the viewpoint of the pioneer in America rather than that of the seasoned diplomat of Europe or Asia. We found a situation in which there were eighty-seven different groups of people speaking as many tongues and living under a chaotic system of clashing cultures running all the way from the wild man of the jungle right on up to the highly polished product of the Spanish University. What we found was the result of more than three centuries of Spanish domination under the policy of "divide and rule", a doctrine which was received by the American as an affront to his most cherished convictions.

Those who are not familiar with American history may not understand the American viewpoint. Why, indeed, should not the medley of

peoples that we found in the Philippines live their own lives and mill about in their own way? Because we had assumed responsibility for them and were determined to give them a better outlook. We found them pocketed away in a blind alley, hopelessly disunited. The American instinctively felt that the one great service that he could perform was to emancipate them from the tyranny that tradition had laid upon them, to set them free as he had set the negro free in his own land. The world sat back and smiled at this extraordinary behavior, at the antics of this modern Don Quixote who would fight his windmills whether or no.

Then followed the most extraordinary performance, the record of which has never been completely told. The soldier turned teacher and sanitary inspector. He broke his way into every household and shot his disinfectant into every dark corner. He broke down every barrier and penetrated through to the sanctum sanctorum of the innermost chambers of nun and priest in his search for the secret places where lurked the deadly germ of cholera and yellow fever. The moat around the walled city was filled with slimy water, the breeding places for malarial mosquitoes; it was converted into sunken gardens and is now the children's playground of the city of Manila. An appeal went back to the homeland for a thousand teachers who came in answer to the call and laid the foundation for a system of education for all the children. There

was no attempt whatever to perpetuate the time-worn institutions of the old order.

I joined this band of enthusiasts early in the game. My first experience was that of a supervising teacher directing my corps of native teachers over a large district. I rode my pony, trudged along jungle trails, ate native fare and sought ways and means to improve the living conditions of the people in the outlying barrios. I was only doing what hundreds of others were also engaged in, all of us working to carry out the same general purpose. The foundation which we laid at that time still holds; it supports the superstructure of an elaborate system.

After the probation period of some years I was called in to the Director's office and given the job of laying out grounds and building school houses. I find evidences of that work even here in Fiji where the same plans that we drew up have been adopted. In that position I travelled from island to island over the entire group to help the men in the field with their problems. In this way I learned to know the peoples, from the pagan hill tribes to the Moro pirates whom we were attempting to transform into farmers and fishermen. I looked in upon the Christian Filipino,—the Tagalog, the Visayan, the Ilocano and a half dozen other cultural groups and learned to distinguish one from the other. It was a lesson in human behavior learned in the school of experience.

And it all came in as useful knowledge when I undertook the direction

of the Central Luzon Agricultural School at Munoz. I knew already in a dim sort of way the fundamental needs of a divided people groping its way forward to a higher plane. I wanted to give them the opportunity to live and learn in a situation in which they would practice the simple elements of community life and little by little grow in experience and ability so that they might take on larger responsibilities. I had no faith whatever in the traditional methods of giving instruction along traditional lines.

In this work I followed roughly the pattern used by General Armstrong at Hampton and of Booker T. Washington at Tuskegee. The school grew and in the course of ten years we had a student town complete in every detail with an enrollment of 800 student citizens. It has since grown to over a thousand and is carrying on along lines laid down in the original pattern. Success came only after two previous failures and it bids fair now to be permanent. We had boys from forty different tribes scattered from the northernmost point of Luzon to islands a thousand miles away, island groups just off the north coast of Borneo. There were Mohammedan Moros, Christian Filipinos and pagan hill people all in one center who learned to play the game together, working side by side as members of the same community. Here again the common denominator became the Anglo-Saxon tongue and the Anglo-Saxon social pattern.

Upon leaving Munoz I made a trip

all over Southeast Asia. Accompanied by Mrs. Moe I took passage to Hong Kong from which port we proceeded to Swatow where we loaded on one thousand coolies for Bangkok. It was a most interesting study to learn how this human freight was gathered in by the middle men and kept in "hotels" pending the arrival of steamers. We were stormbound at Swatow for a few days and this gave me a fine opportunity to learn the details of the whole traffic.

With the shipload of coolies we landed in Bangkok, Siam, and I had another phase of labor recruiting to study as our shipload of men and women were disembarked and were taken over by contractors to do the manual work that is needed in the Kingdom of Siam. We saw more of it in the Federated Malay States where for the first time I came in contact with Indian laborers. The practice was also used in Java and in the French colonies. All in all there were twelve ships in port at the time we stayed in Swatow, all taking on Chinese coolies for points south. I mention these facts to show that Indian labor as seen in Fiji is not a new experience exactly, but that I have gone over the ground before.

During the last four years I have been connected with the Kamehameha Schools as agriculturist. There I found the same idea at work only that it had been improved upon by Mr. Frank E. Midkiff, the President of the Schools, who instituted the part-time cooperative plan of instruction under the terms of which two

students have the opportunity to work and study through holding down a single position in industry. The system is explained more fully on a later page of this report.

This chain of events brings me finally to Fiji. I met the Rev. L. M. Thompson back in 1921 when he was returning from a trip to India and stopped off at Manila to see if he could pick up some new ideas for use in Fiji. The Director's office sent him out to Munoz where he came in contact with the operations of the student town. He was so delighted with what he saw that he got busy on a plan to start similar work in Fiji. I was unable to come at the time, so Mr. Ernest H. Oesch who was familiar with the plan, being principal of the school, came instead. He took a year's leave of absence from the Philippines and came down to start the work at Navuso. On a later date the Rev. Thompson spent a month in Honolulu where I was able to renew acquaintanceship and to get news from Fiji. It was, therefore, a great treat for me to be able to come to Fiji and to go over ground that I had heard so much about, but had never seen.

A three month's furlough is hardly sufficient time for any one to learn all the facts necessary to form opinions along any given line. To me the task would have been impossible, except for the help of previous surveys. I am particularly indebted to the Education Commission of 1926 for its presentation of the case. With this general situation in mind I have travelled to all parts of the colony,

checking up, probing into related fields, trying to see the meaning of things as I go along. In this quest I do not have any opinions really; I am merely trying to see things as they are, to relate them to each other in the life of the colony and to the wider life in the Pacific Area. In this sense the situation in Fiji becomes another of these problems, of which there are a vast number. And all the while I am conscious of looking at these problems through the eyes of an American.

Burned deep into the soul of America there are certain elemental traits that were developed during the formative years of our country. We have a positive dislike for unrelated groups of men setting themselves up against other groups. Our own struggles to become a united people are too real and our sacrifices too great to ever forget the lessons of history.

The story goes back to England in 1600 when the spirit of intolerance ran rampant in the Christian world. To escape persecution the Puritans crossed the Atlantic and became the Pilgrim Fathers of New England. The Cavalier, likewise persecuted, crossed the Atlantic and set up the Aristocracy of the South. The witch-burning Puritan and the slave-holding Cavalier were both wrong; both insisting on his own way of doing and able to cooperate only in the face of the common enemy. In the century that followed independence, this split in the Anglo-Saxon world grew further apart until the breach could no longer be bridged. The South seceded

and we fought the Civil War to preserve the Union, perhaps the most terrible fratricidal struggle in all history up to that time.

When war was over and the armies were disbanding, Abraham Lincoln sought to set things right so that the nation might again go forward. He addressed the jarring elements in these words: "With charity for all; with malice toward none, let us bind up the nation's wounds."

Had he lived, things might have been different, but it was not to be. He fell victim of the assassin's bullet and the forces of passion and prejudice were left to carry out their diabolical plans. They saddled the South with the rule of "carpet baggers", despoilers turned loose upon a war-ridden country to wreak their vengeance upon an unprotected people. My only excuse in lifting the veil at this time is to show you that America has not come by her present viewpoint without a great many soul-searing experiences.

But the vision of the martyred president lived after him. His words were repeated by the children as a new generation was formed under the direction of devoted teachers. I can remember in my own boyhood the bitterness of the elders and the more open-minded attitude of the younger set who imbibed some of the vision as they recited the words of Abraham Lincoln on Friday afternoons. When the Spanish-American War broke out it was fought by young men from the North and from the South who learned to know each other and to respect each other as

men and comrades. They found the old quarrel to be not theirs, but of their fathers' making.

We laid our fathers away with their bitterness of soul and with their prejudices. The new generation with the better outlook simply would not have anything to do with the old quarrels. The branch of the Anglo-Saxon world that was domiciled in America had become a united people.

But there were other dangers and other problems. The Southern Aristocracy in passing left a legacy in the shape of 5,000,000 African negroes, ex-slaves in a land of freedom. This was a problem of such gigantic proportions as to stagger the imagination. But it was also a challenge to the best in America. Here again we found adequate leaders both white and black, in the time of our need and the problem was tackled in the spirit of Lincoln with charity and without malice. I shall refer to this development again on a later page.

The influx of people from all over the world caused the gravest concern of all. Could we maintain the Anglo-Saxon tongue and the pattern that had been set up by our founders? The Americanization of the foreigner became a national question; either that or chaos. Our people had fought the war to preserve unity; it was inconceivable that we should permit the disrupting influences to undo the work for which our fathers had laid down their lives. The policy of drift would not serve under these circumstances. We again chose to set up the Anglo-Saxon

tongue and social pattern,—not that it is better than any other, but that it could be made uniform throughout the land.

But, you may say, that is all right for the United States, but what of the rest of the world? What of Europe, of India, of the Pacific Area? I do not know, except that they must also seek unity on the basis of mutual respect and understanding. As regards Fiji and the South Seas, I do not hesitate to say that here the opportunity is unique to give the better outlook to all,—Indian, Fijian, Polynesian, Melanesian—so that each may render his contribution on the basis of common understanding.

That is what we had in mind when we were confronted with the situation in the Philippines. I came from the North, my neighbor came from the South; both of us knew instinctively that what our fathers had settled in their generation pointed the way also for the Filipino. I suspected we knew more about it when we started than we do now after thirty years of effort, but in spite of our disillusion, we may still have the satisfaction of knowing that the Filipinos have thrived and prospered under our guidance, and that they are actually making progress in working their way out by their own efforts. That may be as much as anyone can hope for in a single generation.

The American attitude is based upon experience, as I have shown, and the further belief that human beings are capable of adjusting themselves to conditions as they are if given the chance; failing of which

they will pass out of the picture as was the case with the Tasmanian and as it is now with the Negrito. The world is full of interlocking interests. What happens in China has its effect upon England; improvements in the cotton industry in America affect the cotton grower in Egypt and in India. The rehabilitation of this same industry in America brought ruin to cotton in Fiji. No people can escape the fact that they must adjust themselves to changing conditions.

The American point of view is enhanced further by the belief that our obligations can only be fulfilled as we help the backward peoples to make the necessary adjustments so that they too may have the better outlook.

I speak with a good deal of intimate knowledge of these matters for my own grandfather was an immigrant from Norway and my mother's people came from Sweden. My grandfather remained essentially European in culture and in outlook as long as he lived. He died in the conviction that he had come to live among an uncouth, uncultured people, and that the only hope for us was to look back to the traditions of the past. He was right in one respect, the American pioneer was uncouth and uncultured, no mistake about that; but he was wrong entirely with regard to his outlook.

For one thing my grandfather was deeply religious and read his Bible literally. The passage in Scripture that says, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread" to him meant to do your work in the hardest

possible manner. He cradled his wheat and argued that the new inventions for mechanical harvesting were "contraptions" of the devil by which sinful man was seeking to evade the command of the Lord. He stuck to the traditional way till he died and my father who was very much in sympathy with the new outlook, bought machinery and forged ahead. I have seen Indians in Fiji that remind me of my grandfather. They do not see the better outlook in Fiji, but are looking back to India. Their faces are turned in the wrong direction.

No person can go forward so long as he is looking backward. The South Pacific is not India. Fiji must never be made a replica of India with her multiple languages, her caste-ridden social structure and her prejudices. The Indian in Fiji will become a powerful influence for good in the South Pacific, but he will do so only as he becomes a united people with one loyalty under one Flag and able to carry on in the English language.

But what has all this to do with agricultural education? Well, I have given you the historical background merely to show how the American looks at these problems and that he does not settle them merely in an arbitrary manner, but with a deep conviction based upon experiences which I have shown run back to the Pilgrim Fathers and England. As I see it agricultural education means

more than just a superficial knowledge of agriculture. It is an attempt to adjust rural people to the conditions under which they have to live. It is giving the people on the land an outlook. They have to learn to live together well, to cooperate, to sacrifice, if necessary, to make the community a better place in which to live. It is not possible to make progress in this direction except as people become united, and have leaders with the vision to go forward.

I come to these waters and I find that here also the Anglo-Saxon ideals prevail with the English tongue in a dominant position. The problems of New Zealand with regard to Samoa, and the domestic relations of Australia are familiar subjects to the American. He has undergone similar experiences before.

The situation in Fiji is just another problem, one of many that face Britain within the Empire. As I travel around and hear discussions, I can well imagine that I am still in an American community. We are, after all is said, one people with the same outlook. Whether the problems be those of Hawaii, the Philippines or of Fiji, they are common problems that confront Anglo-Saxon peoples in the Pacific. They are sure to be settled in the spirit of fairness, in the spirit of Abraham Lincoln

"With charity for all; with malice toward none."

(To Be Continued)

PETALS FROM A PASSION FLOWER

By HELEN CAREWE

I—THE PRICE

How great a price we pay for license!
It matters not how far we are
From narrow-mindedness, we cannot loose
All the old ties that lash us to the spar
Conventionality sets up for doubts to cling to.

Under the spell of passion we may lift our heads
And boast that creeds are puerile.
But the soft humid eyes of women-kindred
Ruthlessly smite us with a lash of questioning.
It is a bold, free soul, indeed,
Can wink away the sudden tears that spring
Unbidden at the clinging sister-touch,
Or lean to a mother's lips
The mouth that late has fed a lover's kisses.

The homely bonds, the commonplace demands
Of simpler lives, sometimes inspire regrets
That we had not foregone the ecstasies of life,
Accepting in humility the quiet of content.
Renunciation seems a virtue in such moments,
Emancipation the delusion of our body's cry
For a fulfillment it had better been denied.

Alas, the Fate that drives us
With relentless whip to destinies of joy,
Demands its recompense of tears too soon.
We scarce have tasted the forbidden wine
Of intimacies deep and strange
Beyond the lore of Virtue,
Ere through its sweet is bitterness distilled:
The bitterness of isolation from our kind.
It is the price we pay; and pay we must,
Who dare aspire to godhood's privilege of choice.

II—NOSTALGIA

Oh, I want my mother!
I want my father, and my sister —
 I want them!
I want my little brother, with his quaint,
Impish face and pensive eyes.
I want to see them all, and take them all
 In one mad, aching clasp;
And weep until my heart is drained of anguish,
 And there are no tears
 Left in my dry, wide eyes.

For I have left them, wandered far
From the straight ways they know.
And I have seen such beauty,
 Such forbidden glory,
That mine eyes are blind to commonplaceness.
I have drunk such sinful wine
That milk and honey of the Promised Land
Are only words I do not understand.

Proudly my eyes have visioned
 Vistas far and vast;
Wide have I flung the barriers of my soul;
And my caressing hands have clung
To knowledge, guilty though it be.
I know I could not be content
To trace the backward, narrowing path
That leads to Virtue through Repentance,
 For I do not repent!
I glory in the utter freedom of my life
And yet —
 Yet sometimes in the night,
The loudly ticking, clamorous dark,
I see them all with eyes
Of my forgotten childhood, and I want,
 Oh, God in Heaven!
 How I want my mother!

III—TRIBUTE

Dear men that I have loved!
 An idle mood invokes you all tonight:
 From the first shy and awkward youth,
 To the last passionate, protesting boy.
 How strange that you should so revert
 From youth to youth, with age between.

Ah, dear calm eyes I have adored
 That saw me not, what agonies
 Your cool indifference has meant!
 Ah, sweet, beseeching eyes, what ecstasies
 Your worship has inspired!
 I see you all, in the soft haze
 Of smoke that rises from my cigarette,
 And live again the pangs of joy and pain
 Your loves and mine have caused.

Against the background of a blossomed tree
 I see your face, dear mystic one
 Who, like a meteor, flashed through my life
 And disappeared. And haloed in moonlight,
 Beloved of my youth, your deep eyes gleam
 Upon me now, after these many years.

Blue eyes and brown, barbaric Oriental black
 And gray, steadfastly glow like stars
 In my remembering, tear-misted gaze.
 Having once loved, I still must love you all.

But through the twilight of my memory
 The radiance of reality shines out,
 And eyes that meet my own put you to flight.
 Dear, vanished lovers of the past, farewell!
 You have a place, a blessed shrine, each one;
 But he, my lover, comrade, husband: he
 Is all that you have been, and all
 You could not be. Into his outstretched hand
 I put my own, and to his understanding kiss
 Lift up my inarticulately happy lips.

IV—TO THE OTHERS

Dear women who have loved my Love:
In vague and piteous processional
My fancy sees you pass before illumined eyes
That only deep compassion know for your sad fate.
Jealous? The word is strange to me.
If never should my lips be blessed
By kiss of his again, still they are blessed
Beyond all parallel. For they have known
The apex of desire at his behest,
And at his will been satisfied.

Ah, no, you were denied what life held dearest.
Why should I feel hatred for you who have looked
With eyes of understanding on our lord?
Nay, rather I reach out my arms
In comprehension of your bitterness
Toward me, who all unworthy, have possessed
The wonderful bestowal of his love.

Life has been cruel to you, and to me most kind.
Toward you all I feel an infinite
And most sincere endearment.
Desolate beyond all power of knowing, you must be.
From the dear haven of his favor I can sense
Your hopelessness, and pray your pardon.
It was Fate, not I, whose voice decreed between us.
Could I choose, I would not say you nay,
Knowing the wonder of him, and the joy,
But must, with happy lavishness
Grant to you all a share in his abundant love.

And if he should, perchance, look with a kindled eye
Upon the weeping countenance of one
Whose tears made plea for her,
Think you I would deny him aught he craved?
Too dear he is to me to be gainsaid:
He is my King — the King can do no wrong!

I do not ask you to believe,
But in my heart a love too big for words
Forever banishes all thought of self
In thoughts of him.

JANET AND MY THELMA

By JOSEPH AUGUSTINE K. COMBS

I AM not going to make any lengthy excuses for my conduct but I do want to say one thing. Please do not judge me too severely. Remember that environment, money and inherent custom are sometimes very strong.

I was born in Maryland of rather well-to-do parents. My education and training were the best and mother was very generous with her only child. She had been a widow since my tenth birthday and her whole self was wrapped up in my future. Often we talked of what I was going to be when older, but neither of us seemed really to have come to any decision. She had more pride in me than could possibly be of any advantage to me, but it is only fair to say I had never given her any true cause of worry.

But you should understand that I am the only son of an old Maryland family and the name of Van Renwick was quite prominent. My great grandfather settled in Old New Amsterdam, now New York State, but his son later journeyed to Maryland because the religious atmosphere there satisfied him better.

During my college days the boys frequently discussed Hawaii in a rather indefinite sort of way as a beautiful, far-away, strange dream land. But I was more interested and wrote to a travel bureau from which I received a letter that was cordial, pleasant and had a great pull. In fact I secretly became so inordinately

sentimental and romantic about this glorious land of flowers, music, and love that the end of my college days seemed to be a million years ahead, and I have never changed my mind since.

It was not difficult to induce mother to consent to my trip to Honolulu, but she did not like to be alone.

Janet Turner was an old friend with whom one might say I had grown up and mother loved her very much. Janet was about my age then and we had had many jolly times together in an innocent sort of way. We three decided, as she was an orphan, that the best plan would be for her to stay at our home to keep mother company. Janet had fallen heir to five millions upon her father's death and this had always more or less placed her in another class apart from me, from my viewpoint. But mother did not see things in that light and as I had suspected several times had plans for the future. And that was another reason why I wished to get away, for a long trip appealed to me as a most pleasant solution of what might develop into an uncomfortable situation, —uncomfortable for me because I did not wish to marry Janet.

"Oh, Jack," she said, the day I left, "don't fall in love with one of those kanaka hula girls."

"Why not?" I teased. "They say they are wonderful pippins and that you couldn't tell a really pretty one from an American peacherino tanned

on the beach at Atlantic City."

"Shame on you!" said mother, but she smiled.

"Well," concluded Janet, "don't forget your old friends and, if you can spare enough time away from Waikiki Beach, do write me once in a while."

* * *

"You haven't tried the poi yet, Mr. Van Renwick. This is the way you eat it; see?"

The charming little half Hawaiian and half white lady who had thus addressed me skillfully twirled the first two fingers of her right hand around and into a small bowl of something that looked like pretty moist, faded and rather pinkish parlor paste.

"What does it taste like, Miss Delicious Venus?"

"Why—that—that isn't my name!" she returned, as the most splendid and wonderful blush caressed her perfect features.

"Well, then; how did you know my name?"

"I don't know your first name but, you see, you are a malihini, which is a newcomer, and, of course, a malihini is more than welcome everywhere in Hawaii. This is your first luau, isn't it?"

"Yes, but don't forget the other unanswered questions about our first names. I don't know yours, remember. But there is only one condition, which you must agree to, before I tell you my first name."

She turned her charming head to me and I looked into those big, round, dancing and sparkling brown eyes. Beautiful! Ah! words are useless here. There was playful laughter, joyous and blithe health, sweet vigor,

that inimitably luring, yielding and indescribable Hawaiian loveliness there; nor was that all.

"What is it?" she enquired.

"If you will tell me your first name and put that poi on the ends of your fingers into my mouth, so I can taste my first Hawaiian poi, I'll tell you my first name."

"Mr. Haole Man, you can't bluff me just because I'm a sun-kissed maid of Hawaii," she laughed, as she put the utterly tasteless poi into my mouth, and said, "My name is Thelma."

"My name is Jack, but I wish it were Sun!"

But we were interrupted by screams of laughter when she placed the poi in my mouth and the Hawaiian men and women sitting on the floor with us and enjoying the deliciously cooked pig and many other dishes so dear to them, clapped their hands most happily.

So this was my introduction into the ways of the Hawaiians.

I took her home that afternoon and met her dear old mother, Mrs. Donovan. Her Irish father had passed away four years earlier, when she was fifteen, and had left them rather comfortably provided for in that they had a kuleana, or homestead, of nearly an acre, a large, restful home in the center, with several smaller dwellings nearby. Splendid royal palms graced each side of the path leading to the home from the road and a most luxurious growth of banana, mango and cocoanut trees, interspersed with many fragrant flowers, made her home a tiny and most desirable paradise.

A week later I escorted her to an-

other luau and, after we had had our fill of tongue-tickling dainties, every guest present demanded that Thelma dance a hula for us. I did not know just why the idea did not quite appeal to me, but she jumped up and darted off to another room without consulting me.

An elderly woman grasped a hollow and closed gourd with some native seeds in it, sat down on the floor, thumped the gourd on the floor and then lifted it and struck it with her remaining hand. She did this in perfect time as she chanted or called the words describing the motions of the descriptive dance.

Suddenly Thelma floated in as airily as a fairy. She had removed her dress and had donned a thin kind of shirt to her waist, while from there down extended to her knees the hula skirt of green, split ti leaves. Her glorious, blue-black hair, in rich volumes, dropped to her hips. Around her was a carnation lei and three leis of American beauties hugged her exquisite shoulders and extended from her neck to her waist. Wristlets of other flowers graced her wrists and fragrant anklets enclosed her ankles.

She was the very personification of ancient, beauteous, artistic and resistlessly alluring Hawaii. She smiled and sang and danced. Such a dance! With that incomparable and inherent grace of rhythm such as only Hawaii can yield, she threw her whole volatile, youthful and joyous self into this exquisite expression of tropic art. Never have I seen and never shall I see again such a gloriously beautiful performance.

After the incessant applause, we

took our departure, strolling along through the cocoas, mangos, royal and sago palms and banana and guava trees to her home. The exultant moon streamed through the midnight foliage and carried romance and tenderness and all the peace and charm of love into our hearts.

When we reached her home, she asked me to be seated for a while on the porch. We sat down close to each other and watched the Hawaiian moon filtering through the balmy and milky clouds. Oh! It was restful, charming, delicious!

I reached over for her unresisting hand and carried it to my mouth. There I kissed it warmly.

"Jack," she murmured, "did you enjoy my dancing?"

"Delicious Venus, Child of love; it was perfectly entrancing!"

"I'm so glad you enjoyed it, Jack. I thought, perhaps, you—"

"Yes, Thelma; it was beautiful, but, you know—well; I'm a haole, you see, and we—"

"Yes, Jack; what is it?"

"Oh, you know. We don't like to see our girls with so few clothes on, and—"

"Jack; do your haole girls wear any more clothes than I did, when they are swimming, or supposed to be, on the beach at Waikiki?"

"Thelma, I declare, you're right. But the hula is a little different, you know. I don't think I would like to hear of you dancing it again at a luau or in public."

"If that is what you wish, Jack, I'll promise not to."

"Thelma, you're the dearest, sweetest little cuteness that ever was. I don't know what I'd do without you.

You relieve me of so much embarrassment because I don't know the ropes here. You are kind enough to teach me your musical language and you make my life a great joy."

"I'm so glad if I please you, Jack."

"Do you want to please me always, Thelma?"

She hung her head a moment, looked away for an instant and then cast into my heart from her burning eyes all the triumphant, glowing, pulsing, throbbing love which none on earth but an Hawaiian maid can give.

"Yes, Jack," she whispered.

And then she was in my arms! Oh, God of Love! Why didn't I keep her always there? How could I have lost her?

I was stopping at the Moana Hotel and remarked it was about time for me to be going.

"Must you go, dear; why?"

"Well, darling; I'm living there, you know, and I can see you tomorrow."

"Tomorrow, Jack? What's the matter?"

"I don't understand you, Delicious Venus," I enquired.

"Am I really delicious to you, Jack?"

"More than that, dear heart."

"Then please listen to me, dearest, and please don't interrupt me till I finish. I have been to school, Jack, and I have read quite a little, too, so I know something of peoples other than mine. I am half Irish, you remember, and half Hawaiian, but sometimes we say, 'Part Hawaiian, all Hawaiian,' and I think at times I'm more Hawaiian at heart than anything else."

She was sitting on my lap and I held her closely as I listened.

"When a girl of Hawaii loves, she loves and adores and obeys her man with all of her heart and mind and soul and body. I have loved you since the first day I saw you, Jack, and, even though I should live a thousand years, I will never love any other man and I never have. I am yours; yours alone; always; forever. Oh, my lover; do not fail me! Do not doubt me! I want you always. Take me, now!"

She looked deep into my eyes, delving, asking, inquiring, seeking to know if he to whom she had entrusted her very soul would cherish her.

"Darling, I swear—"

Hurriedly she kissed my mouth and stopped my words. "Do not ever swear or promise God anything, dearest man. Should you forget your oath and break your promise, remember, God does not forget and you would be punished."

Then she kissed me again, took my hand and led me into her own room.

During the following six months of my supremely and ideally happy life with my little Hawaiian sweetheart, there was never a flaw, never a stumbling block in the way of our perfect joy. We had no arguments nor disputes such as normal mainland couples have and it all seemed almost too good to be true.

Of course, I kept up a more or less steady correspondence with mother and Janet and told them I had fallen desperately in love with Hawaii's beauties and that I really didn't know how I could ever be happy anywhere but here. Realizing it would be useless to tell mother of my Thelma and

of our love, I said nothing. Too well I knew the utterly false pride and prejudices of our grade of society and the uselessness of trying to tell mother that Thelma was all any man could desire, that she is as true and patient as Boccaccio's Griselda and that she is a rare jewel.

I have said our happiness was perfect. There was no reason for me to suppose Thelma was anything but happy. She never mentioned marriage, placed the most implicit confidence in me and never complained.

But there was just one little cloud in my own mental sky and that was doubt as to whether we should be married. Happy and glorious as this free love is, every self-respecting man who has come up through environment such as mine, knows well that something, somehow, is lacking. There is nothing lacking in the partner but there is something in one's conscience which nearly continuously says, "Do you not love your sweetheart well enough to marry her? Are you a mental coward and afraid to risk anything for your love? What kind of love is that? Didn't your father marry your mother when he discovered he loved her? Why not marry, the same as everyone else? You don't mean to infer Thelma isn't good enough to be your wife, do you?"

"No!" I almost shouted at myself. But what of mother? How could I explain to her? She simply could not understand.

And thus I struggled with myself. If Thelma noticed my mental debates, her sweet disposition forbade her saying anything of it.

And then evening would come. The inexpressibly glorious Hawaiian sun-

set would cast its marvellously beautiful tints across the fading sky like a sacred benediction and she and I would sit on the veranda and drink in its beauty. Often the splendid colors and the realization that only God could bless man with such adorably rich food for the eyes, would fill me full of love and gratitude to my Maker that He had deigned to so signally reward me who so little deserved His bounty. Then all my mental struggles would cease. Pure, calm content would steal into my soul and my luring and lovely little mate, in all her rare and caressing charm, would weave the clinging arms of her love around my heart and uplift my soul into a heaven of ecstasy.

Then, again, I would ask myself, is this love? How can it be? It can be nothing more than passion and passion cannot endure the test of a lifetime! Then it would not be right or fair for me to marry Thelma.

At last I determined to open my heart to mother. I did. By return air mail, with a shouting special delivery stamp, her reply came.

"My boy! My boy! Have you lost your mind? Has all your training, have all my prayers been in vain? Will you break your mother's heart? If you marry this bad girl, no matter how much you think you love her, never write again to me. It is for you to choose, and at once, between your mother and Thelma, between respectability and that awful life of shame you have fallen into! If you do not return at once, I shall instruct the executor of your father's estate to immediately stop your income and shall change my will and leave every penny to Janet!"

I knew this would come, but I had tried so hard to convince mother of my love for Thelma that I had some hope she could sympathize with me. The more I thought of it, the more firmly I became convinced that mother was right and that my supposed love was only passion. Dear little Thelma was not to blame because I knew she loved me, but this state of affairs could not go on indefinitely. I knew that sometime, somehow, the end would come and why not leave before the end did come? Yes, that was best.

I sent a cablegram to mother, "Coming next steamer in a few days. Do not worry."

I knew I was a brute and a cad and I thoroughly hated myself, but I did think mother knew best. I freely acknowledge I was shamefully selfish.

Thelma did not see the letter nor did she know I had sent the cablegram. She had been busy making guava jelly with her mother when the letter came and she was so proud of her cooking, too. God bless her innocent heart!

But that night, as I lay awake in misery, with her superbly confident and adorable head pillowed on my arm, she suddenly awoke in a perfect torrent of tears and I could not console her!

"Oh! Mr. Haole Man," as she loved to call me since that first time, "I dreamed and saw you standing on the deck of a steamer leaving Hawaii and you were waving your hand and were throwing leis to the dock, just as people do when they are going away! Darling! Darling!" she wailed, in an agony of apprehension, "are you go-

ing to desert your Thelma? Think what it means to me! I should die if you were away from me always; I couldn't live without you! Have pity on me! Sweetheart! Say you will never leave me!"

I tried desperately to divert her mind and assured her repeatedly she must remember I could not get along without her, either; that it was only a dream and that she must not worry.

Then she looked into my eyes and I feared she would read my very soul and see that I lied. Perhaps she did, but I never knew.

It is hard for me to say much of those last three days. I sneaked away and felt like a contemptible thief, a marauder who had assailed the heart of this glorious, true, trusting and splendid young woman and then deserted her with lying lips.

When I arrived at home, mother wanted more details, but I told her that, as she had insisted upon making me unhappy, she now had enough information. The farther I got away from Thelma, the more I thought of her.

But time, though perhaps cruel, is effective and mother won. Of course, she wanted me to marry Janet. Mother was aging then and only once in my life had I brought her grief. I dreaded the possibility of doing it again. I liked Janet as much as ever and perhaps we were wrong in trying so hard to please mother.

We were married quietly at home and decided to visit Hawaii on our honeymoon. She had heard me say so much of the glorious beauty of the Islands that she wanted to see them.

As far as I know, Janet never heard of Thelma. As each of us had really

married more to please mother than for any other reason, for mother was like a mother to Janet, too, we did not go into any details of our past lives and remained contented enough.

In Honolulu we plunged into the old whirl of gayety and rather enjoyed it.

But the only way I can describe my two months with Janet is to say that everything seemed to be only half. She was a good sport, though, and probably guessed the truth of the matter. Of course, I thought of Thelma at times and wondered how she was. Mother wrote regularly and Janet told her of our trips to the volcano and of our social triumphs, sent her clippings from the island newspapers, telling of social doings. This pleased her and it was good to know that, at least, I had made someone happy.

Only a week after our arrival here, though, Fate reached out with his strong right arm and soon adjusted matters to his liking. We were returning home after a splendid affair at a beach hotel and I was driving too fast. The road was wet and when it is, Kalakaua Avenue, named after the last king, is surely slippery. The car gave a wide, swinging sweep around with the back wheels, tried its best to destroy one of the light poles which adorn the boulevard and at last slammed angrily into a solid stone wall. Then Janet, the car, the world and all my troubles vanished and I sank into nothingness.

Janet told me all about it afterwards, how she, by a miracle, suffered nothing but a shock, how she summoned help and had me rushed to a hospital, where the surgeons patched

me together again and fought a battle for my life. But, after all their efforts, they found that nothing but a transfusion of the best blood would make it possible for me to be saved. I had lost too much blood in the accident and during the operation.

As we were prominent, everything was in the newspapers. Daily bulletins told all the details. No doubt Thelma learned all about us in that way.

Janet sent a cablegram to mother and made it as harmless as possible, but dear old mother's heart failed her and Janet was at her wit's end to decide what to do then. She wanted to attend mother's funeral, but she could not leave me, not knowing what might happen at any moment. The poor, dear girl decided to stay by her husband. But she spent a good deal of money in ascertaining that all was done just as she wished at our old home.

When Janet learned of the necessity of a blood transfusion, she nobly offered her own blood, but the surgeons decided it would not be sufficiently beneficial. They did not tell her that they had called for volunteers, because they feared her sensibilities might have been offended by such a course. When several had offered themselves and been refused, Thelma came to the hospital and begged the surgeon in charge to take all her blood, if necessary. The surgeon wondered at her offer, but supposed she had been tempted by the large sum offered for the blood. He refused her, because he thought it better, so he said, to have white blood.

Then, as he described it, she fell on her knees and, clinging to him and

crying as if her heart of untold wealth would break, she begged and begged him to try her blood, at least, and see if it would be suitable. He saw no harm in doing that. He found it the most splendidly useful and beneficial blood obtainable. In duty to his patient, he could not then refuse to use her blood, and did. As she staggered from the house of pain, desperately weak, he offered her the money agreed upon, with a bonus because he knew she had so generously contributed her blood and that it would bring me around as soon as might be expected under the most favorable circumstances. She was almost insulted when he tried to pay her, but she knew he did not understand. Perhaps he did understand her then, but she had no thought of that.

Then a strange and wonderful thing happened to me. But was it so strange, after all? The only way I can explain it is to remind you that precious Thelma's blood was now in my veins.

Slowly but as surely as fate, what liking I had for Janet faded and died out of me like an expiring flower. And, just as surely and just as rapidly, my conviction that I had truly and really loved Thelma from the first day I had seen her, became stronger and stronger. I gloried in it and hoped and prayed we would be reunited and happy. I still respected Janet and regarded her as a real friend, but never again could I bring myself to be her husband. Thank God, I was sure this time!

Janet and I discussed our relations in a quiet and sane way and I was surprised to find she felt just as I did,

that she could no longer consider being my wife. Why, then, should we remain married when such an arrangement could never bring happiness to either of us?

Long before I left the hospital, she returned to the States and we quietly arranged for a divorce. The newspapers kindly explained Mrs. Van Renwick had been obliged to leave Honolulu to attend to very important matters in the States.

As soon as my little hapa haole gem read that, she hastened to a florist, got an enormous collection of American beauties and hurried to see me. When she came in I was so surprised and overwhelmed that I promptly fainted, which was a decided loss of time and should not have happened at all.

When I returned to consciousness, she was kneeling at the side of the bed, my head in her arms, as the nurse bathed my forehead. She gently put me back on the pillows, rescued the flowers from the floor and came and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Darling!" I begged; "can you ever forgive me? I know I am not worthy of you but —"

"Take it easy now; be careful, Mr. Haole Man; the nurse told me what to do and said you must remain quiet and try not to be excited."

Oh, the sweetness of that blessed name, from my own darling, patient, ever faithful lover, in the same charming voice which had so often lulled me into the richest contentment and peace divine!

"Dearest man in all this world to me, how can you ask if I forgive you? Is my love such a little thing that I

would dare to refuse to forgive? Remember what I told you the evening of the second luau. And now, I am so happy I don't know how to say it. I just want to stay right here every day and every evening until you get strong enough to come home with me. Will you, dear?"

"Will I? Rather, may I? wonderful girl, light of my life. And, as soon as I do, we are going to be married."

"How can we be, sweetheart? You are already married."

"I am but I will not be by that time." Then I explained to her Janet had agreed and that I had never loved Janet but that we had married to please mother. And I told her that mother had gone on to where we all must go some day.

And when I had said it, there were tears in the adorable eyes of my Thelma.

A NICKEL'S WORTH OF HEAVEN

By MARION CARR SCHENCK

ON a June afternoon, as Jake Bauer was plodding home from work, intent only on thoughts of leberwurst and apfelkuchen that awaited him, he looked up and saw a new sign. In gaudy letters and gaudier pictures it extended an invitation that seemed strangely personal, to look upon the glories and take part in the festivities of the Elite Amusement Park. He stopped awhile and studied the pictured crowds hilariously swarming the carrousels, scenic railways and side-shows. His stolid face suddenly became wreathed in smiles as the determination was born in him to mingle with that happy throng.

"Anna," he called, before he had the door well open. "Quick cook the coffee. Tonight we go by the Park."

During the supper he told her of the pictures, of the directions for reaching the place, and the astonishing fact that they could enjoy all these wonders for an admission fee of five cents. Anna's ruddy cheeks shone with good humor and she forgot that she had done three days' work since four o'clock that morning.

While Jake smoked his pipe she hurried through with the dishes; it would no more have occurred to him to help her than it would to pour out his own coffee. But he watched her fondly as she bustled about. They had been married for twenty years

and their childlessness had set peculiar silences and reserves between them, but the habit of love is strong, even if seldom expressed. Jake remembered evenings long ago when he and Anna were courting. Through the haze of smoke he saw her round figure, her soft eyes; heard her tenderly guttural: "Ach, ich liebe dich," and felt the surge of his own youthful response. But he said nothing, nor did Anna expect him to. It had been years since words of love had been spoken by either of them.

He heaved his unwieldy body out of his chair and went in to change his clothes. Anna was struggling with her waist-band and at last was compelled to pin a ribbon bow across a considerable gap. It grew very warm in the little bedroom and their faces streamed with perspiration. But finally they were ready; stuffy, stodgy, uncomfortable, but ready. Anna beamed with pride upon her ruddy husband and solicitously brushed away a speck of lint. His pepper-and-salt suit had seen years of service, and Anna knew by heart every seam and laboriously achieved crease. Her own black poplin dress and velvet hat were sacred institutions, and the grotesqueness that others might see in them she could not have conceived possible.

The street car was filled with a

jolly crowd bound for the same Park that was their destination. All about them were frilly, fluffy girls in light summer gowns and flower-trimmed hats. Perhaps on any other occasion Anna would not have noticed them, nor compared theirs with her own dull finery. But she was on the same quest of pleasure tonight that they were. She saw the pink gleam of young flesh through sheer fabrics, a floating feather waved its golden tendrils across her face, a cluster of crimson roses flaunted their impudent beauty. One girl in particular seemed the very apotheosis of youth in her delicate raiment as she crushed past them in the crowded aisle. Her careless eyes in one cruel flash took note of Anna's inappropriate costume, the corner of her mouth lifted amusedly at the painful flush her glance caused; then just as aimlessly she looked at Jake. She stood in front of him clinging to a strap, her opulent young body swaying against him, redolent of cheap perfumery. She twisted her arm slightly, so that the sleeve fell back from its smooth contours, and half closed her glistening eyes. Jake, with a gasp, suddenly got up and offered her his seat, which she accepted languidly, with a flickering glance that insolently included Anna.

Anna was glad when they reached the Park, although the joy seemed to have gone out of the world. She hated that girl and the way she had looked at Jake. She resented his giving up his seat; her Jake, who should have the most comfortable chair always; her man, to give up his seat to a girl, a woman? What was the world coming to, anyway?

But the jostling people, the intri-

cacies of the turn-stile and their entrance at last into a wonderland of lights and blaring noises, diverted her attention. Timidly she put out her hand, Jake clasped it in his own, and like two children they wandered through the maze of bewildering sights. Open-mouthed, they watched the shrieking plunge and splash of shoot-the-chutes; the widening whirl of the air-ships; the mounting dizziness of a Ferris Wheel. With vicarious pangs they wistfully joined the circle of apprehensive parents about a carrousel yearning over the white-lipped but defiantly happy youngsters clinging wildly to their tossing steeds.

In a pavilion they found a row of mirrors which threw back at them distorted reflections: shorter and fatter than they really were, taller and thinner "even as Lizzie Schneider yet." They stood for a long while at the spun-sugar stand, watching numerous purchasers eagerly consuming apparent cotton, puzzled, but not particularly curious. If people wanted to eat cotton, why that was their business.

Circling, converging, lured insensibly nearer by the magnet of its music, finally they were drawn into the vortex of the dancing pavilion. A colored orchestra was yielding up in frenzy the splendid harmony of pagan souls. The floor was crowded with swaying couples, ragging, trotting, hugging, sliding, skating, jazz-mad.

Into the press about the railing Jake and Anna elbowed their way. Here indeed was life. Dance after dance they watched in silent ecstasy. The newer steps they were not familiar with, but the occasional walt-

zes sang into their blood. Unconsciously they swayed and thrilled to memories of younger days in the Fatherland. Fat, perspiring Jake in his ten-year-old pepper-and-salt suit, turned to his quaint, dumpy little frau with an audacious suggestion trembling on his lips. But before he could speak, a saucy voice called to him:

"Hello, Heinie, dont you want to dance? Come on, I'll show you where to buy the tickets."

It was the girl of the street car. Jake beamed at her, first in bewilderment, then with sudden decision, he turned to his wife.

"Setz dich, Anna. I come back soon" he said, and was gone before she could utter a protesting word.

Anna dropped into a vacant seat on a bench and looked after them with amazement that presently became resignation. After all, why should not her Jakey dance if he wanted to? He was a fine, handsome man, and had a nice, light suit. She looked down at her own dingy black, not in self-pity, but in apology for Jake's preferring that fluffy girl. Of course he would. Why not? She couldn't like the girl though, no matter how hard she tried. Unaccustomed tears welled into her eyes and she twisted her gnarled hands in their thick cotton gloves hard together in her lap. But how fine they would look out there among the dancers. There wasn't a better looking man nor a finer dancer among them all. No wonder the girls liked him. And yet suddenly another tear splashed down into her lap.

The orchestra began to play, compellingly, seductively, a waltz. What

was it? Ach, could it be? Yes, (alas for Anna!) it was The Blue Danube, fraught with all the associations of youth and love and the Fatherland. She closed her eyes, blinded by a gush of stinging grief, her plump face grotesquely distorted with agony. Her heavy, uncorsetted figure swathed in its suffocating garments, slumped down into an abject mound of despair. The music swelled into unbearable beauty.

And then came Jake, elbowing, pushing his way through the crowd, flourishing a gaudy bit of pasteboard.

"Quick, Anna, hurry. The musicians are beginning!"

He grasped her arm. Stunned and incredulous, Anna looked up at him.

"Me, Jakey?" she whispered. "You dance mit me?"

The dawn of ecstasy shone in her moist eyes and flaming cheeks.

"Sure," said Jakey, and looked down at her. At something in her uplifted face, or in the call of the music, a great wave of emotion thrilled him. His voice was husky and low as he added:

"Sure — leibchen!"

Many eyes followed them as they bobbed and circled in the quaint, old-fashioned German dance, so different from the sliding, galloping step of the modern style. Many a giggle greeted the sight of their tubby figures and absurd clothes. Perhaps a few may have noted the soft radiance of the woman's face and the proud tenderness of the man's, wondering a little why it should be so. But surely no one in all the careless clamor of the noisy pavilion guessed the swelling rapture in their humble hearts.

WHERE THE OLD GODS WALK

By MILDRED FIRTH CROCKETT

A vague and mighty Beauty
 Broods over Waikiki;
 And the mystery of all living
 Comes voiceless from the sea.

The soul of Polynesia
 In centuries that are gone
 Comes to life in lithe Kanaka boys
 A-swimming in the sun.

These things have always been here,
 Just as they are today:
 The ocean wide like God's mercy,
 The white arc of the spray.

The seaward-leaning cocoa-palms,
 The red hibiscus flower—
 'Tis we that come from alien shores
 Who live but for an hour.

In Kane's realm doth time stand still;
 There glows on every hand
 The spirit of the Golden Age
 In the heart of this golden land.

The trade wind in the palm trees
 Comes whispering—and hark!
 The beach-boys' lovely voices
 Rise sobbing through the dark

In chants that immemorially old
 Are immemorially young,
 For the ancient lyric ecstasy
 Here speaks its ancient tongue;

And like a little lilting child
 In a bitter house and cold,
 Hawaii-nei goes singing on
 In a world that's very old.

THE CHINESE SCREEN

By JOHN F. EMBREE

NOW this is the story of the painted Chinese screen of Kao Ling in the far away district of Lan Chow. And the time was nearly five hundred years ago in the reign of the Emperor Houng-Wou, whose dynasty was Ming.

A lonely and solitary Manchu of Lan Chow had an only daughter of surpassing beauty whose name was Tchi-Niu. Preparations were being made for a simple yet rich wedding of Tchi-Niu to Ming Y, a handsome boy of eighteen, the son of the only other Manchu in all Lan Chow.

The most lovely of all the gifts which Tchi-Niu and Ming-Y received before their wedding day was a lacquered screen of dazzling beauty, colored with black and gold of the richest. Upon the screen, which had three panels, there was portrayed a delightful miniature garden. On the first panel was a pine tree, crooked and bent, yet of surprising beauty. The center panel was filled by a little black lake with golden rocks for stepping stones. This found outlet in a jet streamlet which passed under a perfect arched bridge in the third panel.

Among the guests on the wedding day, at the bridegroom's house, which was given to Ming-Y by his father-

in-law, was Kao Ling, an artist of infinite genius and grace.

When the wedding feast was over Kao Ling, who had sent no gift, nor yet brought one with him, for the newly-wedded pair, offered to paint Tchi-Niu any thing she might wish. And after much thought, and whispering with Ming-Y, she asked that he paint Ming-Y and herself upon the lacquered screen.

Now in doing this Tchi-Niu had artlessly asked the hardest thing of all. For to paint a thing of beauty upon a lacquer surface can be done only by a truly wonderful artist indeed. But Kao Ling was a truly wonderful artist. So he prepared his colors and placed himself before the screen. Upon one of the golden rocks in the little black lake, as if by magic, he formed a miniature image of Tchi-Niu in all the yellow and vermilion glory of her wedding-robes. Looking down upon her from the bridge there soon appeared a beautiful youth, the flush of whose cheek was even as that of Ming-Y himself. And when he had done Kao Ling placed the screen at the western window to catch the last long rays of the setting sun.

Just as the flaming sun disappeared behind the darkened hills of

Ala Shan the wedding guests all set forth to the house of the bride's father. Here he was to make his gift to his daughter and give to her and Ming-Y his last blessings for a long and joyful life together.

Now as the party was making its way to the house of Tchi-Niu's father, it came to the ancient bridge which crosses the river of Hwang-ho. The last ones to come were Ming-Y and Tchi-Niu. When they were but half way over the bridge they stopped for a moment to watch the swift flowing water below them; then Ming-Y, with one hand holding one of Tchi-Niu's, leaned over the hand-rail to pluck a solitary white flower which had found lodgement between two planks. But the fast growing dusk deceived him, and the blossom was further from him than he had thought. So he leaned over still more. With that both his feet gave way of a sudden and he fell into the stream, inadvertently dragging with him his bride. The current soon carried them beyond all aid of the wedding guests, to the dismal abode of the water dragon.

Now this tragic end of his daughter

greatly saddened the Manchu, her father, and he could not bear to return to the house he had made for her and Ming-Y.

The district of Lan Chow is many leagues from any city or village, and when the lonely Manchu died, and his retainers left, there remained no one in all the country round.

So, perhaps to this very day the little wedding cottage stands. And at the western window the lacquered screen remains, on which Kao Ling had made a second Tchi-Niu and a second Ming-Y.

And on soft warm August evenings when the Tzao bird trills his plaintive love song amid air perfumed by jasmine and jonquil, who knows but that the lengthening sunbeams creep into the heart of Ming-Y, and into the heart of Tchi-Niu swelling them to life and love? Who knows but that Ming-Y then comes down from his bridge and, taking Tchi-Niu by the hand, they wander slowly to the shade of the bent little pine tree where they rest and gaze first at each other and then at the setting sun?

SUN YAT-SEN

By HENRY B. RESTARICK

(Begun in June Number)

Chapter XIV

Yuan Shih-kai Elected President— Sun again a Fugitive

ON Feb. 13, 1912, Sun Yat-sen resigned, and next day at his earnest solicitation, Yuan Shih-kai was elected President by the Assembly. This was according to the constitution, which followed the French system, but in any event, of course it was impossible at this time to get any direct expression of the popular will.

Many foreigners regarded Yuan as the strong man of China for they considered him a conservative and one who would not try to bring about changes too quickly. The opinion of foreigners in Shanghai and the South, in looking at the whole situation, is expressed in the China Press. "Out of the underground of plot and intrigue, this little man, wriggling and backtracking for years, came. The people outside of China cracked jokes about him, called him faker and charlatan. Then overnight something happened. Sun Yat-sen started many revolutions, each stronger than the last. The final one, plotted through channels unknown, had succeeded. Sun was the man of the hour. There was at this time 700,000 taels offered for his head. Just where he began and on what material he worked, nobody knew but his intimate associates. There was trouble at Peking, and be-

cause he trusted Yuan Shih-kai, he resigned."

Of course it was important to get the Powers to recognize the Republic, especially was this the case if loans were to be negotiated. At this time Prince Kuhio was delegate to the Congress of the United States from the Territory of Hawaii, and to him influential Chinese in Honolulu cabled asking his assistance in procuring recognition for the Republic of China. He was active in the matter and the United States was the first nation to give the desired recognition.

At this time there came to Nanking a Frenchman, Farjenal, a professor at the College Libre des Sciences Sociales, of Paris. He was asked to look into the finance department of the government and found everything antiquated and chaotic, but when he suggested changes he reported that those in charge were too ignorant to profit by his advice.

He saw a good deal of Sun, being consulted by him and having long conversations with him both in his public capacity and in the privacy of his home. He with other foreigners who saw Sun at Nanking received a very different impression of the man than they had been led to expect from what they had heard about him. He found him well informed in the philosophy and theories of social reform. He ridiculed the idea that he was

simply an idealist unsuited for any serious task. He wrote, "Of all the Chinese whom I have met he impresses me with his candor and honesty, his whole aspect being quite out of keeping with his reputation for duplicity, cunning, and treachery. His face is distinctly prepossessing and he made a most favorable impression on me."

An American journalist long resident in China wrote: "He is notably honest, sincere, and of high purpose. He is a prophet honored in his own country. He trusted Yuan, and competent foreigners shared in his views."

It had been agreed that on his resignation, Sun should be appointed Director of Railroads. He desired that office because he knew that one cause of the backwardness of China was the lack of intercommunication and transportation. Outside of the treaty ports and their immediate surroundings, the roads were mere tracks, and of railroads there were only a few thousand miles.

Sun should not have undertaken a work about which he knew nothing. He was not an engineer and his idea of railroads was very crude. Trained men ridiculed his plans and said that he had, on paper, divided up the country into squares without regard to rivers or mountains. There was no money to build railroads, but as usual he thought he could get money from Europe, and had an interview with Farjenal about obtaining a loan from France, but was told that the French were not rash speculators. It was while the two were talking that the former Prince Regent came to call on Sun. This astonished the French-

man greatly, for he could scarcely imagine this Manchu coming to see this son of a peasant who had overthrown his dynasty. He was even more astonished when he met Sun and the Prince at a banquet, and he took this as looking most propitious for the Republic.

The estimate of the character of Yuan Shih-kai by these same men was very different, and it was based on well known facts connected with his past. Yuan belonged to the old order, Sun to the new. Yuan had been treacherous and cruel, but with his ideas of Oriental despotism, his actions no doubt seemed to him as a necessary part of the functions of a ruler. He had swept away those who stood in the way of his ambitions. He had developed the Chinese army and given it order and discipline, and he had treated his men fairly. When he was in charge of affairs in Korea he had autocratic power and he used it in an unscrupulous and brutal way, according to all accounts. He probably thought that what he did was for the good of the state.

Sun must have known all this, and that was the reason that his followers could not understand why he trusted the word of Yuan. It was not long before he found out that his trust had been misplaced. One of the first things was Yuan's excuses for not moving the capital to Nanking according to agreement. He said that the conduct of troops demanded his presence in Peking, but the truth was, no doubt, that he did not want to go where the republican sentiment was so strong, and where he had many enemies.

A few months after his resignation,

Sun was invited to visit Peking, and he was received there as if he had been a prince, every honor being shown him. After several interviews with Yuan, he was convinced that there was no intention on the part of the President to carry out the reforms under the provisions of the constitution. While there was disagreement there was no open break, but Sun's suspicions were aroused, he feared that he might be detained and perhaps imprisoned. He knew that Yuan was a Chinese of the old style, who, in order to get rid of a possible trouble-maker might take him and on some pretext have him beheaded. With all this in mind he left Peking secretly and returned to Nanking.

Yuan was short of money and was anxious to obtain a foreign loan, but his plans in this direction were impeded by the action of France and Russia whose governments opposed the recognition. What money there had been in the treasury had been used to pay off the Southern army and in adding to the Northern one as being that on which he would have to rely in case of trouble. As he must have money he managed to negotiate a loan of twenty-five million pounds sterling from a group of European financiers who acted with the consent of their governments.

This loan had been contracted without the consent of the Assembly, and was therefore contrary to the Constitution. When the Assembly learned what had been done its members were furious and the loan was declared void. The republican party was astonished that European countries should lend money to Yuan and feeling ran high. When it was learned

that the President was using the money for the purchasing of arms from the Krupps, instead of applying it to internal improvements, the spirit of rebellion again flared up. Then Sun came to the front again and issued a statement accusing Yuan of being a tyrant. He begged the Powers to prevent the further advance of funds, which he was sure would be used to put an end to the Republic and promote the ambitions of Yuan.

There were foreigners who blamed the European Powers for authorizing this loan and these praised President Wilson, who, they believed, saw that it was against republican principles to participate in a loan of that character. Many Americans believed that there was a wave of democracy sweeping over Asia, and that it had made its way into the heart of the Chinese people, and that nothing should be done to repress it. There was a good deal of sympathy for Sun Yat-sen.

Early in May 1913, Sun learned from friends in Peking that Yuan was laying plans to get rid of him. He could scarcely believe it when he heard on good authority that at a secret meeting of Yuan's council he had been declared a traitor as had also Wu Ting-fang and Dr. Lee, a leading revolutionist. Even then he did not think that the Government would really try to arrest him. One day while in the yard in front of Dr. Lee's house, which was surrounded by a wall in the Chinese style, he and those with him heard a loud knocking at the gate. What followed can best be told in Sun's own words:

"I recognized the voice of those in

command outside the wall as that of Yi Ho, the brutal and unscrupulous hireling of the council police. I then realized that the information which we had received was true, and that if caught I should be rushed to Peking for secret trial and decapitation. Dr. Lee went to the gate to open it, but just before he did it he motioned me to leave. I knew the premises well and took what is known as the hill path to the rear. As I was leaving I could hear that Dr. Lee and the rest were buffeted and bound.

"When I reached my house in Nanking before daylight the next morning, there was something which told me that it had been visited during the night, and I went to the house of a friend on the Honan Drive. There I learned that the previous afternoon my residence had been watched and my wife questioned by officers. I never was so mortified in my life, not even when held a prisoner in London. I was being hunted by the very government which I had helped to establish a few months before.

"It probably will be denied that the foreign authorities refused me shelter. I made no application, but it is a fact that the head of the French police, and the head of the British service, sought me out during my stay and told me that I must take my chance if I remained. How did they know where I was? They knew that hired assassins would be after me day and night. Then I considered appealing to the United States Consul General, but of course I was not a citizen of America and could not legally claim protection. But the cry of the American Pretender was hurled against me.

"For three weeks I tried to communicate with General Huang Hsing (Wang Hing in Cantonese), commander of the Southern army. I moved from house to house, and also at night made several trips to the city (Nanking), once in disguise I went to my own house and remained there till morning. On one occasion a drunken officer had come to my house, and pulled my sick daughter out of bed. Then with bayonets they destroyed the beds and the furniture. The chief threatened to send my wife to Peking unless she told them where I was, but on her knees she avowed that she did not know, which was true. I last saw my wife on June 13, 1913, she said, "Do not come again, go to Huang Hsing, do not be trapped here like a dog and be butchered."

"I will not tell you how I got to Hong Kong, and thence to Canton. I was a week on the trip and it cost me one hundred and thirty-five pounds sterling. The captain of the native steamer from Hong Kong knew me well, for I had given him medical treatment at Macao and at Hong Kong, and although he had never paid me anything yet he charged me \$500.00 from Hong Kong to the Pearl River. He was, I knew from his conversation, a supporter of Yuan Shih-kai, but I knew that I could trust him in a personal matter. He landed me at Go-lan and he secured a boatman to take me to Canton.

"The captain of the steamer was not the only one who knew me and leered at me. He was the boss of the coolies and at Canton he informed the officials that I was in the city. I saw him once with an officer pass an office

where I was resting. When I reached the camp of General Huang Hsing at Moochow, this fellow came up to me and wanted to shake my hand in the European fashion. This was after I had seen him in Canton with General Luang, the Governor General of the police. When he appeared at Moochow I denounced him, and by order of Huang Hsing he was cut in many pieces.

"I wanted to see my family and General Huang Hsing volunteered to risk sending word and financial assistance and to get a return message. For several days before our departure we had gone about the city in the poorest garb and lived among the meanest class on the river, and at times I had a creepy feeling because of the big reward offered for my capture. General Huang and I left the city in the same house-junk, but we were supposed never to have met before. He paid five Canton taels (\$3.00) for his fare and I gave four dollars, Mexican, and a package of groceries, some eight or nine pounds of provisions which I had been carrying in an old shirt for several days. Of course we had funds on our person to take us to America, if we decided to go, but it would have courted death to let the boatman know this.

"From He Ling, General Huang secured passage on a steamer to Hong Kong, while I went to Macao in a fishing boat. After twelve days I was happy to land at Moji (in Japan) and was delighted to learn that General Huang had done all that he had promised and he had landed at Nagasaki five days before me. We met at the Inland Sea Hotel, a place both of us knew when we had been hunted

fugitives, and where we had agreed to meet."

From Nagasaki Sun Yat-sen wrote to Yuan Shih-kai telling him that he was a traitor to his country, and that as he (Sun) had risen to overthrow the Manchus, so he would rise against him.

Chapter XV

Troublous Times for China and for Sun Yat-sen

Sun Yat-sen was again an exile. Again he had failed in carrying out his plans for the unification of China under a republic. Many of the Progressive Party were wholly discouraged and thought it would be better to conform to existing conditions, for it seemed hopeless to try further to bring about a change. But Sun Yat-sen was still determined and hopeful, he believed in the people and set to work planning and plotting for the future. His frequent visits to Japan had shown him what that country had accomplished by the adoption of modern methods of education, business, and government, and he knew that the Chinese were as capable as the Japanese in every way.

After he left China an abortive attempt at rebellion had occurred at Nanking in July 1913, but it was crushed by relentless methods similar to those the Manchus had used. Sun knew that it was useless to attempt to overthrow Yuan at that time, for the republican organization had been abandoned after the Manchu abdication. As usual he kept informed as to what was going on in Peking and kept in touch also with leaders in the South.

He remained in Japan for a few months and then moved to Shanghai, where he lived in the French concession. Here he waited for a propitious time for another uprising in favor of constitutional government, to which Yuan was evidently opposed, for from the day of his election he had set to work to strengthen the central government and augment his own power.

Despite his promises to make Nanking the capital, Yuan retained Peking as the seat of government making an excuse that a mutiny of troops prevented a change. The fact was there were too many sympathizers with Sun at Nanking, and besides, the legations were in Peking and prestige would be lost if a removal were made from a city so long associated with Chinese greatness. He had troubles enough as it was, for he was worried in regard to what he believed was the encroachment of Japan, and he was dubious about the conduct of Russia on the north. He believed that China needed a strong man to manage affairs at home and abroad, and impressed with the idea that he was that man, he laid plans for autocratic power.

In October, 1913, he managed to get the Assembly to elect him President for five years. Then by getting rid of the radical members and dismissing the Provincial Councils, he virtually became dictator. In 1914 he promulgated a revised constitution which lengthened the term of President to ten years and practically gave him the power to appoint his successor. In 1915 the military chiefs expressed their opinion in favor of Yuan declaring himself Emperor, for

they had no confidence in the theories of Dr. Sun. Then Yuan managed to have petitions sent to him from all parts of the country begging him to abolish the republic and establish a constitutional monarchy. He spent large sums of money in propaganda, at home and abroad, to convince people that a monarchy was the best form of government for China.

At this time Yuan's advisor on governmental affairs was the American Dr. F. J. Goodnow, who had pursued his constitutional studies in Germany. This may have influenced his judgment in the long argument which he wrote, at the request of the President, advocating a monarchical form of government as better suited for China than a republican system. No doubt Dr. Goodnow was sincere in his statements and there is every evidence to show that foreign residents in China agreed with his conclusions. The British minister believed Yuan was the right man for the place, and the other legations adopted a policy of indifference, though the Powers did ask him for an explanation of his plans.

A long reply was written to Dr. Goodnow by Kang Yu Wei who was the man who had influenced the Emperor Kwang Hsu in 1898 to issue the reform edicts. Every effort was made to prevent him from publishing this but it was printed and read far and wide. But Yuan had made up his mind and early in 1916 he issued a proclamation that acceding to the will of the people and because he loved his country he declared himself Emperor, the first of a new dynasty.

As soon as this was done the South and West were in a ferment of ex-

citement. The province of Yunnan telegraphed that, unless the monarchy was cancelled, it would revolt, and cited the oath which Yuan had taken that he would maintain the Republic. The Southern provinces met in Canton and formed a confederacy and seceded. Then Szechuan declared against Yuan and when he heard of it he became frantic with rage, and, going into the room where his favorite concubine lay with her new born baby, he drew his sword and slew them both. Why he did this is a mystery, but he may have had in mind that this child was to succeed him and he saw now that the end of his ambitious schemes had come.

Seeing plainly that his plans would not work, on March 22, after only a few weeks as Emperor, he issued a decree abrogating the Empire and restoring the Republic. His whole conduct appears contemptible and wholly devoid of principle. There is no doubt that bitter disappointment, and the financial difficulties which had increased with the Southern revolt, hastened his death, which occurred on June 1, 1916. The Vice-President, Li Yuan Hung succeeded Yuan. He had refused to favor the monarchy and on his accession, those who had plotted to establish it, fled to escape arrest.

It has been necessary to tell briefly what had occurred in China from July 1913, to June 1916, in order that the condition of affairs may be understood. During these three years Sun had remained most of the time in Shanghai. He had a good house and lived well, partly in Chinese and partly in European style both as to food and dress. He entertained guests, though not lavishly, he himself being

abstemious in his habits and an abstainer from the use of wine and tobacco.

Those interested have enquired as to the sources of his income at this time, for living in the manner he did must have cost a goodly sum. An American who was employed in the Shanghai post office at this time told the writer that no less than 25,000 registered letters addressed to Sun came during this period. These arrived from all parts of the world, America, Australia, Singapore, and elsewhere, and these presumably contained money.

Some money was sent from Honolulu, for receipts are shown there for sums which give a total of over \$15,000. These remittances were sent by Luke Chan and the receipts are signed by Sun Wen and his treasurer. There were always rumors current among those who opposed him that Sun was obtaining money from those who wanted to gain his influence. It was said by his enemies that in the deal with Yuan Shih-kai he was given a million dollars, in order to win him over and placate him. But that is a ridiculous story for when he fled from Nanking he had very little money. There were other stories of the same kind. One was to the effect that the Japanese were giving him money for promises made to them, to be fulfilled when he came into power. Of course, stories are told by gossips everywhere about prominent men, and the custom among Chinese officials to make money out of their positions was so universal, that his enemies could not imagine that he had not been getting rich out of his revolutionary schemes. The older Chinese and most foreign-

ers thought that, as a matter of course, he was making money in the usual way.

This is illustrated by the opinion of Kono Honung, a classical scholar and one familiar with the principal European languages. He accused Sun and his followers of being humbugs and grafters who were in the movement for selfish ends. He, like many of his countrymen, did not believe in republican principles. He held that all republican theories are based on false pretenses, that democracy leads to anarchy and chaos, and that to attempt to put them in practice would be the ruin of China. The principles of Confucius certainly taught subordination and respect for authority, and Sun and his adherents were undermining all that upon which the civilization of China was based.

With such ideas it is no wonder that a large number of men could not imagine any devotion to a cause unless selfishness was the motive. Those who know Sun well, both Chinese and foreigners, had a different opinion of him, and believed him to be both honest and unselfish. They cite the fact that he gave up the office of Director of Railroads, with its salary of forty thousand pounds a year, rather than be untrue to republican principles. There is no doubt that he received money from his sympathizers while he was in Shanghai, but he was still the leader of the Progressives and was planning all the time to bring about another uprising, when, in his judgment, it was likely to be successful.

In interviews which he gave in Shanghai it was evident that while hopeful yet he had come to believe

that no great change would come to China for a long time. He was inclined to look to Japan for help in the development of the country, because the Japanese understood the Chinese better than Europeans and Americans did. He was in correspondence with prominent Japanese and this probably gave rise to the report that he was receiving financial aid from them. What gave him encouragement was that he saw a glimmer of the spread of a national spirit in China, although he must have known that this was chiefly confined to the students. But it was true that these greatly influenced those with whom they came in contact for the Chinese have a profound respect for the educated man. Sun went so far as to say that he might not live to see any radical change, but he was sure it would come some day. Meanwhile all interested must continue the work of agitation, and give instruction as to organization and the conduct of public affairs.

He believed that if Sir Robert Hart had increased the number of his Chinese assistants in the customs service, that more would have been trained for official positions. He had changed his views in regard to sending students abroad, for he said they came back half-baked, with crude ideas of western affairs and their application to China.

Foreigners who conversed with him still had the opinion that he was a mere theorist and that he did not realize the danger of depending too much on Japan. He favored getting Japanese to come to China to instruct the people as to the conduct of public affairs. When it was pointed out to

him that such a peaceful penetration might be dangerous to the future of the country, he scoffed at the thought of it. He did not seem to consider the fact that the great mass of Chinese were ignorant and that to allow any nation to gain control would be disastrous to the integrity of the country.

The fact was that Sun was looking for help from some foreign nation and the Japanese would no doubt have been glad to have made favorable terms with him if he had possessed power to grant them. In this respect the Japanese were not different from other nations, any one of which would have been eager to have had the opportunity to direct Chinese affairs.

It was but natural that Sun looked favorably at any prospect of Japanese assistance. He had lived in Japan, it was an Oriental country, and if its people could render aid in bringing China out of the ruts, why not take the chance? It is not unlikely, when he met men in high position in Japan, as we know he did, that the condition of China was discussed and he probably gained the idea that the Japanese would be in favor of assisting him if he gained ascendancy again.

From all that Sun said and did while he was in Shanghai, at this time and later, it is plainly shown that he never gauged the obstacles in the way of the establishment of a republic. Many Chinese who were his supporters have come to see that the ignorance of the masses, the lack of any comprehension of representative

government, and the clinging to ancient methods, must be overcome before a real republic can be in practical operation. It is ridiculous to think that by calling a country a republic, or by the adoption of a constitution, human nature can be changed, or that liberty and happiness will of necessity follow.

Chinese students have emphasized the fact in writings and addresses that the thirteen American Colonies took several years to settle down under the Constitution, and therefore we should be patient with China. They ignore the truth that the inhabitants of the Colonies were largely of British ancestry, with traditions of representative government, that certain principles laid down in Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights were their inheritance, and that the population was not submerged in ignorance and poverty.

A handful of students, most of them trained abroad, or educated in missionary schools in China, understood in a measure what a republic is, or what it ought to be. But they did not, and apparently do not, recognize that it takes a long time to impress their ideas upon an inchoate mass of ignorant and superstitious people. Sun Yat-sen in 1917, realized, in a measure, that it is one thing to overthrow, but another matter to build up. Revolution has its difficulties, but construction has even greater ones. It was this that he had to face when, in 1917 the Southern Provinces revolted and he returned to Canton to take part in the administration of affairs.

Chapter XVI

Sun Yat-sen and His Family

It appears necessary to insert here some particulars in regard to the family of Sun Yat-sen, because of an event which occurred while he was in Shanghai in 1915. To do this, we shall have to go back to 1896, and forward until Sun went to Peking shortly before his death. It is a connected story and all of it has to do with Sun's second marriage to Miss Sung Hing-ling.

Ah Mi, as the elder brother of Sun Yat-sen was always called in Hawaii, became a very prosperous man as the years passed. After he had disposed of his interests in Honolulu and in the country nearby, he leased a large tract of land on the Island of Maui, on the slopes of Haleakala, an extinct volcano, 10,000 feet high, and there he raised cattle. This business, together with a store at Kahului, the seaport of the east side of the island, made him a rich man for those times. He was well known by the Chinese and other races as a careful and honorable business man.

His mother had lived with him since 1896, as had also the wife of his brother, Dr. Sun, and her three children. Of course it was impossible for Sun's wife to accompany him as he traveled about the world arousing his countrymen against the Manchu rule, and preaching the doctrine of progress for China, but during his frequent visits to the Hawaiian Islands, he would go to Maui to see his family.

Time had changed Ah Mi's attitude towards his younger brother, and, although he was not in sympathy with his religious views he was with him

heart and soul in his hatred of the Manchus, and in his desire for the enlightenment of China.

When Dr. Sun was in Hawaii in 1896, he was on his way to the Mainland of the United States and later to England. As soon as Ah Mi heard of his brother's capture and escape in London, like all other Chinese in Hawaii, he was greatly interested, and when he learned that the servant of the Legation, who had helped his brother to escape, had lost his position, he sent Sun Yat-sen money to pay the man what he considered a debt of gratitude. Chinese in Honolulu, who knew of the circumstances, say that the amount was several thousand dollars. With the strong family feeling the Chinese have, to help his brother in difficulty was the natural thing to do.

Residence in Hawaii had evidently modified his antipathy to the Christian religion, or, at least towards Christians. Towards the end of the last century and the beginning of this, a large number of Chinese farmers had leased land in the neighborhood of Ah Mi's ranch, on which they raised corn and other crops. Among these were many earnest Christians, and with them he was on good terms. On one occasion Bishop Alfred Willis, who had been Sun Yat-sen's teacher, went on a visitation to members of his flock who lived on the mountain, and he was entertained by Ah Mi. The Bishop had with him, as his interpreter, a young man named Yap See-young, who had been a pupil at Iolani School, and was among the youths who were at the first meeting of the revolutionists in Honolulu and took the oath to further the cause

which Dr. Sun presented so forcibly.

As Dr. Sun continued his revolutionary activities, Ah Mi contributed most generously to the expenses of the movement, sending his brother thousands of dollars at a time. Evidently, he was proud of him, for his name was in the mouth of every one, and he probably looked forward to some office under him when success came to the revolution, to achieve which, he was anxious to help in every way possible. In 1909 he sold out his large interests on Maui and went to China, taking up his residence at Kowloon, across the Bay from Hong Kong, which is British territory. As a brother of the arch-revolutionist he dared not trust himself on Chinese soil, and, besides, like many who have made money abroad and return home, he felt safer on land controlled by foreigners.

He had not been long at Kowloon before it was known that Ah Mi's house was the meeting place of the sympathizers with the revolution, and the British authorities, learning of this, informed him that his presence was undesirable, and advised him, or ordered him to depart. He then went to Kwang-Chau-wan, a French possession, and ostensibly operated a drug store, but really it was the headquarters of Sun's followers in that territory. He did not remain there long, for, in 1912, when his brother was elected President of the Republic of China, he moved to Macao, where he would be near Canton and ready to take advantage of anything that might come his way.

During the troublous times following the flight of Dr. Sun from Nanking, Ah Mi found the situation diffi-

cult. His fortune had been spent to promote the revolution and his brother was in exile. All he could do was to wait until the tide changed, which his hopeful brother was sure would come in due time.

When Sun came to Canton and was in power, Ah Mi had the ambition to become Governor of the Province of Kwangtung, and expected the office as a reward for the aid he had given to his party. When Dr. Sun told him plainly that he did not have the ability to properly fill the position, Ah Mi became angry and said that he wanted the money back that he had advanced. Some hot words passed between them, and the end was that Dr. Sun said he would give him a certain sum, which amounted to about \$20,000. This was a repayment of what Ah Mi considered a loan to be repaid when the Republic was established. A large part of this sum was spent in the purchase of a very fine house which had been erected by a judge. Those who have seen it describe it as palatial and beyond the means of Ah Mi to keep up.

When Ah Mi returned to China from Hawaii in 1909, Sun Yat-sen's wife was with his party, and when her husband was elected President she went to Nanking. Then when he fled from Yuan Shih-kai, she went to Macao, where she still lives at this writing. She became a convert to the Christian religion, and after a while was given occupation as a Bible woman by one of the missions. Her duty is to go into Chinese homes to teach the Gospel to the women of the household, custom preventing a man from doing such work. She is said to be a valued worker in her field.

And now must be told the reason she did not live with her husband when he returned as Director of the Canton Government in 1916, and later, when he was President of the South. It is a chapter in the life of Sun Yat-sen which Chinese, whether Confucian or Christian, look upon with regret and disfavor.

When Sun was in Shanghai, in the early part of 1915, he had as his secretary, a Miss Sung Hing-ling. She was an attractive young woman who had been educated in America, and is said to have been a graduate of Wesleyan College. She was an ardent sympathizer with the revolution and a great admirer of Dr. Sun. It was a case of propinquity and mutual interests. On the one hand was a wife who was of the old style, from whom his protracted wanderings had kept him apart most of the time for twenty years; and on the other, a modern woman, well educated, with whom he was daily associated in helpful and intimate relationship.

A Chinese man, a great friend of Sun's, after talking over with others the rumor that their leader was intending to put away his wife and marry his secretary, went to him, intending to urge him not to take the step. His friends knew how strongly he had expressed himself against the practice of taking a concubine, and to get rid of a wife by any method was against Chinese custom. To put away his wife, the mother of his children, who had been faithful to him, and had endured hardships due to his revolutionary activities, was contrary to Chinese ethics. With all this in his mind and heart he called on Dr.

Sun to give him advice, but when he was closeted with him his courage failed and he remained speechless. When Dr. Sun asked him why he was so glum, he made some excuse about not feeling well and left his presence, as he said, with a lump in his throat.

According to a report the wife went to Japan on the invitation of her husband, and there gave her consent to a separation. What took place is not exactly known, though what was said to be her statement was published.

It is reported that they were divorced, but many Chinese do not see how this could be done. It is stated that Dr. Sun married Miss Sung Hing-ling (1) in Japan on October 25, 1915.

The marriage was widely discussed by his friends and followers in China and Hawaii, and they deeply regretted his action. It is a fact that when Dr. Sun came to Peking with his second wife—for wife he always called her—the foreign ladies at first received her graciously, but when they were made aware of her status, they dropped her, evidently not considering her the wife of Sun Yat-sen.

Without any intention of condoning Dr. Sun's conduct, yet, in considering the whole matter, one must admit that what he did was not different from, and certainly not worse than, what is done by thousands of Americans, whose actions are in every way similar to those of Dr. Sun. Any one who is familiar with social conditions in the United States, knows that it is not an uncommon thing for

(1) Her name is here given as Dr. Sun spelled it. Some put her surname last and spell it "Soong."

a man somehow to get a divorce from a wife who has not developed as he has, and to marry some supposed affinity who has come into close relations with him in a business or professional way. One can understand, from the standpoint of human nature, how easy it was for Sun Yat-sen to fall in love with this educated and refined woman who understood him and his aims, but viewed from the standpoint of Chinese custom and ethics, it was all wrong.

Then, too, by his professed religious belief he ought to have had respect for the Christian ideals of marriage. Yet, again, it must be said that he had the example of so-called Christian men in the United States, who manage to get rid of their wives on the ground of incompatibility, desertion, or some other trumped up cause, in order to marry other women. And, further, too often, ministers of the Gospel, knowing all the circumstances, give them a Christian marriage and a Christian blessing.

As has been said before, this is not written to excuse the conduct of Sun Yat-sen, a Chinese, but the facts given, as far as could be ascertained, are meant to show that his action was not essentially different from that of thousands of men and women in Christian America.

It may not be out of place here, before leaving the subject of Dr. Sun's family, to mention the activities of the second wife after the death of her husband. She is reported (1927) as being a leader in the council of the Nationalists. She is devoting her life to carrying out the cause to which Dr. Sun gave his entire thought and strength. (Since 1927 she has fallen

out with those in power declaring that they are not carrying out Dr. Sun's principles).

This brings to the author's mind the great influence which women have always exercised in China. If the intention of this book had not been simply to tell the story of the life of Sun Yat-sen, it would be a good place here to write a chapter on the women of China. Many consider them superior to men, and, no doubt, that could be said of the women of other nations. During the revolution companies of girls were drilled as soldiers and were ready and anxious to fight in the ranks. As a matter of fact, the service of these Amazons was declined, and they were told to go home, but the incident shows the progressives were to be found among women as well as men.

Despite the precepts of Confucius, the women of China have always had great influence, and the widowed mother has been the counsellor and ruler of her sons. Confucius wrote: "It is a law of Nature that women should be kept under the control of men, and not allowed any will of their own - - -. Women are indeed human beings, but they are of a lower estate than man, and can never attain to a full equality. In the other world the condition is the same, for the same laws govern there as here. Women are as different from men as earth from Heaven. The aim, therefore, of female education is perfect submission, and not the cultivation of the mind. After the duties as wife, study and learning can fill up the time."

This teaching seems incongruous when we consider that the education of Confucius had devolved upon a

widowed mother, as was also the case of Mencius, who was devoted to his mother and was buried beside her.

There is no mean list of women writers in China. One wrote history in the fifth century. The first treatise on female education was written by a woman centuries ago. Confucianism could not, and did not, prevent women having real power in the state, as well as influence in the family, nor did it prevent women, in considerable numbers, from receiving thorough education in the Chinese way.

There was no Government school for women in China until 1887, five years after the first Protestant school for girls was opened. Those who know the modern educated Chinese woman recognize her as the equal of

any in learning and culture. In American and European Colleges they have graduated—many of them with high honors—and they have shown remarkable ability and excellent character. While there are some, who, in the new found freedom, have not known how to use it, there are not many of these, and some, with like failings are to be found among educated women of other races.

In the future of China, women have a large part to play. They are patient, industrious, persevering, frugal, chaste, faithful, and when released from the thralldom of superstition and ignorance, they are the equals of their sisters anywhere morally, intellectually, and spiritually.

(To Be Continued)

DOMESTIC DRAMA--DONE BROWN

By IRMA THOMPSON IRELAND

BACK in the old days—as Army folks love to speak of their early experiences—there was stationed at Fort Mills, Corregidor, one Captain Herbert L. Martin, C.A.C. There was also Mrs. Martin, Herbert Jr., Richard, and Baby May.

According to the custom and indeed practical necessity for service in the tropics, the Martins maintained a staff of servants which included Fernando the cook, Marcella, the nursemaid who was Fernando's wife, Eleno the house-boy, and Emelia the wash-woman or lavandera; all native Filipinos but from different Provinces and speaking different lingos, though each could use pidgin English and some Spanish of a more-or-less mongrel variety.

Now the Martins were domestic peace-loving people. You are by no means to infer that the events to be chronicled in this tale were in any way traceable to the influence of their home life upon servants. An interesting fact, however, seems to be fairly well illustrated that under the skin—no matter what color it happens to be—human nature reacts to certain experiences in much the same way. Hence this little drama which has to do with *The Plodding Husband*, *The Attractive Wife*, *The He-Vamp*, and *the Meddlesome Gossip*.

Possibly the psychological entrance of the serpent into the Martin household could be identified with the person of a native peddler permitted to display a collection of marvellous fabrics and embroideries from the Southern Islands. The peddler's visit was a periodic affair and always more-or-less of a social event in the lives of the servants. On this particular occasion as Marcella stood with Baby May in her arms her eyes sparkled with appreciation of the beautiful pieces of needlecraft. Lovingly she touched the lacy garments whose uses she had learned from the care of Mrs. Martin's wardrobe. The peddler was a good business woman and having sold to the mistress she turned to Marcella holding up an armful of tempting loveliness:

"You like? I let you have ver' cheap."

Marcella looked longingly but shook her head, shifting the baby to the other arm:

"I like, but no got money. Las' mont' I go to my Province. This mont' I send money for Doctor to my modder. She ve' sick."

"Too bad. Mabby nex' time, Yes? Mrs. Martin fine lady—buy much embroideries. You tak' now—pay nex' time. Sabe?"

It was too much for Marcella. Her mistress was already deep in plans

for the making up of her new treasures; the other servants having satisfied their curiosity had gone back to their duties. Marcella snatched the coveted garments and whisked them under her calico skirt; a little scared, but with the light of determination in her big black eyes.

Now Marcella was very pretty in a soft olive-skinned way. Her features were regular, her body slender and supple; but what was rather unusual in a young matron of the Orient was a fund of lively humor that made her popular in the social life of the native quarters.

Fernando was the typical good husband; plain, honest, and dependable, therefore hopelessly uninteresting; for it must be acknowledged that masculine virtue, while comforting, is never stimulating to woman-kind. Besides he was some eight or ten years older than Marcella and had neglected to tell her of a previous marriage—the one and only folly of his youth and inexperience.

As the days slipped by toward the time for the peddler's next visit the girl began to look worried and downcast.

"What the matter, Marcella? You sick in your body?" Asked Fernando kindly as he helped her take the baby's cart down the steps.

"No, no, Fernando. No sick. Too much hot. No good for head."

"All right, don't go for long walk. Stay under the banana trees. It is cool here."

"No—mabby baby cry and bodder Senora. I go for little walk. I come back soon."

Then off she went, cartwheels crunching through the gravel, her chenelas slapping a nervous accompaniment as she hurried over the hot stretches from tree to tree.

It was down by the street-car station that Eleno stopped her—to play with the baby—perhaps. Surely there was no harm in a few words when they worked in the same house? Besides, Eleno was young. He had been to Americano school and when the family was away he used Captain Martin's typewriter to make wonderful letters to the girls in the barrio. Eleno was clever also and very appreciative. He admired Marcella's pretty new *camesa* of *pina-cloth* and then—O vanity of woman! She told him of her secret purchase from the peddler, laughingly warning him as she shuffled along:

"No tell Fernando! Mabby he no like!"

Of course Eleno promised. That was easy as he smiled into Marcella's eyes. In fact, the less Fernando knew, the happier he was bound to be.

At last the fatal day arrived and Marcella lacked three pesos of enough to pay for her pretty clothes. Slap! Slap! Back and forth on the wide veranda she paced with Baby May in her arms. Fernando came from the kitchen immaculate in white and with a huge basket on his arm.

"I go barrio to market, Marcella. You like to come also? Take baby on street car to Bottom-side?"

"No, Fernando; baby no feel good. Senora no like. I stay here." Patiently Fernando accepted her ex-

cuses and passed on down the back road to the station. When the car made its last agonizing screech around the curve Marcella swished through the back door into the sala where Eleno was polishing the floor.

Usually under stress of excitement or surprise these little brown people drop their polite Americano talk and chatter volubly in whatever lingo they can establish mutual understanding. It was so with these two for presently Eleno left his floor work and scurried to the servant's quarters, where Marcella followed, still holding the baby with one arm—gesticulating wildly with the other. Mrs. Martin in search of her offspring came through the butler's pantry in time to see Marcella tuck something hastily into her skirt-band but Eleno apparently had vanished in thin air.

That afternoon when the peddler came Marcella proudly paid for her last month's purchases and though she plainly coveted some of the beautiful new offerings, she shook her head and said:

"No more this time. No got money."

It was the next morning Mrs. Martin heard the fracas out in the servants' quarters: shrill chattering of women rising above guttural murmurs of men's voices; each apparently resorting to his or her native dialect in addition to pidgin English and mongrel Spanish. One word and a look from "Senora" scattered them to their respective duties, but during the midday meal as the four of them dipped into the common rice-bowl on the kitchen table, it began again and this time was silenced by the Captain.

Late in the afternoon, however, re-

turning from a call and hearing a disturbance in the kitchen, Mrs. Martin opened the pantry door and saw Marcella's chenelas fly thru the air one after the other at Fernando, whose appearance showed that the battle had been raging for some time. His coat was off, his undershirt torn to ribbons, and across one arm were white welts burned as with a red hot poker.

Clearly Marcella was beyond reason. Her hair streaming, eyes bulging, flecks of foam at her mouth, she charged furiously after her terrified spouse. Bidding Eleno watch the baby, Mrs. Martin sped to the telephone but before she could put in her call Fernando catapulted into the dining-room, Marcella at his heels brandishing a long-bladed meat knife.

Round and round they circled; under, over, and round again. Eleno backed into a corner stood grasping the screaming baby; Herbert and Richard aroused from their naps peeped from the bedroom door, eyes wide with fascinated horror. Mrs. Martin sighed and closed hers expecting to open them presently on a ghastly murder done in her own dining room. Then suddenly it came to her just what she must do; and risking everything on one bold stroke she stepped up to the infuriated creature, grasped her arm and said clearly:

"Marcella, give me the knife!"

Instantly the girl wilted, drooped sideways, slobbering brokenly on her sleeve:

"All right Ma'am. I be good girl—but—I *no* like Fernando! I not *stay* here! Fernando no good! I no like!"

Mrs. Martin soothed her as she would a hurt child until silently she

shuffled out of the room pulling her torn *camesa* up over her brown shoulders.

Later Fernando said that she had left the house just as she was without a word to any of them and in the morning he told Mrs. Martin that she had come home about dawn drenched to the skin, torn, scratched, and exhausted from tramping the jungle the long night thru. Under the circumstances there was but one thing to do, so Marcella went home to her people for a long rest and recuperation from her emotional debauch.

When the household had settled down once more to something like normal conditions, bit by bit Mrs. Martin picked up stray threads of the story, which woven together pieced out the missing strands in this odd little tapestry of life.

The day after the peddler's visit Fernando discovered Marcella's new finery and asked her how much it had cost. She told him three pesos, then he looked at the garments more closely and said:

"These things cost more than three pesos! And glancing up quickly he caught a look exchanged between Marcella and Eleno, with a smile, a nasty smile on Eleno's face.

"Marcella! You tell me truth! How much money you pay for these things?"

The girl sulked but answered at last:

"Seven pesos, Fernando."

"Seven pesos! You get ten pesos for one month wages. You send six pesos to your modder. Where you get money to pay seven pesos for new clothes?"

Still sulking but cowed by the

knowledge of her wrong-doing she replied:

"Eleno, he borrow me three pesos."

Fernando swung round to the boy: "Eleno! For what did you give Marcella three pesos? Why did you not tell her to come to her husband?"

Backing slowly away from Fernando, Eleno replied, still smiling:

"Marcella ver' pretty girl. She like ——" But right there Fernando forgot his careful training, and shall we add—the influence of the white man's civilization? Springing forward with hands outstretched to clutch the boy's neck he spat thru his teeth the brown man's curse supreme:

"Thou brother of a monkey! If you have make Marcella bad woman I kill you as I would the snake in the forest—as I would crush the centipede or stamp out the life of a scorpion!"

But a summons from the house saved Eleno's life that time and Fernando was forced to spend the remainder of his wrath on the old Army range in pursuit of his vocation as cook. Meanwhile, Marcella taking refuge in the laundry had confided her troubles to Emelia the pock-marked, betel-chewing Goddess of Suds who listened, smirked, and chattered as she rubbed her big charcoal iron over a fresh banana leaf.

"Mabby Fernando he talk too much. You ask for why he go barrio mabby two times las' wik. Mabby he go market, no?"

"What you mean, so much mab-bys?" flared Marcella.

"O no matter. Fernando tell you he one time go see Valleta, no?" Marcella's lips tightened, her eyes clouded.

"Who you say Valleta? Fernando

no tell me such person. Hermana, mabby, yes?"

Emelia cackled and spat on her iron.

"Hermana—he! he! No. Valleta one time matrimony for Fernando—then no more. Now she matrimony for Pedro one Filipino soldado. One big Scout - he! he! Mabby when soldado go march up an' down by barrack—Fernando he go barrio—see Valleta—No?"

"SSs-sst!" There was no lingual outlet for Marcella's scorn. Sweeping out of the laundry, a pink calico streak she seemed to grow taller as she neared the kitchen; and bursting thru the service door descended upon her hapless husband with all the blind

fury of outraged womanhood. Which brings the story quite logically and inevitably to the red-hot poker stage just preceding Mrs. Martin's fateful intrusion.

Of course, someone is going to smile knowingly and remark as if the idea were entirely original, that because Marcella loved much she was bound to hate magnificently but somehow the cryptic comment of jolly old "Doc" Lyman who came running across from the next quarters to see what the row was all about, seems very much more to the point:

"Well, you see Lady, when these little brown folks get good and mad at each other, they do something besides make faces."

IS MODERN POETRY SENSE?

By LEO DE VIS

IN the good old days we are always sighing for, when knighthood was in flower, and all that sort of thing, it was the pleasant little custom of those in high places to immerse their victims in cauldrons of boiling oil.

Occasionally, if the court inclined to mercy they were merely hanged, disembowelled and then divided into sundry unappetising portions that were subsequently tarred and used as ornaments for city gates and other public places.

But, so far as the prisoners were concerned, there was a wearisome sameness about the result.

Recently with a view to improving a mind that is not so agile as it once was, I have been reading various books of modern poetry. I freely admit that my previous understanding of a poem was that it was more or less of a story, told in phraseology that was unusual and often beautiful.

Take, for example, Shelly's "Ode to a Skylark", or even the dear old poem we learned in our schooldays, "How the Waters Come Down at Lodore". Could there be anything more exquisitely beautiful than the lilting cadences descriptive of the delicious melody pouring from the tiny throat of the little bird as it soars happily upward from its nest in the dew-drenched grass into the clear, sunny sky!

Or, could there be anything more refreshing than the picture conjured up of the dashing stream, flashing in the sunlight as it leaps and hurries over its rocky bed on its way to the sea? One can hear the silvery notes of the skylark, growing ever fainter and more faint as it mounts steadily upward. One can stand, in fancy, upon the bank of the stream, listening to its joyous chatter as one watches the scintillating spray that flings and hurtles above the swiftly flowing water. These things are word-pictures, and they are very, very beautiful—but they seem to belong to a day that is gone.

The world has progressed since those simple days. Great strides have been made in science. We have radio, television, globe-circling Zeppelins, sex-plays, jazz (if that be progress,) new cults, new diseases, new "isms" by the score. There are even bathrooms in many of the more modern English homes and the people of that interesting country are no longer compelled to perform their matutinal ablutions sitting in an overgrown tin saucer containing two inches of tepid water.

We have advanced very far. And yet, I suppose that, for my boldness in daring to suggest that fifty per cent of modern poetry appears to be a more or less meaningless stringing

together of words, I shall be deemed worthy of an end, whose details, by comparison with the friendly old custom of drawing and quartering, would be such that their description would be barred by even the yellowest of yellow journals.

A little tag of my childhood's days comes into my mind as I write.

Little boy. Pair of skates.

Hole in ice. Heaven's Gates.

Nonsense perhaps. But—is it nonsense? I suppose it cannot rank as poetry, although as a piece of construction there doesn't seem to be much wrong with it. It contains three feet to each line: it has a certain swing or rhythm—and it rhymes, and yet I imagine it would be scorned even by our own poet's column in any newspaper.

But, none the less it tells a complete story of a youth who, venturing upon the ice with possibly, a brand new pair of skates, strikes out gaily, his mind full of pleasurable excitement—intent upon mastering such intricate evolutions as outside and inside edges, figure eights and so on. But alas! his innocent enjoyment (although in all likelihood he was trespassing upon private property) ends in tragedy. The treacherous surface gives way beneath his feet: he is precipitated into the icy waters and his little life is snuffed out. There is the picture.

It is a ridiculous little rhyme—but it serves its purpose of telling a story and incidentally points the very wholesome moral of the danger of skating upon thin ice—the very thing I fear I am doing now.

Or, take another tragic tale: a whole episode told in eight short words of one syllable each:

Boy, gun,—joy, fun.

Gun bust—Boy, dust.

Perfect again in metre and rhyme, but, I imagine, not poetry. And yet it tells its story in a complete fashion that could not be equalled in these modern days. It is as terse as the evidence of a well-trained traffic cop reporting an accident, but it is full of meat all through.

Such examples as these do not compare with the "Ode to a Skylark" for instance—but—where does poetry begin and where does it end? In other words, what is poetry?

My dictionary defines the word as "a metrical composition, produced or embellished by creative imagination." That is all right in its way, but the question in my own mind is whether, if the creative imagination used to embellish the metrical composition totally obscures the meaning of a sentence or verse, is it still poetry? Does extravagance of expression constitute a poem or is a poem a medium through which is conveyed a beautiful thought or a stirring story that one can understand without difficulty, a story written in a metrical cadence of words that carries one along on its soul-stirring current.

One rather expects this extravagance of expression in a love song. I remember a once popular song that invited its hearers to "drink to me only with thine eyes". I have never fully understood the mechanism of this particular process, for such knowledge of anatomy as I possess does not convey the impression that the human eye is so constructed as to form an ideal vehicle for the transfer of fluids from the outside to the in—ab ovo into medias res—as it

were, though it is certainly a vehicle for the same purpose in a reverse direction.

The only explanation of the peculiar form of this invitation that occurs to me is that it was tendered by a gentleman who was in love, and, since it is customary to regard most lovers as being mildly, but temporarily insane, one is prepared to make allowance for a certain ambiguity of expression in the method of tendering what would, in almost any other country but America, be entirely legitimate and not unwelcome suggestion.

I imagine, however, that a modern poet would regard even this ambiguity as too direct and self-explanatory. He would put it in some other way; wrap it up in a blanket composed of closely woven verbiage and tuck it in so snugly that his readers would hesitate, turn back to the beginning and try all over again—finally giving it up and going on to the next verse, or stanza or spasm or whatever the divisions of the particular poem are supposed to be. If he could get the same reaction from each such division he would probably have a thoroughly successful modern poem.

But, thank heaven, all modern poetry is not like that. Someone sent me a copy of the recently published "John Brown's Body", the other day. I unpacked it one evening and sat down to give it the once over, and I am ashamed to think of the hour in which I sought my downy pillow.

Who could read that epic and not be thrilled to his innermost being as the magnificent story unfolds itself in one episode after another, and sweeps him along irresistibly with its

sheer genius of word-painting! As a portrayal of a record of historical events in the history of this great country, it is terrific. There is no other word for it. For the creative imagery of the gifted author lifts him by its enormous power to heights of song that even the great poets of a bygone age have rarely equalled.

One can imagine how he would be physically shaken by the task of keeping pace with his own mind as it conjured up scene after scene: how he would write desperately—at break-neck speed—frantically striving to set down the thoughts of his golden inspiration. For this is transcendent genius, and the poem will live long after the author has gone to his rest.

But, by way of contrast I am going to take the liberty of looking, rather hesitatingly, at a modern poem that has attracted recent notice. Here it is:

I am a man searching
(burn thin world rocked on the
ether waves.)

I am a man searching
in the orange twilights
in the lavender dusk of a charred
sun.

The skyscrapers rear their tawny
rumps in the amber fields of
evening and Einstein is a slender
shadow nibbling at the sky

I have written a word for a tryst
with myself and peace is invading
me like a dye seeping through
still water.

The fauns are whistling at the
edge of the dawn.

Will there be time before the
gray ashes before the gray ashes
thicken the sea muffle the prair-
ies soften the tallest peaks?

That is all there is to it and I have punctuated it as it appeared in a local newspaper. Let us examine it literally.

Here we have the picture of a man searching for something,—apparently for a meeting with himself. He apostrophises the world and describes it as thin.

This world, upon which we live, may wobble a bit at times and upset things generally, but it has never seemed to me that it was particularly thin. If I remember rightly, it is 3960 miles from the surface due south to the center, and that is not exactly thin. It is true that what we call the crust, is only some thirty or forty miles thick, but that is solid enough for most people. However, I suppose as a piece of creative imagination it is near enough, so we will pass along.

The gentleman is searching 'in the lavender dusk of a charred sun'. The sun today has gas eruptions a hundred thousand miles high which change shape in a few hours. It is entirely possible that as a result of these eruptions, the surface of the sun, if it be sufficiently cool to be solid, is considerably charred—but it does not seem possible that this charring process has resulted in the sun actually producing a lavender dusk. I suppose though, that as a simile to establish the fact that the search is being conducted during the evening hours, either just before or just after sunset, it is entirely justifiable—the poem being a modern one.

The picture unrolls itself, and we are introduced to skyscrapers, whose 'tawny rumps' rear themselves in the amber fields. They are evidently on the very edge of town, and the sunset glow is casting a tawny hue upon their lower portions, while the laven-

der dusk is probably hovering around in the distance. It is a strange way of expressing a color scheme, but it is rather fine somehow, and it definitely establishes the fact that the action takes place during the evening hours.

But the gentleman who is looking for himself is in a hurry, and apparently, is getting mixed as to the exact time, for we learn that the 'fauns are whistling at the edge of the dawn', and, to complicate matters we are introduced to Mr. Einstein, who is occupying himself by 'nibbling at the sky'. I confess I don't understand this bit. Why should Mr. Einstein, who is a brilliant mathematician with a remarkable theory that all of us pretend to understand and none of us really know anything about, be standing near some skyscrapers, nibbling at the sky?

I have never seen Mr. Einstein, but I rather imagine that a man with a brain like his, would hardly relish being described as 'a slender shadow'—a senseless thing without definite substance. That, however, lies between Mr. Einstein and the author.

Let us have a look at those fauns who are busy 'whistling at the edge of dawn' on this remarkable evening of sunset. Possibly I am wrong but I have always thought that fauns were mythical beings, half youth and half animal—something like a glorified billy-goat. I thought they were generally classed as having belonged to the same epoch as the old gods and goddesses, and were now as extinct as the Dodo.

And yet, here we have them, in company with Mr. Einstein, the skyscrapers and the searching gentleman, doing nothing but whistling, the while Mr. Einstein continues his nibbling with commendable assiduity.

Candidly, I give it up. I'd just love to have one of those fauns for a pet though, for even Barnum never had the luck to catch one. Possibly he never stood all night by the tawny rump of a skyscraper, waiting for the tell-tale whistle.

But now we are coming to tragedy, or the possibility of one, and the poem becomes really serious. There is something far more forceful and terrifying than the hole in the ice that led the boy skater to his undoing. There is a volcano near the city—and it is in eruption. This is definite, because the gray ashes are about to thicken the sea, muffle the prairies and soften the tallest peaks.

Visions of Pompeii leap to the mind. Perhaps the scene of the search is laid in Naples, or even Messina. But are there any skyscrapers in Naples? There were none when I was there a good many years ago, and it would not be a very wise place to build them unless they were thoroughly earthquake-proof. I am sure there are none in Messina, for that unhappy, but lovely little city, has had several ghastly experiences of the wrath of a great volcano already and is taking no chances on anything higher than two or three stories.

And what would Einstein be doing in Naples anyway. True, he might be staying there, and then again, there are other places with skyscrapers, and there are hundreds of other volcanos, and some of these other places may even have fauns who whistle in the evening under the impression that the time is near daylight. But there is no doubt about the eruption, because the gentleman is afraid he will not find himself be-

fore the ashes have hidden every trace of him.

I wish I knew where this city was located. It is near the sea, close to the prairies and not far from mountains with tall peaks. Evidently Mr. Einstein knows it, because we are told he was there. I give it up. It sounds like Calgary somehow, and yet there are no active volcanos near Calgary and it is a long, long way from the sea. Perhaps Mr. Einstein can elucidate.

I know I ought to apologize to the author of this poem, and I do so—very humbly, though I have only happened to pick upon it as a type of many other modern poems and of the difficulty of understanding them fully. He states that 'peace is invading' him 'like dye seeping through still water'. That is fine, in fact, it's perfectly bully: for we have all dropped ink from a fountain pen into a glass of water and watched it slowly sinking and spreading. One can understand peace invading a troubled mind in that manner, and I reckon that this simile is truly worthy to be classed as '*Metre embellished by creative imagination*'.

I am sure the whole poem is clever, and I take off my hat to the author for having done something I could not do in a month of Sundays. I hope he will not treat me with hostility because of my frank admission that I do not understand just what it was he wanted to find.

I guess I am pretty dumb anyway, but taking this just as an example of thousands of poems that are turned out like sausages out of a machine, one cannot help voicing the query that forms the title of this article.

And now, with bowed head, I meekly await my fate.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

By MAHLON ASHFORD

ROPER'S ROW, Warwick Deeping. New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1929.

At first impulse, one may say this is the story of a man who overcomes exceptional obstacles in rising from obscurity to distinction as a great London physician. In a sense this is true. He first appears to us a poor, crippled, derided medical student. We watch as he achieves his degree, and thereafter through the varied vicissitudes of his professional career. His experiences, his acts, even his thoughts unfold themselves in infinite detail. The book is his life story, and yet successively two women, a mother and a wife, though almost always in the shadow, quietly, unobtrusively dominate the man and prove the secret well-springs of his character and conduct.

The book is exceedingly well written and contains much of what may be the author's philosophy of life, yet its appeal lies in the drama. It is essentially a story, a not easily forgotten story of a mother, a son, and a wife. The tale is unmistakably the product of an English pen. No one but an Englishman could have written it, and such an Englishman as he who penned, "If Winter Comes". The atmosphere of London is reproduced with remarkable fidelity, as are many London types, although, in accentuating the martyrdom of his hero, the

author bears heavily against the tradition of English fair play. But so also does Hutcheson in "If Winter Comes"¹ and the gifted creator of "Young Woodley", so perhaps the picture is nearer the verities than the tradition. The author is true to the form of "Sorrell and Son", "Kitty", "Old Pybus", to name three of his earlier work. Like Sorrell, Hazzard is a man of sorrows, persecuted and ill-treated. Like Old Pybus, Christopher's mother is an idealized Diogenes. In all his work Deeping is consistently Dickensian in his plea for the oppressed and in his Victorian attitude towards family life.

Aside from the theme of the influence of two women in a man's life, the narrative is the biography of a doctor, and as such may be briefly compared with its American counterpart, the "Arrowsmith" of Sinclair Lewis. "Roper's Row" is written by an English doctor, who, after a transitory professional career, was diverted to literary and other pursuits. "Arrowsmith" is the product of an American newspaperman, who forsook the reportorial field to become a successful novelist. The results may be preconceived. "Roper's Row" is an etching, "Arrowsmith" is a photograph. Each is a highly interesting delineation of the doctor's calling.

* * *

FIRST LOVE, by Charles Morgan. Alfred A. Knopf, 1929.—It is difficult to write with critical judgment of a work which so completely intrigues the imagination. Instead the critic is tempted to indulge in extravagant phrases of appreciation. "First Love" is indeed superb artistry in imaginative fiction. It is a masterpiece. It has distinguished literary style. It creates living characters. It paints exquisite vistas of the English countryside. It is a complete psychoanalysis of first love, and is reminiscent of that unsurpassed idyll, "Peter Ibbetson".

The story offers a delicate and charming, while most intelligent, portrayal of the first love of a young English boy of a highly sensitive and artistic temperament. The scene is laid in Kent—the author's birthplace—a half century ago, yet the story needs neither time nor place.

Charles Morgan, who we are told has labored on this manuscript since 1925 when he published his first book—"My Name Is Legion"—is a young Englishman who after serving through the recent unpleasantness in the British Navy, entered Oxford and upon graduation embarked on literary seas. He is at present dramatic critic for the London Times. Reports indicate that the English literary world is tremendously taken with this production. It is interesting to recall the fact that another English writer, Delafield has in this same year of grace written a book with the identical title. I look forward to reading the work of this gifted English-woman but I do not expect to discover another equal gem in the same year.

* * *

POINT COUNTER POINT, Aldous Huxley; Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929 —The latest work of this gifted novelist is certain to win the unqualified approval of the cognoscenti. It is difficult to imagine its serious perusal by the prudish or unsophisticated. The public of Mr. Huxley will recognize the greatness of his present achievement, even though they have a distaste for the story which serves as a shuttle for his philosophic survey of a tragic humanity.

In my opinion the scholarship revealed in this novel is unsurpassed in quality and catholicity by any contemporary fictionist in the English language. In reading the book I am reminded of Anatole France, though of course, like his countrymen, France was wholly Gallic in his outlook.

"Point Counter Point" cannot be justly considered a narrative of the life of any particular individuals. Like "Vanity Fair", it is a story without a hero, only Huxley is more faithful than Thackeray in this respect. It is in fact a devastating study of a few human beings. The people selected for this analysis are Londoners and of the intelligentsia. With all their knowledge of the humanities, their culture, and their upper class advantage, they are a libidinous group, whose chief preoccupation is sensual enjoyment. In one way or another they are associated and this common relationship enables Mr. Huxley to develop the deeds, and thoughts of an exceedingly interesting section of the species. He accomplishes his plan with the precise exactitude of the bacteriologist and the interpretative touch of the great artist.

However, the author is not so much

concerned with the misadventures of his characters as with their philosophy of life, although his narration of their lucubrations is replete with humor, pathos and drama. In places also the text is tinged with pornography, if I may employ a favorite term of this writer.

"Point Counter Point" is a book that one wants to go back to. One is even tempted to commit the unpardonable offense of quotation. The brief twenty-sixth chapter offers irresistible seduction to this type of sinners, when they encounter such passages as—"The whole of modern civilization is based on the idea that the specialized function which gives a man his place in society is more important than the whole man, or rather *is* the whole man, all the rest being irrelevant or even (since the physical, intuitive, instinctive, and emotional part of man doesn't contribute appreciably to making money or getting on in an industrialized world?) positively harmful and detestable."

I doubt if Aldous Huxley has written a work of greater distinction than this, although the devotees of "Antic Hay", and "Those Barren Leaves" may cling to earlier predilections. In America the followers of Mencken, Dreiser, Cabell, and Nathan will of necessity acclaim the masterly perfection of "Point Counter Point".

* * *

SCARLET SISTER MARY, Julia Peterkin; Bobbs-Merrill Co., 1929.—In this Pulitzer Prize novel, the author of "Black April" has written an epic of the American negro which is in many ways remarkable. In the

first place, Julia Peterkin has produced a narrative which owes nothing to any other civilization. The atmosphere, the speech, the coloring belong to the race, the people, the times which they depict and to no other. No European could possibly write this work, and no one can fancy for a moment that the style or content is in the least affected by the literati of the Old World. In this sense, this negro pastoral is wholly an American production, and is as characteristic of New World literature as "Aloha Oe" is native to the Hawaiian Islands.

At the same time, the story contains the dramatic quality, the pathos, the humor which measure the highest achievement of the novelist's art. In spite, or perhaps I should better say, owing to the simplicity of the language and the directness of the narration, this tale of provincial negro life in the Southern States of the American Union compares most favorably with the best contemporary fiction of the older and, as we think, higher civilization of Europe and America. In fact it is exceedingly interesting to contrast the viewpoint of this negro community with that of the ultra sophisticates of Aldous Huxley's, "Point Counter Point". In both instances, the men and woman are a polygamous and licentious crew, but with this great difference. In the case of Scarlet Sister Mary and her numerous lovers, the reader feels no sense of immorality, scarcely indeed a sense of wrongdoing. Not so with the cultured sinners of Huxley's book. One feels assured that the traditions and beliefs of centuries still provide the true measure of their conduct despite

their futile effort to discard these restrictions.

The central figure of this tale is a negro woman whose primary marital trust is betrayed by a faithless husband. She thereafter follows her casual extramarital relations with men. That is in brief the theme of the story, and yet the epitome gives not the slightest clue to the extraordinary value of the novel. It is a book which may be equally though differently enjoyed by the simple and the sophisticate, by the artist and rotarian. But the story will have an especial appeal for the Southern expatriate who will find in its pages the fragrant flowers, the song of the birds, the cotton fields and the old time negros of fond recollection. The author's knowledge of negro life and her ability to portray the customs, words, thoughts and superstitions of an alien race are simply prodigious. No less admirable is her descriptive word painting of the rural life in the South. We should be especially grateful to Julia Peterkin for this marvellous picture of a fast disappearing community life. The book may be safely commended to all who read, but especially to the intelligent.

* * * *

SWANN'S WAY, Marcel Proust, Modern Library, 1928. In this hurrying world, we are apt to be wholly concerned with the book of the moment. For the treasures of the past we have only disregard, if not contempt—that is after we have gotten our bachelor's degree. In other forms of art we are not so time conscious. How absurd it would seem for a man to decline to visit the Louvre because

the masters who created the canvases have long since died, or to refuse to listen to the music of Mozart on the ground that the maestro lived in a past century. But, you may say, the worth while books of the past are inaccessible, often written in unaccustomed tongues, and after all so cluttered up with a million others that one has not the time nor patience to grub over musty and cobwebby shelves in their search. This is precisely the reason for this word of praise for the publisher who makes it possible for us to find Moncrieff's excellent translation of "Swann's Way" at our book-sellers.

This matchless story of French provincial life brings every happy recollection of the Touraine countryside, although it deals much more with the people than with their country. In reading this exquisite vignette of these provincials and their Parisian friends, one is chiefly reminded of certain portions of the *Comedie Humaine*, for Balzac loved above all else the scenes of his native Touraine. Marcel Proust is however far more than a portrayer of rustic souls. His imaginative ventures into the realm of the mind and especially the psyche of the child are as convincing as they are unique. Casting about for some phrase which will convey to you the nature of this book, I am reminded of a sensitive film which records every action enacted before it. But the remarkable thing about Proust is that he is not only sensitive to the conscious but even to the sub-conscious mind. That is perhaps what Lewis Galantieri has in his head when he says in the excellent introduction to the volume, "In him the 'creative im-

agination' seems to be replaced by sensibility." That is to say, "Proust is not creating the thoughts which his characters experience, but having created in his mind these not wholly imaginative characters, he has an almost superhuman sensitiveness to human reactions, which enables him to appreciate their mental response to each succeeding situation." The verity of this record is perhaps responsible in part for the belief that the novel is not so much imaginative as biographical and autobiographical.

A critique of this book would perhaps be supererogatory, but a few words concerning its author and its contents may interest those who have never encountered it. Charles Proust died in Paris in nineteen twenty two. His fifty years of life were harassed by illness. The last third of his life was passed in the seclusion of inva-

lidism, and it was during this period that he produced this masterpiece. The chief scenes of the story are laid in the village of Combrai in the lovely Touraine, and not far from the Jouy of blessed memories, blessed because of the delightful inn at which I once dined, and again blessed for its charm on the drowsy afternoon when I wandered through its fragrant lanes and lingered in the soft autumnal sunlight by the old bridge and watched the eternal fisherlads drowsing over their lines. The book is an account of the experiences of a small circle of these provincials in Combrai and of their associates in Paris, as they are realized by the acutely sensitive child, lad and man who observes them and participates in them. As may be imagined the work has all of the peculiar charm and timbre of French authorship.

WHAT PRICE BOXING?

By EARL DEGRAFF SPORE

THE art of self-defense today enjoys considerable prestige. In fact, it is on a par with any of the other learned professions. Considering the fine type of American manhood in boxing and its contemporary, aviation, a young man about to step forth and challenge the world, finds a perplexing problem: whether to be a Gene Tunney or emulate Lindbergh. It seems a dual coincidence in my case for I am practicing both simultaneously.

When I left home, like every embryo cosmopolite, my one ambition was to see New York City and experience life. The great city played the role of interlocutor between me and Uncle Sam and shortly I found myself clad in olive drab, a member of the Air Corps and on my way to serve a three year period at France Field, Panama. My libido urged me to study engines and I have become an aviation engine mechanic. My present service status is that of Air Mechanic 1st Class.

At France Field a great deal of interest was taken in the physical condition of the men. A large gymnasium was constructed for that specific purpose and incidentally started me off on my pugilistic career. Ever since I was a kid I have always been exercising, for I took a great pride in my body and entertained visions of being a great athlete. What a won-

derful opportunity! I had read on the recruiting posters: "Uncle Sam builds men". Well Uncle Sammy, I soliloquized, here's a job for you and what a job he did and how!

He decided I was to master the intricacies of a fighter so I started in skipping and left-jabbing my way to fame in the Canal Zone. I soon learned that the itinerary of a fighting man consisted of copious hard-knocks and many a set-back. A successful fighter must subject himself to a strict regimen, not only while training for a contest but at all times. So boxing has taught me the value of a sound mind in a sound body and the advantage of a clean and sober life.

Many fighters dread what they call "the training grind." It is not a grind for me any more. It is a physical pleasure, fun. The first thing I learned was rope-skipping. It looks easy and really is not difficult but the trick is learning how. It took me fully a week before I felt at ease. It is a great leg and wind conditioner, which is one of the chief essentials of a boxer. I was next acquainted with the left-jab. This is the boxer's utility punch and while not a devastating blow, it serves as a lead and is very annoying to your opponent. Its chief effect is to divert his attention to such an extent that he leaves an opening for a right-hand punch to the chin or

the body. More easily said than done.

I was on the receiving end most of the time, as my instructor would take advantage in order to impress upon me the fallacy of getting befuddled and hot-tempered. Right then and there I found out what courage is, both physically and mentally. After a set-to with the gloves I would don small light ones and start practicing left and rights on the sand-bag. I found this an easier job. I could hit the bag a few times at the least, whereas I never could find my instructor at first. However, I will say that after a month's perseverance I did begin to find him once in a while.

I was introduced next to "road-work". This consists of dressing in some heavy clothes and running two or three or five miles on the road or cross-country before breakfast. This is a great tonic for weak legs and strengthens the lungs, thereby increasing the wind and endurance. After learning an assortment of left and right hooks and upper cuts I was taught how to maneuver on my feet. Foot-work it is called in boxing parlance. It consists of a series of gliding steps forward, backward or side-wise and combinations of these. When mastered one should resemble a smooth dancer. In fact, dancing is recommended for boxers because of its value in foot-work.

All this took a period of about three months and I was soon to be one of the participants in a smoker that was held on the post. I weighed 133 pounds, pure muscle and bone, not an ounce of excess fat could be found with a magnifying glass. That put me in the light-weight class with two pounds to spare, the limit being 135

pounds. This contest took place in the France Field gymnasium in July 1923. Four two-minute rounds. This was a great moment for me. I soon was to find out whether I should "make or break", sink or swim.

As I stepped up into the ring I was somewhat nervous but I did not suffer from stage-fright as so many do on their first appearance before a large crowd. Stage-fright has caused many an incipient boxer to lose his first few contests. My opponent was of Italian stock and looked like he knew what it was all about. We came out for the first round and proceeded to pummel each other, I getting the worst of it, but I set a stiff pace. I kept the same pace in the second round and managed to land a few jabs and one good solid right to his mid-section which took a little starch out of him. For the third round I still continued the pace and I noticed that he was beginning to wilt. He was slowing up and did not land his punches so effectively. By the end of the round he was puffing like an old plug horse. In my corner during the minute rest period my seconds instructed me to go out for the last round and pounce all over him as he was winded and I was still fresh and vigorous. I followed my instructions and had him well nigh exhausted at the finish. I received the decision and incidentally gained a little prestige. The first fight I ever had in my life and I won it. That was a great encouragement to me.

I learned one important thing in that fight,—the one who is in the pink of condition can always beat a man who is out of condition. My opponent

was experienced and knew more than I did but he was not in shape and that is where I beat him. I have always made it a point to be in the pink for every one of my contests. I have had about forty fights and I lost only one.

My boxing career is exceptional. When I started in as a novice I had passed my twenty-second birthday. The majority of boxers start in the game at sixteen or seventeen years of age. At the age of twenty-two they are well on the way to success or failure. But I was just starting and I am still in my prime at twenty-eight. My contention is that the boxers nowadays start in too young. They are not fully matured. Their bones have not reached their full growth and the muscle fibre is not strong enough to stand much rigid work. It is bound to take something out of them and it does. It does not show up while they are youthful, but it begins to tell on them at the age of thirty. They begin to lose their pep, stamina and endurance. Many a fighter is burned out at twenty-eight because he started so young and kept such a stiff pace.

One of the most important attributes of a boxer is aggressiveness. My instructor told me about this the next day after my first victory. I had forced the fight from the start thereby sustaining the action of each round. In a close, even contest, many a fighter receives the decision, because he was the aggressor.

I was introduced next to the striking bag, which is an important adjunct to the boxer's training equipment. It is a pneumatic pear-shaped bag suspended from a cyclo-platform. It acts and rebounds with exceeding velocity. The important function is

to develop coordination between the eye, mind and muscle. One, proficient at punching it, has the quick, darting action of a cat. Considerable time was consumed in mastering its intricacies and in general I was progressing nicely.

My next three fights were repetitions of the first. Condition and aggressiveness carried me through. In fact, I kept up a winning streak all through the seasons of 1923 and 1924. In my first fight of the 1925 tournament I received the impact as well as a rude introduction to the deadly right-cross. It happened in the first round and I was bewildered. The blow is a knockout if delivered with sufficient impetus and is literally what its name implies. The right fist is snapped or crossed over your opponent's left fore-arm to the point of the chin. That is precisely what happened to me. I didn't even see it, but I surely felt it which proved I wasn't intangible. My adversary lacked the necessary force to produce the sleeping potion, but, as it was, I lost all sense of equipoise until my right knee struck the ring floor. The jar effected a subconscious state attended by extreme dizziness. Everything was chaotic. The referee, counting over me, appeared to be out of proportion and the ring certainly did not conform to the square as specified in geometry. I can see it just as plainly as though it happened yesterday. The squared arena was trying to upset itself. One side tilted up, up, away up until it reached the vertical position, then, fickle minded, it hesitated and gradually receded to its normal position. All this occurred in the space of about eight seconds.

My mind was clearing and I could distinguish the referee count 7-8-9 and I was up on my feet and danced across to the other side of the ring away from the advancing enemy as he looked rather hazy to me.

For the rest of the round, all I did was back pedal. This does not go so big with the crowd and provokes their vituperations, but, it is a perfectly legitimate maneuver and is considered good head work when in tight circumstances.

With my minute rest at the termination of the round, and the assistance of my seconds, I was my normal self for the beginning of the second set-to. My opponent fired with courage and assurance at his temporary advantage apparently threw caution to the winds and proceeded to drive into me flailing away with both hands. The only logical thing to do in a case of that kind is to remain cool and collected and watch for opportunities. I used my footwork to carry me out of bone-crushing swings and vicious wide hooks and proceeded to box him. I left-jabbed him for the rest of the round occasionally landing my right, which seemed to have no effect on my burly opponent who seemed willing to take two to land one, in which he was unsuccessful.

In the third and fourth stanzas being thoroughly recovered and master of myself, I assumed command of the situation by playing the role of aggressor. By the end of the fourth I had so decisively beaten him that I easily gained the decision.

The following day my coach told me that I had exhibited as fine a display of courage and braininess as he had ever witnessed. Right here, I want to say that the prime requisite in the

cauliflower industry is intelligence. A pugilistic encounter does not merely consist of an assortment of punches, but also makes use of the cerebellum, the great coordination center, for a rational and instantaneous guidance of those blows. A good boxer fights with his brain. This sounds paradoxical, but it is a literal truth and is proved every day as the brainy man outsmarts the bruiser every time. Gene Tunney and Benny Leonard were outstanding exponents of this superlative type.

Still another increment was added to my training schedule—shadow-boxing. This consists in fighting an imaginary opponent. One goes through all the maneuvers: leading, jabbing, hooking, sidestepping etc., but strikes an ethereal adversary. To the uninitiated it looks silly and ludicrous but plays a necessary role. Another appellative sometimes used is silhouette fighting, a rather elegant name. Its chief function is to promote a well-rounded, supple body and increased speed. It is very valuable in developing orientation; always know your bearing no matter what position you may find yourself in, in other words, don't get lost.

Well, here it was June already of 1925 and I was termed a short-timer. In army circles this is a name given to all who have only a few months to do before they receive their discharge. I was due to leave on the July 25, 1925, transport, and I felt much elation after spending three years in an enervating climate. On Independence Day I took part in an exhibition fight and was recognized as the leading contender for the lightweight championship.

On being discharged at Fort Hamil-

ton, New York City, I was induced to try professional boxing. I did, but had a trying experience, especially with a shyster manager and inconsiderate promoters. Of course, I had to sign a contract and, not being familiar with legal phraseology and a bit hasty, I soon found myself in for many inconveniences.

Under the New York State Boxing Commission, the minimum recompense is ten dollars a round. That is all preliminary fighters receive. After paying your manager one third, one has not much left. In order to effect a meager existence one would have to fight once or twice a week.

New York City is a center for boxers. The field is overcrowded. In order to get by you must be a top-notch. Even in the preliminary class the going is tough. I found this out in my first fight. It took place in the 102nd Medical Regiment armory at 70th Street and Broadway. This boy was a tough customer and knew his punches. In the first two rounds he had me outboxed, but I managed to make a strong comeback in the last two and earned a draw. There were no knockdowns, but I received a badly discolored optic. I had several professional engagements, one of which took me over to the West New York park arena in Bergen County, New Jersey. All were successful for my part, but the idea of a fight a week was becoming quite repugnant to me.

The next and last battle in the metropolitan arena brought me against a fellow, Joey Silvers by name. He is a brother of Pat Silvers who was the pugilistic cynosure of New York two years ago. The bout took place in the Ridgewood Grove

Sporting Club of the Ridgewood section of Brooklyn. Joey was a tall lanky boy and had long arms. When we weighed in, I figured he was going to be a difficult target.

At about eight o'clock that evening we were in our corners, waiting for the opening gong. At the bell we both rushed to the center and started sparring for openings. I had planned my campaign to infight him because I knew I should have to get inside those snaky arms in order to be effective. I could not even approach him. That long left jab kept pecking at my face incessantly.

I soon found he knew how to follow with his right, for I suddenly found myself on the floor as a result of it. Being only dazed, I rose to one knee and waited for the count. At nine I was up and started cautious tactics. By ducking some lefts I managed to land a few hard rights to his body. In return he punished me around the head with his dexterous right hand and had me on the floor three more times. I was hurt, but not in a helpless condition, for everytime I assumed an alert position on one knee and took the count. The referee opined that I was outclassed for on the last knockdown he indicated Joey the winner and motioned me to my corner. I felt chagrined at being stopped in one round. If allowed to continue I felt that I could have carried myself to a satisfactory conclusion.

I did not elect to sever connections with aviation, for I was in a dubious mood. Should I continue boxing or be an aviator? Deciding to gratify both, making aeronautics a profession and the ring an avocation, I resolved to give Uncle Sam another try and re-

enlisted in the Air Corps for service in the Hawaiian Islands.

After a long and tedious ocean voyage—20 days on the water—tinctured with several spasms of mal de mer, Honolulu was a welcome and greatly appreciated haven on the 25th day of August, 1926. I and about forty other air recruits were quickly escorted to Luke Field, the army air-drome, and were placed in quarantine for ten days before being assigned to duty.

The field at that time boasted of a great welter-weight fighter, one Johnny Priston, who they claimed had "It" in a pugilistic sense. It was no time at all before I made his acquaintance and friendship and we became sparring partners. The boxing game had just passed through a transition period in the Sector area, but interest and enthusiasm must have dwindled for the fighting game was in a state of lethargy as far as the military were concerned in the down town department. Johnny was an old hand at the game and inducted me into the intricacies of the racket.

In our training routine he impressed upon me the art of feinting. One proficient at this angle of handling the fists can effect fine strategy. To feint is to initiate an uncompleted movement, the object being to suggest a certain blow so as to throw your opponent mentally off balance, subsequently creating an opening for a premeditated blow of dynamic quality. In illustration, one may feint a left lead for the stomach, momentarily making the enemy protect his mid-section, thereby leaving an opening at his chin, which was your intention and create a beautiful op-

portunity for the knockout. It is quite possible to tie your opponent up making him cover up and bewildered as to your next move.

In Schofield, the greatest divisional post in the United States Army, boxing was in full swing but in the Sector department for two years inactivity was king. I was not discouraged and possessed perseverance to the Nth degree. By indulging in road-work, rope-skipping, bag punching, shadow boxing and sparring with sundry neophytes, I did not atrophy and incidentally kept in the pink.

In the season of 1927-28 a great experiment was started in the Sector department boxing, which included the Navy at Pearl Harbor. Officials and executives from the various posts and stations assembled in a conclave from which sprang the Sector—Navy Boxing Tournament. Each station was to have a team composed of seven men representing the seven weight divisions: bantams 118 lbs., feather 127 lbs., light 135 lbs., welter 147 lbs., middle 160 lbs., lighthheavy 175 lbs., and unlimited over 175 lbs. This team basis had a great psychological reaction on the esprit de corps men of the different posts. It created a friendly rivalry and sporting instinct in them and begot a high strain of morale among the soldiers.

The opening smoker was between Luke Field and Fort Kamehameha. I was the lightweight on the aviator's team and I was determined to win and uphold the honor and esteem in me by the personnel of the field. There was not anything spectacular about the affray. My man showed a little fight in the first stanza, but in the second he was showered by a

barrage of lefts and rights to the head that caused him to cover up and maintain a clandestine posture throughout the round. This is termed going into a shell. Well for the third round he stayed in his shell and I was awarded a technical knockout. The outcome of the meet was in favor of the fliers, they winning four out of the seven contests.

In the aggregate I had seven fights winning them all. Without deeming it necessary to go into detail with all of them, there is one that I wish to expound as it proved to be the climax of the tournament and really decided the champion.

Lady Fate arbitrated that my worthy opponent should be a sailor. We were her puppets, for, by a deft manipulation of the strings she arranged that a navy airman should fight an army airman on terra-firma against our natural tradition. His name is McCarty and he was the pride of the Naval Air Stations, having won three fights. As I also had won three, the significance of the situation can readily be appreciated.

The anticipated event took place on home grounds and we were about equal in our moral support, in our corners, itching to go, but reprieved by the tardy bell. At last it sounded and I met him on his own territory. This boy was a one-handed fighter which I soon learned punitively. He was a specialist in the left-jab. As far as his right hand was concerned he might just as well have left it at home. He never used it. He had me completely outclassed in the first round and surely taught me a boxing lesson. That darting left was continually landing on my lips. I was riding

nearly all of them by swaying back, which has the effect of nullifying the force. They were not hurting enough to incapacitate me, but had a demoralizing taste. I learned later that he landed forty-five times in that first round. My lip was somewhat enlarged and badly lacerated inside, as ample proof of the number.

In the second, I was off my stool and darted across the ring, meeting him in his own corner before he had hardly reached an erect stance. I had decided to do this during my minute rest for I knew he certainly would lose some spirit at confronting such an indomitable foe. It worked precisely. His left arm was tired and worked slovenly. Soon he was backing away as I took the aggressive and proceeded to swarm all over him. By ducking and side stepping I got inside him and pummelled his abdomen till it was red. Close to the end of that round I followed up a series of peppery lefts with a hard right cross. It was a terrific impact and he fell assuming the horizontal position. He showed remarkable recuperative powers for he suddenly scrambled to his feet at the count of nine and I was after him like a tiger. The bell ended the fracas and we retired to our corners.

For the third round I dashed madly toward his corner, but he apparently decided likewise for he met me about the center and executed a side-step simultaneously swinging a wide left hook which landed harmlessly on my right elbow. I was after him, jabbing, crossing, and uppercutting. He was retreating and his face was wide open for any blow delivered. Landing a short right on the chin followed

immediately with a stiff left uppercut made him groggy and he swayed over to one side of the ring like a drunken man. I was right on top of him landing several body blows and bringing up a right uppercut that wilted and made him helpless. The referee stopped me and raised my arm indicating that I was the winner on a technical K. O.

Winning the rest of my contests made me the undefeated lightweight champion of the Sector-Navy tournament. One more fight was still to be negotiated in order to determine the Hawaiian Department championship. The occasion of this was May 4, 1929, at the big bowl in Schofield.

This fight was not as showy as the one just described, but there is one salient feature I would like to mention. My opponent had the reputation of having dynamite in his right fist and his name was Fitzpatrick. Probably that accounts for the fact that he could throw Irish confetti. In the second round he landed that tell-tale right flush on the left side of my jaw. There was a hush, not a stir in the bowl, for a few seconds as everyone thought I surely must be unconscious. But I did not go down, was not even blurry-eyed. He rushed me but I met him with three short rights over the heart and from then on he was on the defensive. I had him so far outclassed in the fourth and fifth rounds that he was on the verge of a knockout. I learned one great and essential thing from that fight, I could take it. Believe me, in this man's game, one has got to be able to take as well as give. I have come through with flying colors earn-

ing considerable reputation and influence to such a degree that I am assured of a successful boxing career.

In making a relevant conclusion to this dissertation, a discussion of the merits of boxing in the Service is quite appropriate, I think.

It has become quite common to designate the world war as a great transition period in the economic, social and commercial world. Therefore, I shall use it as the turning point in sport.

Before the war, pugilism was not rated very high. It was taken as a matter of course, and received little attention. The principals in the game were generally categorized with the rowdy and bar room type. They were anything but gentlemen. It is true the elite attended prize-fights, but they did not mix.

When the United States entered the war, great concentration camps were formed and something was needed to condition the men and instill the fighting spirit in them. The War Department solved the problem by creating boxing as a part of their training and employed noted boxing instructors and prominent pugilists for this specific purpose.

The fighting qualities of a soldier are numerous. The most salient are courage—physical, moral and mental—fortitude, morale and indomitableness. There is no better school of development for these sterling qualities than a boxer's training, which is also the best and most efficient form of physical conditioner. Uncle Sam had forethought enough to realize this and carried the idea over to

France where many bouts were staged at the various camps for the entertainment and esprit de corps of the boys.

All credit is due the United States Army for putting boxing on the high plane that exists today. After the war, when the boys came back, legions of them started boxing as a profession wishing to capitalize their army training. The field was crowded at first by this influx and caused the populace to take notice of the fine, gentlemanly type of men who were

fighting for their amusement. The scientific fighters, most of them war-trained, gradually supplanted the bruiser until public opinion took a more favorable attitude.

The outcome of this is the regulated and controlled regime as manifested in the different State Boxing Commissions. A boxer has to be honest and manly. No crookedness is tolerated. Defaulters are suspended or rejected. Men in the game today are respected and are filling their place in the social world.

EDITORIAL

PAGES have been written as to why the great American novel has not appeared yet,—the novel that is expected to compare with "Les Misérables" or "Anna Karenina" or "War and Peace" or "The Song of Songs" or "Madame Bovary" or "Vanity Fair" or "The Forsyte Saga." And yet there is abundant evidence of brilliant attempts, such as "Babbitt" and "Jurgin" and "The Genius."

Much greater obscurity shrouds the question as to why a really great Hawaiian novel still remains unwritten. These islands are filled with romance and have been for several generations, and the romance is often tinged deeply with tragedy. But the great novel of the islands that will enchain its readers still awaits its artist and creator. Literary photography has been voluminous, often entertaining and sometimes momentarily compelling. But the distance between a photograph of Diamond Head and a Corot landscape has not been bridged in fiction dealing with human nature in Hawaii.

In the world of short stories the record is a little less incomplete. Some of the things to be found in the works of Somerset Maugham and Jack London are illustrative of this judgment.

More than a few critics believed for a time that "The House Without a Key" might be followed by a story

of mature racial analysis until they tired of merely entertaining yarns of a hypothetical Chinese detective. So in the case of the author of "Hula" whose later stories have been thinner, when they needed to be much stronger. Even the local audience has begun to be indifferent to what may come from a source that persistently misspells such familiar Hawaiian words as "pilikia". Such a captious criticism has value only as an index of superficiality.

That a Hawaiian novel of first quality will be written some day is the confident hope. But there are several reasons that bear upon its lack of appearance up to now.

In the first place, the bird of passage, whose creative writing ability is not a fiction, frequently fails to stay in the islands long enough to get what might be called tourist folder stuff out of his system. And Honolulu cannot be learned from taxi drivers or chauffeurs or the ordinary frequenters of beach hotel lanais. Neither can it be seen truly through Manoa eyes that do not comprehend the multiform phases of life on either bank of the Nuuanu stream all the way from the sampan anchorage to the hills.

The stories are here, if the requisite qualities were limited to those of a mental camera. The plots of "Pudd'nhead Wilson," "Lord Jim"

and Daudet's "Nabob" have their equals in stories of actual life in Hawaii, which are familiar to a great many persons living in the islands. Balzac entertained Europe with the love affairs and business methods of a Paris dealer in credits and Zola wrote "Nana." Eugenie Grandet has helped to preserve the idealism of many a reader. The facets of life in Hawaii are more varied than on the banks of the Seine because more kinds of people are living elbow to elbow here. But the photographic raw material has not been put into the crucible of a supreme literary artist.

Familiarity with this material generally seems to come to those who have lost or never possessed the sharp perspective of persons coming into the island microcosm from the outside world. Some of those who have fairly mastered the material and have absorbed what is sometimes miscalled the atmosphere are loath to use their literary wealth, because of a sensitive dread of infringing upon some of the most charming hospitality in the world. Others find themselves unwilling to incur the risk of hurting lovable natures that have often suffered injustice from those they have welcomed and befriended.

Art is a monogamous mistress, however, and is likely to drive its master workmen to their logical goal eventually. In the meantime, the melting pot of the races admittedly has survived the experimental stage and is qualifying many fixed ideas of the nineteenth and earlier centuries. Furthermore, Hawaii teaches

the creative artist that nothing human should be alien to him just as surely as it tends to confound those who live and talk as if they could find a scriptural passage reading, "Suffer little Caucasian children to come unto Me."

D. E.

ARMISTICE DAY! What great significance the occasion holds for us! Yet, mingled with the feeling of thanksgiving that comes to the hearts of Americans on the anniversary of that signal day, comes to the people of Hawaii a touch of sadness also. For just twelve years ago on that day there departed the spirit of the most pathetic figure in the history of Hawaii, the beloved Liliuokalani, only ruling queen of the former romantic island kingdom of Hawaii.

It was at eight thirty o'clock on the morning of November 11, 1917, that Liliu Kamakaeha Kaolaniaalii Newewelii Liliuokalani, aged 79 years, passed away in Washington Place, the home to which she was taken by her consort, John O. Dominis, at the time of their marriage in 1862. Outside the mansion hundreds of native survivors of the old monarchy chanted their sorrow in ancient olis and in other ways demonstrated the depth of their grief at the death of her, who in their minds, was still their queen, despite that she had long been deposed from the throne.

Poet of no mean merit, authoress, scholar, musician of note, brilliant and regal hostess, of charming personality, an honored and respected

figure in court circles of the world, she was the last link between the monarchical Hawaii of the past and the United States territory of today.

Even those who in 1893 forced her from her throne admitted Liliuokalani's sterling qualities. She was universally held in deep respect and veneration even by her enemies, who, however, disagreed with her political viewpoints and her manner of public administration during her short reign.

Queen Liliuokalani's life was replete with romance, interest, triumphs and tragedy. Born on September 2, 1838, the late queen received her primary education at the Royal School on Emma street, then set aside for children of the royalty. It was here that she met her future husband, John O. Dominis, son of a sea captain, who was studying at an adjacent school.

As sister of King Kalakaua, the princess was designated by him as heir apparent to the throne while yet in her teens. At her brother's court she was a brilliant figure and one of the merriest ladies attached thereto. Here she did much to aid in the cementing of friendship between the kingdom and the United States, and by her trips abroad carried the spirit of Hawaii to distant courts where she was well received.

Twice the young woman assumed the regency during the absence of her brother, the king, and when Kalakaua, in January of 1891, was brought back dead from San Francisco where he had succumbed to a lingering illness, she immediately mounted the throne. Seven months

later her consort died, at the time, she declared, when she needed his wise counsel and companionship more than at any time before. For the affairs of the kingdom fast became embroiled in difficulties that led the late Sanford Ballard Dole to set up a provisional government and demand the abdication of the queen. On January 17, 1893, Liliuokalani relinquished the throne in accordance with Dole's demands and retired to civil life.

It has been asserted that after the death of the queen's most able counsellor, her husband, she was often ill-advised, and in following out her advisors' recommendations, displayed an imperious will and temperament that caused much criticism and dissatisfaction.

In January 1895, as the result of an abortive revolution designed to reinstate her on the throne, Liliuokalani was arrested and imprisoned in her former palace, Iolani, now the territorial capitol building, for nine months. Eight days after the beginning of her confinement, the former queen formally renounced all her claims to the throne and appealed to the government for clemency toward those who had taken part in the insurrection and had been captured.

This renunciation brought to an end the Hawaiian Kingdom after exactly one hundred years of existence. The kingdom had been established by Kamehameha I, who in 1795 moulded the various islands with their numerous independent chiefs into one unit after a period of conquest.

Aside from her historical prom-

inence, Queen Liliuokalani is perhaps more widely known to the world as the composer of "Aloha Oe," the poignantly touching song of love, greeting and farewell that has won its way into the realm of music as a recognized classic. This, her most notable work, was composed in 1878 while she, then princess, was en route on horseback from Maunawili on the other side of Oahu, to Honolulu. Returning then from a house party, she began humming words to a tune which captivated others in the party with its beauty. By the time the group arrived in Honolulu the entire song had been composed and she immediately wrote it down. Thus was one of the world's finest songs born.

In the twenty years following her dethronement, the former queen devoted herself to the betterment of the Hawaiian race and her endowed charities are still an important asset in Hawaii. During this period she returned to the manner of the days when she had been a carefree princess and became widely known for her kindness and benign personality.

After her death, in accordance with her request, she once more wore upon her head the royal diadem. This was placed upon her brow and rested there while she lay in state prior to her burial. In what has been said to have been one of the world's most impressive and colorful funeral services up to that time, Queen Liliuokalani was borne to her last resting place in the Nuuanu cemetery.

An estimated crowd of 40,000 persons witnessed the last rites to the

dead queen. The funeral cortege extended a full two miles and as it passed along the streets to the burial grounds, evidences of the grief suffered by the populace at the passing of their queen were clearly discernible in the tearful eyes, and moans of anguish emanating from those of Hawaiian blood who lined the route.

There are many yet in Hawaii who from personal contact with the late queen had intimate knowledge of her exemplary qualities and to whose eyes tears still arise at thought of the passing of their beloved monarch.

R. M. F.

WITHIN a year it is in the line of possibilities that dirigibles may be making regular trips over to Honolulu from California.

The head of the Mutual Telephone Company of Honolulu during the early part of October conversed freely with the head of the Radio Corporation at San Francisco, using the regular radio transmission lanes. They talked for seventeen minutes without disturbance, absolutely sealed conversation. That is another possibility within a year—regular radio conversation between Hawaii and the mainland.

Three years ago the United States army tri-motor Fokker plane, piloted by Lieutenants Maitland and Hegenberger, in a little over twenty-four hours, made the first flight between the Golden Gate and Honolulu. Other aviators, Goebel and Jensen, were also successful later.

The Inter-Island Steam Navigation Company, operating inter-island passenger and freight routes around the

Islands, has stepped well out in front by launching another department—an airways system with John Rodgers Airport near Honolulu as its base, and the islands of Kauai, Maui, Hawaii, Molokai and Lanai as the objectives of their new air service.

Another company, with its base at Ward Airport, on the shore line of Honolulu, is establishing a similar air connection with the outer islands.

The Pacific Commercial Cable Company, which in 1900 established its service between San Francisco and Honolulu, and then extended it to the Orient, is still an important factor in communications service. The Radio Corporation of America and the MacKay Company are additional communications factors.

The inter-island sea lanes are constantly churned by the propellers of the Inter-Island Steam Navigation Company and the Matson Navigation Company. Steamers that were built twenty years ago are being retired and their runs taken by handsome, large and recently built steamers, like deep sea liners, but not so large.

Honolulu's civic center, once a name applied for sentimental purposes to the area between the old royal palace and the old Government Building, is now a fact. The center of Honolulu's business activity has gradually moved from "down-town," which was at the junction of Fort and King streets to the once named "Civic Center," so that area is now actually the Civic Center. The new million-dollar City Hall is being finished this month, and is located beyond the Library of Hawaii, Archives of Hawaii and old palace,—that is, in the direction of

San Francisco. The center of town has shifted.

However, in the actual business section, in the banking section, new structures which would be praised highly if they were erected in San Francisco, Chicago or even New York, have been erected, their architectural lines modified to meet certain old Hawaiian thought in buildings—the Alexander & Baldwin building being the latest.

These buildings, set back from the property lines, afford opportunity for unusual landscape gardening. Lofty coconut trees, some twenty, some even fifty years of age, have "grown up" there overnight, transplanted from old-time residential areas about to be given over to business purposes. The new landscaping scheme has been adopted by several business firms and coconuts are springing up all over the down-town section.

* * *

HAWAII has kept pace with its vast increase in shipping commerce. Keen foresight on the part of the Board of Harbor Commissioners, coupled with action of the Legislature of Hawaii, appropriating funds to carry on building projects, have enabled Honolulu to provide docks for whatever types of modern steamers enter the harbor, whether merchant liners or war vessels.

When the Spanish war made Honolulu a port of call in 1898 for warships and transports en route from San Francisco to Manila, Honolulu's wharves were old style types—long, rambling wooden sheds. There were few ship slips and these were very short, used only by the small inter-

island steamers. For the long, narrow, rakish-looking trans-Pacific liners the wharves were built parallel to the shore. They were sufficient for the needs of the day, when a trans-Pacific liner was a visitor only every three weeks, and in 1898, visits of steamers from San Francisco, in what was known as the San Francisco-Honolulu service, registered twelve-day intervals.

The new century accentuated changes in shipping. Larger steamers were built and these gradually replaced the dozens of sailing vessels that were discharging or loading at the wharves. The second period of ship expansion demonstrated the need of larger, longer, modern docks. Slips were dredged deep and huge

two-decker wharves built. Thirteen years ago these were out of date. Hawaii began to build larger wharves and of permanent materials.

Today, piers 8, 9, 10 and 11 representing millions, are solid concrete structures, capable of handling any liner that comes into port, and Honolulu is visited many times a year by the larger round-the-world liners. When the Panama Canal locks are enlarged, then Hawaii will build larger wharves. But Honolulu harbor was not deemed sufficient, so a canal was dredged to Kalihi basin and Honolulu is now a dual harbor somewhat the shape of a dumb-bell. But Honolulu is prepared to handle any kind of shipping.

A. P. T.

LOG OF THE CHATHAM

By EDWARD BELL

(Begun in September Number)

IF we may believe ToMaiha Maiha's professions, the Capture of the Schooner was a piece of intelligence he was by no means happy to hear, and in which he had no hand whatever. He has now taken the Schooner into his own charge, and anxiously looks out for Mr. Metcalf Senr. to give her up to him, and to acquit himself of all concern in the business.— Some time after this affair, Young and Davis both, were rescued by ToMaiha Maiha's hands, at a time when they were on the point of being put to death by Tiana, for endeavoring to effect their escape off the Island on board the Argonaut, Captn, Collnett. These Englishmen have ever since lived with the King, who is remarkably fond of them and treats them in the kindest manners, and they are now so very well reconciled to their way of life, that they have no very great desire to quit the Country, they seem to be very happy, they may make themselves (and from their disposition & conduct hitherto I think they will) of infinite service, not only to the Island, but to the Ships that touch at it, and they will do right to stay where they are. As to the other man Smith, little was known

about him, he had absconded from a Vessel call'd the Eliza, and I believe did not intend making any long stay here.— As it was intended to stay here some time to Wood and water &c.— it was conceived that the having one of these Englishmen on board each of the Vessels whilst we remained here, for the purpose of regulating our Trade with the Natives, as they understood the Language so perfectly, would facilitate our business, accordingly Young staid on board the Discovery and Davis with us, and they proved very serviceable to us, as they carried on all the trade for Wood & Water which was no small trouble. The Water at the Village of Kokooa was Brackish-but we bargain'd with the Natives to bring us our Water from the Hills at the distance of near seven Miles from the Ship Some of our Casks were on shore with a person to attend them, about 4 or 5 were fill'd every day but treble the quantity was brought off to the Vessel in Calibashes and eagerly sold for small Nails, and in about 3 days we were completely watered; as we always tasted the Water before it was purchased, we discovered some of them now & then cheating us by Salt & brackish water

being mixed to fill up the Calibashes on those occasions we always broke their Vessels & threw them overboard.— Wood was also brought off very plentifully and we soon had enough of that valuable article.— The first night after our arrival, a Taboo took place which lasted for a day and two nights, during which time, no Canoes whatever came off to us, not even the Kings, nor were any women permitted to stay on board. These Taboos are regularly kept, according to the particular change of

the Moon, settled by the Priests, during which, no Canoes whatever must go on the Water, all intercourse whatever between the Men & Women for the time is forbidden, and the Priests with many of the Chiefs are very assiduous in their worship of their Eatoua's or Wooden Gods at the Marai's, and make offerings to them of Pigs, Plantains &c.— As I have before observed they are very rigid in the exaction of these restrictions, in slight breaches of the observances of them, the life of the Criminal is ransomed by a very considerable part of their property which is extorted by the Priests, or the Chiefs whose Vassal the Criminal is,— but in the more flagrant breaches of them death is the punishment. When the Taboo was expired we had all our old vistsors off to us again. Tiana & Tayamodu came round from Toehaye, the former often met ToMaihaMaiha on board the vessels, and the bitter enemies were at those times seemingly the best friends, conversing with great familiarity, but each spoke ill of the other behind his back, such is the fashion in

this Country, and such I believe in many other more refined.— The observatory was set up on shore, under the direction of Mr. Whidby for the purpose of determining the rate of the Watches and only under a guard of six Marines.

ToMaihaMaiha had behaved so well and profess'd such friendly intentions towards us, that we explain'd to him the great confidence we put in him by having those valuable Instruments on shore without a stronger force, this he felt, and gave every assurance of his exertions to render our stay comfortable and quiet. The ground where the observatory stood was the same that Capt'n. Cook's stood on, and belonging to the adjoining great Morai so often mentioned in Cook's Voyage, and being Taboo'd or Holy ground, could not be entered by the King and the Great Chiefs and the High priests. The King brought two Chiefs of rank and power (one of them a Son of the late King Terreeoboo) and presenting them to Mr. Whidby, told him, that he should have them with him, to guard and protect him, and to supply him with all that he wanted while on shore, that he might put the greatest confidence in them, as their lives were as dear to him as his own son. The Necessary repairs of the Sails rigging &ca. went forward and the Discovery new fish'd her Main Mast. An order was issued from the Discovery by Capt'n. Vancouver that no officer or any other person belonging to the Vessels should go on shore, on any pretence with Fire Arms, this order which few could discover the necessity of, deprived several of the Officers of much pleasure which they had promised themselves as Taweraroo

had said there was good shooting on shore. On the 25th I sent on shore with one of the Midshipmen for the first time, to the Kakooa side we took our passage in a Canoe, but the landing was bad owing to the surf. After landing we went to the Royal Palace to pay our respects to the Queen. We found her sitting on a Matt in her Courtyard under the shade of a large spread Tree where she very graciously received us, and ordered clean Matts to be brought for us to sit on. Her Majesty is a very handsome fine woman, and carries in her looks & manners a very suitable degree of dignity. A Backgammon Box (which they had got from a Capn. Kendrick) was introduced for our amusement, but the Dice being lost. Draughts was the only game that could be played with it,—this game the Natives perfectly understood, and I don't think I ever saw more quickness or skill displayed in this game than in these people's playing of it. The Palace is pleasantly situated, it consisted of 3 Houses enclosed by a stone wall, within a large Square. One of these Houses and the largest was the Kings, it consisted but of one apartment, of about thirty feet in length & high & broad in proportion very very strong, and very neatly put together, and of the same materials as all the Houses at these Islands are built (a description of one of which I have already given at our last Year's visit to Oneehow). It was floor'd with many folds of Clean Cloth, with a high raised Pillow of the same all round, at the upper end was His Majesty's Bed which was raised between two and three feet from the ground, composed entirely of fine soft Cloth, in

this House we found upwards of 30 Muskets, about six and twenty of which had been given him by Mr. Brown & Stewart, but such trask I never beheld, woe be to the man that first fires out of them! The next house in size was the Queen's, which was very clean and covered with Matts. But as by the Laws respecting the Crown here, neither the King or Queen can enter either of the others house, the third house which is small, and situated between the two other's is their Majesty's Bed Chamber, and only made use of when they sleep together. Adjoining one side of the Square was the Great Morai, where there stood a kind of steeple that run up to the height of 60 or 70 feet, it was in Squaure form, narrowing gradually towards the top where it was square and flat; it is built of very slight Twigs & Laths, placed Horizontally and closely, and each Lath hung with narrow pieces of white white Cloth, this situated amid a group of Cocoa Nut Trees has a good effect, and carries with an air of Solemnity,—next to this was a House occupied by the priests, where they performed their Religious ceremonies and the whole was enclosed by a high railing on which in many parts were stuck Skulls of the people, who had fallen victims to the wrath of their Deity, by breaking the Taboo, and other crimes. In the center of the Morai stood a preposterous figure carved out of wood larger than life representing the Arono or supreme deity, and on a small platform at his feet was lying bunches of Plantains, Cocanuts &c. being offerings, and the whole place stunk so intolerably of Putrid Hogs Dogs &c that had

been recently offered him, that we were glad to get out of this place as soon as we could. After our pockets had gone through a very close examination by the Queen, who helped herself to what she liked best, we took our leave of her, and proceeded on our walk towards our friend Toweraroo's house,—it was a good distance from the Palace and the walking being bad & fatiguing, some fresh Cocoa Nut Milk regaled us much. The whole of the ground about this part of the Bay is a Bed of Lava, which has been thrown from the Mountains to the Volcanic Eruptions that sometimes happen on this Island. In our way back we met with a poor old Man that was disordered in his senses, Captn. Cook's Voyage mentions their having seen one Man at this place in the same state. We return'd on board pleased with our recreation, altho' in coming off in a Canoe through the Surf we were swamp'd. In the course of the day two fine fat Turtle of the green kind were purchas'd on board of us, and the Discovery had been equally successful the day before.

On the 28th a report was industriously spread by the Natives, that two Ships were in Offing, and many of them went so far as to say that they had been on board them, and had got Muskets & Powder in Exchange for Hogs. In the Evening I went up with Mr. Manly to the top of the Hill at the Bottom of the Bay, which commands a noble & extensive view, but nothing like a Vessel was to be seen,—we had indeed at first imagined this to be a scheme of the Natives to raise the price of Refreshments but it did not

take as readily as I believe they expected.

It was about this time that one of our young Gentlemen going on board the Discovery to see some of the Midshipmen, was officially informed when he got on board, that all communication or connection between the Young Gentlemen of the two Vessels except on duty was expressly forbidden by order of Captain Vancouver. An order so strange and unaccountable created no little surprise and astonishment, and was felt extremely hard by both parties;—the only intercourse possible between them in the course of the whole Voyage being when in Harbour, and this to be suddenly stopp'd, and without any apparent reason, was at once justly conceived harsh and unhandsome.—The same afternoon on which this happened I went again on shore in company with two of our Young Gentlemen, for Mr. Puget had not followed the example of Captn. Vancouver in depriving us of our liberty, and rendering our lives unhappy, but this pleasing consolation was of short duration, for we had proceeded but a short distance when we were met by Mr. Puget, who was sorry he said to be obliged to order us on board, but he had just parted from Captn. Vancouver, from whom he had orders forbidding all persons except the Officers to go on shore but on duty.

That Captain Vancouver should trouble himself, or exert his authority in the internal regulations of the Chatham, was taking an advantage that no one, (however partial) could

help condemning.—

However as I did not conceive that my situation in the Ship brought me under those

Tyrannical Laws, more than Mr. Orchard of the Discovery who I observed was a free man, I attended not to the order, nor did Mr. P. extend it to me.

Yet I must take the part of my friends, the poor kick'd about, abused,—despised Midshipmen (of the Discovery) for whom it is conceived that nothing can be bad enough, neither language or treatment.

These orders we now found arose in consequence of some trivial inattention on the part of one or two of the Midshipmen, but as it is the maxim of some people to visit the Sins of the Fathers upon the Children, so here, all were to suffer for the neglect of one or two, before I close this subject I cannot help observing that Capt'n. Vancouver has rendered himself universally obnoxious by his orders not only in the present instance to the Young Gentlemen but at times to all ranks of Officers in the two Vessels under his command.—

On the 2nd of March, 1793, I went with Mr. Puget, and a party of the Officers to the Village of Kowrawa on the Northern side of the Bay, and the Village where Captain Cook unfortunately lost his life; the landing at this side of the Bay is far superior to that on the opposite side, there is no surf, but we stopp'd from the Canoe upon the Rocks. We were immediately surrounded with crowds of the Inhabit-

ants, but we had Terrymity with us who kept them at a respectable distance by means of large Stones which he threw amongst them. We were shown the House in which Terreeoloo lived and to which Capt'n. Cook went when he attempted to bring the King off to the Ships, in which fatal errand he lost his life, this House was now occupied by Kaveheiroo the Chief of this district—abreast of it is the Rock on which he was kill'd, which is only wash'd by the Swell of the Sea. The Natives seem to consider that melancholy transaction as one of the most remarkable events in their History, almost every child able to prattle can give you an account of it, and in reckoning back to distant periods, which they do by memorable occurrences, and knowing the distances of time from one to the other, this transaction seems to assist their calculations in a very great degree;—at that time they look'd up to him as to a supernatural being, indeed call'd him the "Orono" or great God, nor has he to this day lost any of his character or consequence with the Natives they still in speaking of him style him the Orono and if they are to be believ'd, most sincerely regret his fate.— After walking through the Village and

and refreshing ourselves with some Cool Cocoa Nuts at Terrymity's House we proceeded towards the place of embarkation, without observing anything worthy much notice, except two large Cocoa Nut Trees at the back of Terrymity's Wall which were pierced by the Balls of the Resolution or Discovery. The crowd as we return'd was as great as

at our landing, but they were quiet & inoffensive, only brought together from curiosity, several very cheerfully & Hospitably invited us into their houses, others offer'd Cocoa Nuts & presents of different articles, and the young Girls as we approach'd ranged themselves at the edge of the road and welcomed us with Singing and dancing. We distributed among them a few Beads & such trifling articles, and return'd on board to dinner.

The next time that I went on shore at Kakooa I was sorry to find the Bull was dead, as it is however intended to be again at this Island the ensuing year, Captn. Vancouver promised to bring another Bull,—all the cows were in tolerable good condition, and one of them was big with Calf. It was intended by the King to remove them into another part of the Island where there is good pasture.—

Several Sea Otter Skins were brought off for sale which I conjecture was part of the plunder from the Schooner, the Natives seem'd to know the value of them, and ask'd very exorbitant prices for them, they also brought off for sale many different articles of Wearing apparel, such as Jackets, Waist coats, Satin & Nankeen Breeches, some of which were perfectly new and may likewise be conjectured part of the same plunder, or else stolen out of other Vessels, a man might indeed have fitted himself out for a voyage here, for besides the wearing apparel, Knives & forks, Tin Pots, Kettles &c. were brought off to be sold.— none of

these things could have even been given them in barter.— But Theft here is easily discovered among themselves, and ToMaihaMaiha now seems to consider that "Honesty is the "best Policy," and that it is more his interest to detect and punish thefts—that may be committed by his subjects on the Vessels here, than to wink at them,—two instances of his vigilance in this way came under our knowledge during our stay. A girl who had remained on board all night but either from want of beauty, or from coming too late, could not get a Gallant, decamped early in the morning with a small Iron Bound Bucket an Iron Hoop and a Marline spike, these we had not miss'd before ToMaiha Maiha brought them to us about Breakfast time to know if they had been stolen from us,—the girl had been detected by one of his Nykannee's landing with them and was now bound hand and foot on shore, under sentence of death, unless pardoned by Mr. Puget.

The sentence of course was soon remitted, and her punishment mitigated to banishment from sight of the Ships;—the other instance was one of the Queen's men picking Mr. Manley's pocket of some Scissors, this she detected, he was turned out of her service, and otherwise severely punished. Thievery among these uncivilized people, who set such a high value on our most trifling articles is not much to be wondered at, but how highly commendable is the conduct of the King.—

On the Evening of the 4th To-Maiha-Maiha had a mock engagement exhibited on shore for our

amusement. The two Armies were supposed ToMaiha Maiha's & Titeeree's, on this occasion they used blunt pointed Spears, but had I not known it was a sham fight, I shou'd have supposed it real, for they fought very fiercely and threw these Spears with amazing strength, and dexterity, and at a very great distance and it was not a few that came off with ugly Cutts & Bruises. The Battle as might be supposed ended in the defeat of the Moweeans, and both Titeeree & Tayo were kill'd. At night Captain Vancouver display'd some Fireworks, and they expressed their delight, and astonishment in shouts that resounded on the opposite shore, for we could, on the Kakooa side, distinctly hear the exclamations of these on the Kaurawa shore;—the Sky rockets at first surprised them greatly, but when they saw the Water rockets, nothing could exceed their astonishments, they went entirely beyond their comprehension, while the Rocket was under the Water, they were all suddenly silent, but when it emerged again to the surface, they as suddenly burst forth into the loudest acclamations, ToMaiha Maiha would frequently cry in the midst of his surprise "poor Owhyee, you are no more", when it was over he earnestly requested a few Rockets, for he said, if Titeeree was to come to attack him, and to see only one of these thrown off he would be so terrified, as to instantly fly and never after trouble him, after some little importuning Captain Vancouver promised him a few.— As Captain Vancouver wished to get on the Coast of America as early as possible this

Season, and intended calling at the Leeward Islands yet, we began on the 5th to get all the Instruments, Tents &c. from the shore being ready for Sea. It was not till this day that we began in the Chatham to Salt any Pork, the Discovery had made better use of her time, and had now upwards of 8 months Pork salted.—

As we were apprehensive that some of our Copper had been rubb'd off by striking on the Rocks in going out of Nootka the 12th of October last, we got some of the most expert divers to go down and examine our bottom, and according to their accounts, the Copper was off in many of the very parts we had suspected.

I had almost forgot the two Sand-whch Island Girls whom Capt'n. Vancouver had brought in the Discovery from Nootka, they had we learn't been very ill on their passage hither, but were now quite recovered and in the utmost happiness at the idea of staying at their native Island Atooi. Captain V. had here bought them each a Canoe, which is a dear Article at their Island. But the Man of this Island who went away in the Discovery last year, and has been in her ever since had no wish to stay in his native Country, but intended taking another trip with us to the Coast of America.—

Among other things which Captain Vancouver gave ToMaiha Maiha, was a suit of sails for a large Double Canoe, and an English Jack and Pennant, rigg'd out with these he went on board the Discovery the morning previous to our sailing to make his last present in person to Capt'n. V.—

him, he presented with several very beautiful Feathered Helmets, and an Elegant feathered Cloak,—at the same time he gave into Captn. V's—hands, the Magnificent Yellow feathered Cloak which he wore himself on the first day of his going on board the Discovery, this he gave into his charge requesting him to deliver it to his good friend King George as a present from him, and likewise desired, that as no person but himself had ever worn that Cloak, that neither Captn. Vancouver, nor any other person else should put it on before it was deliver'd to King George, and this request he made in the most urgent manner, he sent a fresh supply of Pork and Vegetables &c. to both ships, and besides these told us, that as he knew we were going to Toehaye, he had given orders to the Steward of his estates there to supply the Discovery with 40 large Hogs, and the Chatham with 20, besides Vegetables &c.—There was something so noble and Princely in this man's manner of making presents, that it fail'd not to excite every one's observation.—

Toweraroo had during our stay been our constant vistor, and prefer'd the Chatham to the Discovery this preference was politically ill chosen, and unlucky for him, for contrary I must own to my expectations on our first coming in, Captn. Vancouver did nothing for him. Mr. Puget had bought him on our first arrival, a Single Canoe which he wish'd for,—and Captn. V. to make it a double one, bought him, at his request another single one—besides this I know of nothing else he did

for him, nor gave him except a small piece of Red Cloth,—After bidding his farwell to the Discovery, he came on Board us but he seem'd very sensibly to feel that want of attention which he might have naturally expected from a person, in whose power he well knew it was to render him comfortable for life, much to the honor of Mr. Puget he endeavoured, as far as lay in his power to supply this deficiency of attention, it was now too late to make any alteration in his situation, but he was desired to mention what articles he wanted, and his demand was modest. Some of every species of the Trade that was consider'd most useful to him, or that he liked was put up for him, and he was contented. The only fault I ever heard alledg'd against him, was being a little inclined to deal in the marvellous, but this fault in him who had seen more than any of his countrymen, shou'd not have been taken into consideration, in studying his future Comfort and respectability on the Island but I shall have yet more to say of him which will appear in its proper place.—

It was not till Saturday the 9th—that we sail'd out of Karakakooa Bay in the night with the Land wind, and when day light made its appearance, were followed by numbers of Canoes. The Inhabitants expressed the greatest sorrow at our departure. ToMaiha Maiha staid by us till about Noon when we had the Sea Breeze fresh and then took his leave of us most affectionately. As Captain Vancouver acquainted him of his intention to come the following year again to this Island,—the King told him he should

be at that time on the N.E. side of the Island at a place called Wyatea, which according to his account, and the accounts of Young & Davis, afforded better Anchorage & shelter for Vessels than Karakakooa Bay, there he said he shou'd expect to see him, and should accordingly make provision for us against that time of a store of the various refreshments of the Island.—The Discovery in her examination of that part of the Island, had observed the Bay at Wyatea, but to them it appear'd much exposed, Capt'n. Vancouver however promised to call there at the King's desire, and if he found it as he described, remain there instead of coming to Karakakooa—Although we are to be here again it would not be doing justice to ToMaiha Maiha, to part with him now without saying a few words on his Character, behavior &ca.—which to us was such, as to make a very favourable impression of him. From the character given of him by the Englishmen who have resided so long with him, he is mild, good-natur'd & affectionate, of a very Lenient disposition, neither Tyrannical nor oppressive and whether from fear, or from principle, not only condemns in the highest degree the behaviour of those who have acted treacherously to Vessels at these Islands but declares it as his most solemn determination never to molest or disturb the weakest Vessel that comes to Karakakooa, or where he himself is, on the contrary do every thing he can to make their stay among them Comfortable,—he laments in the most pathetic terms the death of Captain Cook, and seems to hold his memory in the utmost veneration.

His behaviour indeed during our stay fully agreed with the character given of him by the Englishmen, he kept his subjects in the best order and no thefts were committed except those two during our stay. ToMaiha-Maiha had a high respect for the English Nation, and had a great desire to imitate us in many things, he ask'd for a Cot, and Bed to sleep in, which were given him to his great delight, he liked our manner of Cooking, and begg'd permission for his Cook to stay on board the Discovery, and become a student of the Captain's Cook, this was granted, and a man actually staid on board the whole time in that situation but whether he reaped much benefit or not from his studies I cannot say, the King was supplied with all kinds of Culunary utensils, and also furnished with some plates, Knives & forks, Glasses &ca.

All the afternoon we had a fine Breeze and stood into Toehaye Bay—while we were at Dinner we were surprised to see Toweraroo come in, he had left us with the Present which Mr. Puget gave him about an hour before, but we were still more surprised when we heard the cause of his return, he told us, that when he made for the shore, he was informed by some of the Natives, that if he went on shore, he would be kil'd by an old Chief, who was waiting there to shoot him on his landing,—jealousy he said was this old Chief's only motive, for threatening to destroy him, on account of the manner in which we had behaved to him, and the large presents he had got from us, in short after relating these grievances, he hinted a wish that we would take him, and leave him, at

his Native Island Morotoi. We knew not what dependance to put in this story, that there might be some grounds, for it, we readily admitted, but we rather imagined, he had over rated his distress, under an idea that we wou'd take him to Morotoi.

This plan was not approved of, for besides that we thought Toweraroo, was even better situated at this Island, than he wou'd be at the poor Island of Morotoi, (for he had here married into a family of rank),—there was another very weighty reason for not taking him from this Island, and that was, the injury that he might in such case do our good friend ToMaiha Maiha, he was now at War with Titeeree & Tayo, the Kings of the Leward Islands, if Towerararoo had been taken now to Morotoi, he would of course joind Titeeree, and have given an account of the King of Owhyee's strength, and which, shou'd it not be equal to the Enemy's, would perhaps occasion some sudden Hostilities, detrimental to ToMaiha Maiha. His hints were therefore not heeded, and as from these Islander's character & disposition, we knew he wou'd soon be careless about the matter, and in the end contented where he was, he left us the next day with Kayamoku, who promised to protect him, and re-established him again, in his former dwelling.—

During the night we had light Airs, and kept making short boards in the Bay; We had some thick rain, and it was very dark, so that at four O'Clock we could not see the Discovery, nor indeed could we see the shore, fortunately we heard the

Breakers, and Tack'd and it clearing up the day being just broke, we saw that we were not above twice the Vessel's length from the Rocks at this time the wind was dying away, and a strong Current setting us towards the Rocks, we therefore let go the Anchor in 9 fathoms Water, and run out a small Anchor, and warped into 25 fams. by the time this was nearly done we espy'd the Discovery, at some distance to Windward, to whom we made the Signal for assistance with a Gun, which we conceived she saw and answered, as she shortly after fired a Gun but on joining her afterwards we found she had not seen us till after all was over. After we had warped into 25 fathoms, a light air sprung up off the Land with which we weigh'd and run to the Discovery.—

Soon after Sun rise we were surrounded with Canoes, and among them punctually came ToMaiha Maiha's steward with a train of large double Canoes, having the 40 Hogs for the Discovery, and the 20 for us with Vegetables &c.—this attention, care, and punctuality of the Kings, gave great satisfaction, and added not a little to our former good opinion of him.— Tiana, also according to his promise brought us off some Hogs, but having as much on board as we could carry in our Launch, and under an idea that We should be able to get any quantity we wanted at Mowee, we declined accepting Tiana's present.— And while I speak of him, who has been the subject of several pages in this Chapter, I will not take leave of him this Year, without observing, that his behavior to us dur-

ing our whole stay was modest; obliging and unassuming, and he at different times brought the two Vessels large supplies of refreshments.—

In one of the Canoes that here came off to us, a man was pointed out to us, as being a principal hand in the murder of Captn. Cook, and as such, it is natural to be supposed, he was not a little stared at, which he observed, and stole away, and we saw nothing more of him. He was a tall stout man, of a fierce countenance, and was one of the To'ah, or fighting men of the Island.—

In the Evening we quitted Toehaye Bay, with a strong Trade wind, and bidding adieu for this Year to Owheee, stood over for Mowee.—

Transactions during our stay at Mowee (where we parted Company with the Discovery) till our departure from the Islands for ye Coast of America.

11th— In the morning we were in with the Southern shore, the same we had run along last year, and stood on towards the Western Extreme of Mowee, passing between the Island of Tahowrowa and the Islet Morokine, and the wind dying away we Anchored with the Discovery in the deep Bay on the South side of Mowee formed by the low isthmus. During the night, and the next morning, the gusts of wind that blew down the Valleys to the N.E. of us were so hard, that we were prevented getting under way till late in the day, for we intended to Anchor off the Western Extreme of Mowee, where we last year observed a fine pleasant Bay

call'd by the Natives Raheine, and on the extreme of the Land a large village, situated amidst a very charming grove of Trees. It was past 10 O'Clock before we came to an anchor in this Bay, the Discovery in Company

The following morning the 13th we had several Canoes off to us,—with Water, Potatoes &c and a

Mowee.

a very large supply of Musk & Water Melons, some Fowls were brought off for sale, but not a single Pig on inquiring the reason of this, they said the Hogs were all Taboo'd till the arrival of Titeeree the King, whom they expected the next day being now on the North side of the Island, though we traded with these people very largely, and very liberally, yet we could perceive a wonderful difference between their behaviour, and that of the people of Owheee, some of the lower class were inclined to be insolent, and to endeavour to cheat us in the most barefaced manner, such as filling their Calibashes with Salt water, along side, and attempting to sell it, but as conniving at any of those things would be only an encouragement to their audacity and perhaps to their proceeding farther in this impudent way, they met with an early cheque and were kept at a most contemptuous distance, which, I have reason to think they felt, and caus'd an alteration for the better. In the afternoon there came off an European Sailor, who had deserted from an American Brig call'd the Eliza, and lived now with Titeeree the King. He went on board the

Discovery perfectly naked, except the Common Maro worn by the Islanders, and not knowing that we were in His Majesty's service, at first behaved rude and impudent. However on finding his mistake he said he had been sent to us from Titeeree (who had already heard of our being here) to learn the quantity of refreshments we stood in need of, in order that he might draw them from the Villages about the Bay by the next day when the King himself intended paying us a visit, our demands were not very exorbitant, and he assured us that Titeeree & Tayo (for they were both here) would amply furnish all our wants, a few small articles were now given to him, and a larger assortment intended to be given him before we quitted the Islands, in case he behaved himself as he ought.

During the stay of the Ships at Karakakooa Bay, there was salted on board the Discovery about ten months allowance for her Ships Company of fine Pork, and though we might have had Hogs enough to have salted, the like, or double that quantity,—yet it was not till a day or two before we sail'd from that place that we attempted any thing of the kind, when out of about 2 Barrels and a half that was cured, on examination three days after, little more than one Barrel was found worth Eating,—this happen'd I am sure from the want of many requisite conveniencies in the process of curing, particularly in the apparatus of the press, and not from bad weather, bad Pork, or bad Salt,—in the first place the stage or bot-

tom of the press was not level. (being composed of the Hatchway gratings), and had neither sides nor ends to it, and in the next place, and indeed I conceive the principal reason, there was not sufficient weight placed on the press, there being neither Shot, Stones, or Swevels (which had before been used) allowed for the purpose.— We left Owhyee with about five or six & twenty Hogs, but could, and indeed should have taken away double that quantity, had we not had an idea that we should here get them in great plenty, but now as no Hogs had been brought off to the Ships, and not knowing for a certainty what supply we should get from Titeeree, the Ships Company (of the Chatham) were served out the remainder of our late Cured Pork, and the Hogs that were left being about twenty in number, were kept for the use of the Officer's Mess. The following day Titeeree arrived and went off to the Discovery, where he was received as becoming a man of his rank, after which he came on board the Chatham, and suitable presents were made to him by the two Captains.— But even after this to our astonishment no Hogs were brought off to the Ships by him, and only two or three for sale by the Natives.—

I have mentioned that while we were at Karakakooa, some of our Copper was found to be rubb'd off our bottom, indeed it had been suspected that we had received some damage on the night we came out of Nootka when we struck on the Rocks at the point of Friendly Cove.

In consequence of a representation being made of this by Mr. Puget to Captn. Vancouver, we now recd. orders to proceed immediately to Nootka, to repair those damages, and on our way to survey the No. side of the Island of Morotoi. The Discovery was, after she quitted this, to go to the other Leeward Islands, particularly to Woahoo, to execute the Murders of the unfortunate Messrs. Hergest & Gooch & the Seaman for which purpose, Titeeree intended to send in her, two Chiefs who were to deliver the criminals up to Captn. Vancouver;—after which she was to join us at Nootka. On this news, we prepared to lay in our stock of Fruit & Vegetables as 'twas expected we should sail the next day the 15th—this was however prevented as a Boat from each of the Vessels with the Masters were absent on a surveying expedition up the deep Bay formed by the low Isthmus. In the Evening we were visited by the joint Kings Titeeree & Tayo with Titeeree's Wife & young Child a fine little Boy, whom they call'd Tappo—after a gentleman of the name of Temple, who had been in the Prince of Wales, Captn. Colnett, and who we learnt at Nootka, was afterwards unfortunately either murder'd by the Natives, or lost in the Boat with a whole Boat's Crew off Point Breakers in that Sound. Tyteeree's wife was a daughter of Tayo's, and only a few years ago when the Prince of Wales was at Atooi, was one of the handsomest little Girls on the Island, she was now indeed wonderfully altered, she was in appearance far gone in

a consumption, and the bearing of two or three children, had wrought such a change in her features for the worse, that, added to ill health, the cares & anxiety of her married state, gave her the appearance of a woman advanced in years, and she was not recollected by either Mr. Menzies or Mr. Johnstone who knew her when in the Prince of Wales.— They all received handsome presents, and departed, though without sending us any refreshments.— From this and the very few Hogs brought off for sale, we imagined that the Country at present was low in this refreshment, this indeed they acknowledged, and said that ToMaiha Maiha when he last made a descent on the Island had made a vast devastation among the Hogs, killing all that came in his way and this I believe to be true, for in this lies the greatest injury that the people on one Island do another in War, among the Sandwich Islands. But what the European Sailor could propose to himself, by telling the lie he did in the message which he said at first he brought from Titeeree I am at a loss to determine, from the Natives alongside, as the King's present would amply answer all our wants—by this man's conduct he lost an opportunity of enriching himself with many useful valuable articles that otherwise would have been given him by the commanders,—but indeed had we been inclined notwithstanding his behaviour to have given him something, the opportunity was lost, for he seemed himself, so far to know he had acted wrong as not to make his appearance afterwards.—

From this man's appearance and manners I should conceive him the most unfit man in the world to be left among those Indians, that is, under the general idea of a European being of benefit to them—for he seemed to be a very thick headed stupid fellow, and if I mistake not widely, of a very indolent disposition, so that, during his stay, should these people make any improvements in their arts and manufactures, I should place the greater degree of credit on the side of the Natives themselves, from their own ingenuity, and the thirst they have to imitate us in the Mechanical arts, the chief of which is Carpentry, and their principal demand in exchange for what had to sell (at least if the valuable kind) was Chisels, files, Saws, Hammers &ca., but Ammunition and fire arms were as eagerly wanted as at Owhyee.— They inform'd us that Mr. Brown in the Buttersworth, who had left this Isld. only a fortnight before we arrived had given them a number of Muskets, a very large quantity of Powder, and two pieces of Cannon (4 pounders)—for these last Titeeree had given to him the whole right & property of the Islands Woahoo & Atooi, entitling him to take off them, at his own will every thing he stood in need of, and this strange as it may appear in afterwards found to be true, but these people have a great deal of cunning, they know that the Ships will only touch at their Islands about a couple of months in the year, and that all they can want would be trifling to them, and for the same price or less

they would sell the same Islands over again to every Ship that stops among them.—

It was considered as no small mortification that we were this year, prevented going to Ooneehow, where we last year got such a plentiful supply of Yams for the little we had collected at Owhyee & at this Island, was not sufficient to serve our own Table, We laid in however a large Store of both Muck & Water Melons which were to be bought (particularly the latter kind) in abundance.—

Mr. Menzies the Botanist with two gentlemen of the Discovery intending to make a little excursion in the Country, up a fine Valley abreast the Vessels I accompanied the party, we set out the 14th & return'd on board in the Evening of the 15th,— the principal Chief of the Village in the Bay, along with Titeeree's Son, King George with a numerous retinue attended as on this occasion, and showed us every attention & civility, —we did not penetrate far Inland, but though we pass'd the most distant Habitations several miles, yet as far as we went every spot capable, was cultivated, and we pass'd large Gardens of Plantains, Taro, Potatoe Grounds, Sugar Cane &ca in fine order. We slept out one night, and there being no Habitation near us, we put up under a convenient projecting Cliff, where the Chief had taken care to provide us with Cloth, Matts &ca— We slept tolerably, though I was very cold. Plenty of Provisions were also provided for us, and the next morning after breakfast we continued our route, but as

we approached the head of the Valley where it began to ascend more directly, the walking became unpleasant and being obliged to be on board in the Evening, we turn'd towards the Ships about Noon, and after dining at the place we had slept the night before at, on some excellent Fish, Fowls, & Pork &c—got on board about 6 O'Clock in the Evening;— We were very well taken care of by the Chief, and the Natives where we met them, behaved with Hospitality and Civility to us.—

The morning of the 16th the Boats return'd and we immediately got under weigh with a light air from the S.W. with which we stood to the W. N. W. to clear the Breakers off the West end of Mowee, the Land round this end of Mowee was not to appearance very pleasantly varied with Habitations and Plantations though it had the appearance of being a good soil only a few straggling houses were seen here and there. We soon got the Sea Breeze which blew very fresh & stood for the East point of Morotoi. In the evening two Canoes came off to us out of a little Bay and sold us a Pig and some vegetables, at night the wind dying away and a heavy swell rolling on the shore, we stood off, and kept plying to windward to weather the East point, which in the morning we had done and then bore away along shore.—the Face of this Isd. on the North side is unlike any of the other Islands scarcely any low Land was to be observed, but the Mountains rose abruptly from the Sea to a very great height, and afforded a most

dreary and desolate appearance, in many places they are deeply indented with Chasms, that form large Cascades down which the Water rush'd with great impetuosity from the Summits, one or two small sandy Bays were observed, and a few houses imperfectly discerned but no shelter could possibly be found for Vessels, the Constant Trade wind blowing directly on this side of the Island, and an immense swell always rolling with great violence in the shore, off which were in many parts extensive reefs.—

Having at Noon on the 17th finished our examination of the North side of this Island, and pretty confident it afforded no safe Anchorage for Vessels however small, we haul'd our Wind for the No. West Coast of America a second time, after a stay among the Sandwich Islands of two & thirty days.—

Late. of Raheina Bay Mowee 20° 51' No.—

Longe. by the Watch (Owhyee rate)

& mean of nine sets of observation—

Variation—8° Etly.

Late. of Karakakooa Bay Owhyee 19° 28' No.

Louge. by the observatory—204°—Et. As we are to come to these Islands once (and in all probability twice) more, I shall defer venturing any general remarks on them, the Inhabitants &c. with only now observing that we quitted them with a much more favourable opinion of them than what we had last year.—

(To Be Continued)

HAWAII PAST AND PRESENT

By ALBERT PIERCE TAYLOR

UNCLE SAM'S MORNING CUP OF COFFEE

WHEN Uncle Sam sits at his breakfast table he is unconsciously offering a gracious salute to the Hawaiian Islands, the infant territory of the American union, especially when he raises his coffee cup to his lips. Quite likely that coffee was brewed from the Kona coffee produced in the district of Kona, island of Hawaii, not many miles distant from Kealahou Bay where Captain Cook lost his life in 1779. In fact, there is a company called the "Capt. Cook Coffee Company." The Hawaiian brand of coffee is known the world over as a product with an aroma that, while it may be equalled, is not excelled.

And it is quite likely that when Uncle Sam sweetens his cup of coffee he dips from the bowl a couple of spoonfuls of Hawaiian-grown sugar. Nearly all the sugar Hawaii now produces is shipped in the raw state to Crockett Refinery, at Crockett, California, to be converted into refined sugar by the California-Hawaiian Sugar Company. The Honolulu Sugar Company, located about eight miles from Honolulu, has a small refinery attached and turns out a small portion of its raw product into refined sugar.

Hawaii has been a gold-mine to the

United States since the territory became a part of the republic in 1898. The revenue through duties imposed at her ports of entry against foreign goods is very large. Hawaii had a national debt of a little more than \$3,000,000 in 1898. Her assets in public buildings, public lands and ports of entry revenues, were an immediate set-off. In other words, the United States did not have to write out a check to buy Hawaii. Hawaii came in under a treaty of annexation, modified at the eleventh hour to a Joint Resolution of Annexation.

YANKEE INFLUENCE IN OLD HAWAII

It was Yankee ridicule which kept the rulers of the old Hawaiian Kingdom from adopting a royal decoration to be used in rewarding islanders and foreigners alike for acts of friendship or helpfulness toward the mid-sea government. It was also Yankee praise which finally made it possible for Kamehameha V in 1867 to promulgate a proclamation announcing that he had adopted a device to be styled the "Royal Order of Kamehameha I." In 1875 it was Yankee backing that enabled King Kalakaua, to also establish another order to be styled the "Royal Order of Kalakaua I."

But it was the old United States Constitution which offered a barrier against the acceptance by American friends of the Kingdom of such rewards of merit by the island monarchs. The United States Navy ships were familiar and welcome craft in Hawaiian waters. Their arrival, even as far back as 1826 in the reign of Kamehameha II, meant social functions ashore and afloat. The presence of officers stimulated society. Year after year warships visited Honolulu--American, British, French, Danish, Russian, German, and finally, Austrian and Japanese.

Newly discovered documents in the Archives of Hawaii reveal that in the reign of Kamehameha III, through the instrumentality of that amazing Scotch Minister of Foreign Affairs, a royal order was established called the "Order of the Crown and Cross", but as Minister Robert Crichton Wyllie, in 1862, wrote to Kamehameha IV, it was American ridicule which discouraged its use. In 1859, Manley Hopkins, Hawaii's diplomatic representative at London, sent a long letter to Honolulu giving suggestions, in response to requests from Wyllie, as to the nature of a decoration that might be adopted. In 1862, due to the presence in Honolulu of Lady Jane Franklin, Wyllie was more insistent about decorations, and even degrees of nobility, for he wanted the Hawaiian King to have the privilege of bestowing upon Lady Jane the rank of Baroness, for which suggestion he was roundly ridiculed by the Yankee editor, Henry M. Whitney.

But, after 1867, Hawaiian orders were showered on foreign potentates and princes, and upon naval officers

and civilians who seemed to merit such attention. Strangely enough, to one scanning the lists of awards today, there appear to be but four persons alive who had that distinction accorded them, and three live in Honolulu, one being Colonel Curtis Piehu Iaukea, who during his long official career was clerk in the Foreign Office under King Kalakaua, then vice chamberlain, chamberlain, colonel of His Majesty's staff, adjutant-general with rank of Major-General, ambassador to St. Petersburg, Belgrade, Cairo, Madrid, and Tokio; military attache to Queen Kapiolani when the island queen attended Queen Victoria's jubilee in 1887 and military attache to President Dole on the latter's visit to Washington in 1898.

In fact, Colonel Iaukea is virtually the sole Hawaiian survivor of the officials of Kalakaua's reign.

ANNIVERSARY OF AN ARMY TRANSPORT DISASTER

One of the most amazing sea adventures in the experience of Uncle Sam's military department took place thirty years ago, in September and October, 1899, Honolulu and Manila being linked in this tragedy of the army transport service, when a picked aggregation of 373 horses and mules assembled at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., was stricken in a typhoon which swept upon the transport while it lay off the northern coast of Luzon island, and destroyed all but two mules, and these had been captured from the Spanish in Cuba only a few months before.

The Siam, flying the Austrian flag,

the steamer being chartered by the U. S. War Department as an animal transport, figured in one of the most disastrous expeditions ever sent out by the United States, and finally steamed into Manila Bay, just a month from the day she departed so gayly from Honolulu harbor, almost a wreck. Strangely enough, the ship's master, Captain Sennen Reicich loomed large in post-World War affairs in Europe. He was in civic command in Fiume, formerly of Austria, but then the football of politics. For forty-eight hours he was supreme until the Italian poet d'Annunzio marched into the city and took it from him, and made Fiume an Italian port.

The Siam rode out one of the worst typhoons ever encountered in those typhoonic seas, resisting trip-hammer attacks for several days and nights.

Capt. Joseph P. O'Neil, 25th U. S. Infantry, was the army quartermaster aboard. Under his command were old-time scouts of the plains, one or two having served with "Buffalo Bill" during old Sioux campaigns; packers, teamsters, and contract men, most of these acting as "chambermaids" for the 373 horses and mules. Captain O'Neil is now General O'Neil, recently serving as a recruiting officer in the West.

The Siam's departure from Honolulu was almost a gala event. The wharves were crowded to watch the big steamer go out. The Siam was launched on the Clyde as the British steamer *Resolve*. Bought by an Austrian company, she became the

Siam. During the Japanese-Russo war she was captured by the Japanese, given a Japanese name, and eventually was broken up for old iron a dozen years ago.

For ten days she steamed along in fine weather, and then ran into the tail of a typhoon which drove her down to the island of Saipan, a part of the Ladrone group.

1899, at 11 o'clock, a typhoon struck the Siam. For the four nights and three days the Siam battled with the deadly typhoon. The vessel heeled over almost on her beam ends. The super-structure was smashed to smithereens. The cabins were flooded with water, the galley was swept clean and the lazarette, where provisions were stored was flooded until all hands were reduced to rations of whiskey and hard tack. Sleep was an impossibility. Twenty men, hurt by the animals careening all over the between decks, had broken arms, legs and later on festering sores from cuts. The English chief engineer, 33 years at sea, went violently insane, the Scotch first assistant engineer, had the skin of his back almost boiled off by a steam jet. Hatches were battered down, smothering many animals. Captain O'Neil shot many thoroughbred animals, one belonging to General Joe Wheeler, presented to him by the citizens of Alabama.

Captain Reicich gave up the ship twice, but the Siam, single propeller, battled successfully against terrific odds, until the morning of October 3 when the gale began to die down and the sun was seen for the

first time in a week. The Siam was half a mile away from the Balantang Needles!

For three days the Siam steamed down the west coast of Luzon, and dead animals were brought up by winches to the decks, which were smeared with grease and the remnants of the doctor's stores, and shoved into the sea. A. P. Taylor, of Honolulu, who was on board the Siam during the voyages, says of those last days:

"I believe a thousand sharks followed the Siam. They had the greatest feast of their lives. Our ship was a shambles, horrible in every way, and most of the men had lost nearly all their clothing except what they stood in. Captain Reich was the hero on that ship.

"We anchored off the mouth of the Pasig River, and from the deck could see a battle raging near Cavite Novalette between American marines and the Filipinos.

"I accompanied Captain O'Neil ashore and we drove at once to the Ayuntamiento, or place of the general in command, Otis. As soon as we entered his office, he rose from his desk and with extended hand, said, 'O'Neil I'm mighty glad you've arrived. We'd held up some operations for two weeks just to get those animals.'

"O'Neil saluted and replied, 'General Otis, I regret to inform you that we lost all our animal cargo except two mules, in the typhoon.'

"General Otis' face was a study. It was a severe blow.

"I returned to Honolulu on the

Siam, but she was empty. A steamer that could outride that typhoon, could beat any storm, and so I returned on her."

MAKE THE GOLDEN GATE TURN- STILE SAFE

Hawaii has the right to demand that every measure of safety for human lives be taken by the United States Government in connection with the navigation of vessels in and out of the Golden Gate, for, aside from Los Angeles, San Francisco is the chief port of entry of steamers carrying persons from Honolulu and other Hawaiian ports.

One of the most costly disasters to human life, as far as Hawaii is concerned, happened at the Golden Gate when the trans-Pacific liner Rio Janeiro was sunk in collision. The toll of lives on that occasion was heavy and Hawaii mourned.

Fog is man's enemy, the evil genii guarding the Golden Gate, menacing human lives at most unexpected moments. Fog took toll of Hawaiian lives when the Rio Janeiro was stricken and sunk within a few minutes. Fog has often jeopardized lives and vessels.

Science is making tremendous strides in the effort to coerce fog to come under man's mandate through mechanical means. But several years will pass before fog is sufficiently conquered that captains of steamers may feel that when fog envelops the ocean they will be mechanically attuned to steam through it in safety.

When the Rio Janeiro went down

almost a third of a century ago, steamers were more or less slow-moving. Today the vessels that pass in and out of the Golden Gate steam swiftly. The Malolo, for instance, rips off five to ten knots greater speed than was customary in the Rio Janeiro, Alameda and Zealandia days. They speed toward the Golden Gate faster than ever. Vessels, in a fog, therefore approach each other faster, and without complete means of knowing that they are approaching, captains necessarily must take greater chances than ever.

The case of the recent sinking of the "San Juan" outside the Golden Gate with its fearful loss of human lives, is an example of the truism that science has not yet reached the point where safety in navigation in fog belts is assured. Hawaii, one of the largest customers to pass through the Golden Gate turnstile, therefore, has a right to demand of the federal authorities that that particular problem—fog at the Golden Gate—shall be tackled by the scientist minds of the Government, and competent minds outside the Government, that navigation shall be made safe for the thousands of persons who yearly enter San Francisco bay through the Golden Gate from the Hawaiian Islands—and beyond.

KALAKAUA FIRST CROWNED KING TO VISIT UNITED STATES

The honor, palm, or credit, whatever one may choose, goes to King Kalakaua of the Kingdom of Hawaii, for being the first crowned head to

visit the United States, and not Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil, so often referred to by statisticians as the first ruler to have that distinction.

Late in the year 1874, less than ten months after he was chosen as king of Hawaii, Kalakaua, accompanied by distinguished Hawaiians and white residents, as officials of his suite, voyaged from Honolulu to San Francisco, as the guest of the American nation on board the U. S. S. Benicia. At San Francisco he was met by personal representatives of President U. S. Grant, and escorted to Washington, D. C., where he was accorded the highest honors—a state dinner and a reception at the White House; the privilege of the floor of Congress, being escorted upon the floor of the House of Representatives, where the Senate also came in a body, to greet the mid-Pacific sovereign.

The Hawaiian Gazette, of Honolulu, on November 18, 1874, printed the following concerning the King's departure for San Francisco:

HIS MAJESTY KING KALAKAUA will have the honor of being the first crowned head who has ever visited the United States since their establishment as a government. He will be received with the highest honors that can be shown to any monarch. On the arrival of the Benicia off the entrance, flying the royal standard, she will receive a royal salute from Fort Point, and another from Fort Alcatraz, as she passes each.

General Schofield, military commandant of the Pacific, who visited

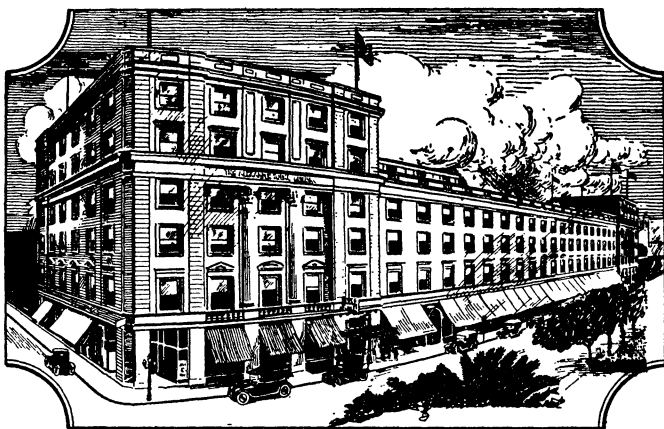
this group early in 1873, will probably receive His Majesty on behalf of the President, and escort him to such Hotel as has been provided for the embassy.

How long he will remain in that city is not certain, but probably only a few days. For the trip across the continent, a magnificent palace car (the same that was built for General Grant) will be placed at his service, and the train conveying the royal party will be a special one consisting of a palace, commissary, baggage and smoking cars, with locomotive and tender, which will go through, without change, from San Francisco to Washington City. On this train,

everything will be provided for their comfort that can possibly be done.

Although the cold winter weather will have set in, yet the arrangements for the personal health and comfort of the King will be so complete, that there can be little or no risk of his health. Gen. Schofield will accompany the king to Omaha, where Gen. Sherman will escort him on to Washington.

(Editor's Note:—King Kalakaua was stricken with a severe cold in Omaha which occasioned illness, preventing him from making many scheduled addresses while in Chicago, Washington and New York City.)



Alexander Young Hotel

MARC A. VAN NESS, Manager

WHEN in Honolulu sojourn at the Alexander Young Hotel. 200 rooms with tub or shower baths, designed and constructed to secure coolness, sanitation and comfort. Two artesian wells 1,500 feet deep. The hospitality and personal service of the Alexander Young Hotel have won international renown. Cuisine is unexcelled. The finest location of any metropolitan hotel, in the city, and yet within a few minutes by car line or motor car of the beach.

The moderateness of the rates which will surprise you, as low as \$2.50 a day single rooms, without bath, and \$3.50 and \$5.00 a day single rooms, with bath; or \$5.00 and \$6.00 a day double rooms, with bath. Special rates for prolonged stays.

Your steamship ticket is good on any line for stop-over, transferrable to any other line.

Honolulu is the Mid-Pacific resting place; ideal on your long sea voyage between the Orient or Australia and California. So we say, "when visiting Honolulu, you will find it to advantage to sojourn at the Alexander Young Hotel — European plan."

Cable address: "Youngs". Write for folder and rate card.

IN ALL THE WORLD THERE IS ONLY ONE

Waikiki Tavern



and Inn

on the famous Beach at Waikiki

You will like this old English Inn set right on the beach in a Hawaiian atmosphere.

The Tavern is noted for its wonderful food and the Inn for its homelike service.

Surfing — Boating — Outrigger Canoes

Swimming at our back door

**THE
CHINESE-AMERICAN
BANK, LTD.**

General Banking in all its Branches

ORGANIZED IN 1916 TO MEET THE GROWING
NEEDS OF THIS RAPIDLY EXPANDING
COMMUNITY.

A BRANCH WAS OPENED AT KAPAA, KAUAI IN 1926.

Original paid in capital.....	\$100,000.00
Accumulated surplus and undivided profits in the thirteen years.....	\$271,912.83
On deposit January 1st, 1929.....	\$3,587,915.51

A TRULY COSMOPOLITAN BANK
Its clientele comprising people of every race.

NUUANU & KING STS.,

HONOLULU, T. H.

Our Familiar Island Trees

Prepared by

MARY DILLINGHAM FREAR

Under Sponsorship of the

OUTDOOR CIRCLE

CONTAINING nearly fifty illustrations, some in colors, in which "Our Island Trees" appear in graceful contour or in interesting detail of leaf and flower.

Short stories of their place in and about Honolulu will bring a sense of acquaintance to the newcomer and be sure of a welcome from the long resident.

This will make a beautiful present from the Islands whether to the east or west. A card of Christmas greetings sent to the publisher will insure prompt delivery of the book in time for Christmas.

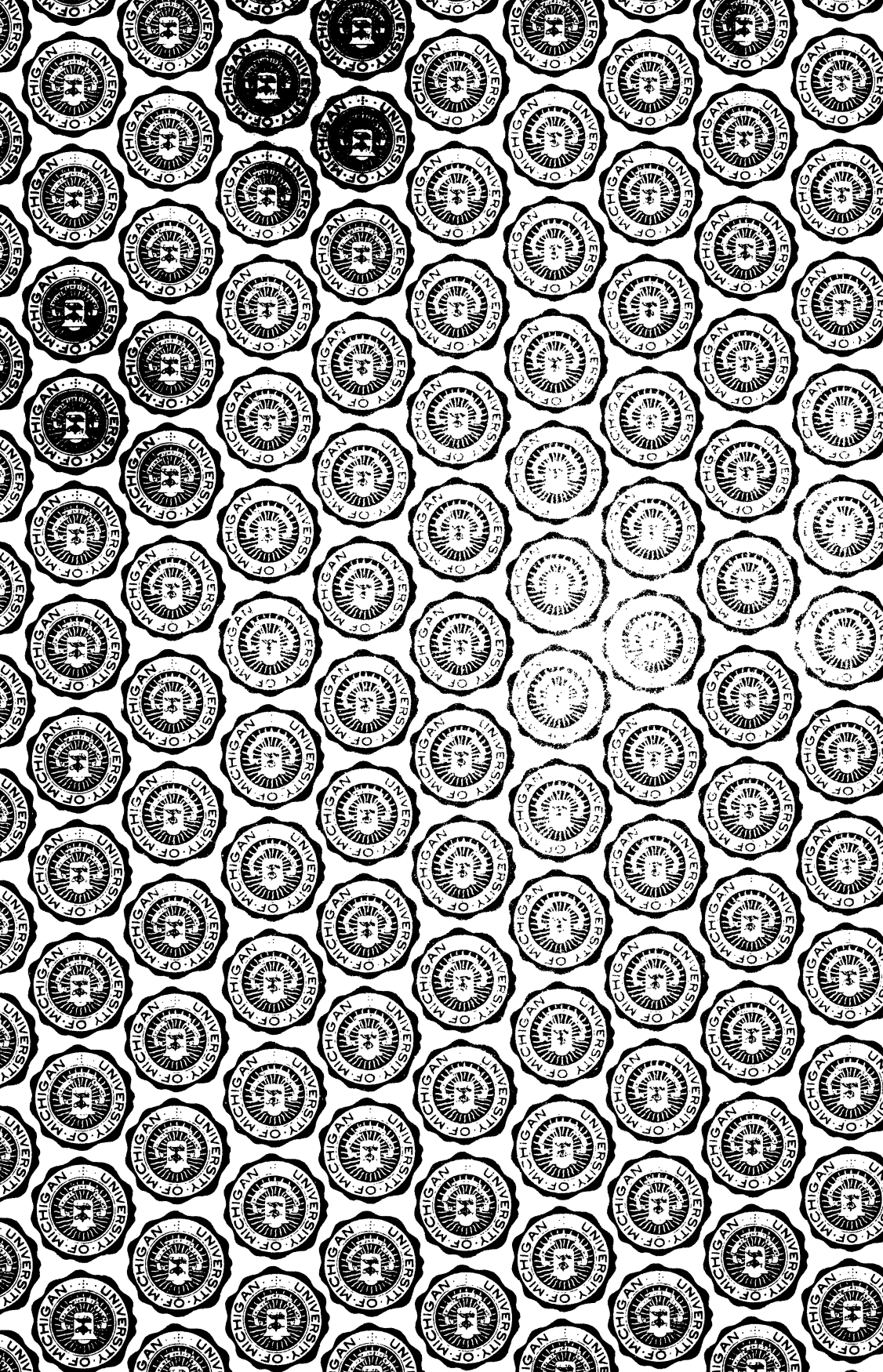
Price \$1.50 (including postage \$1.66)

Orders filled after November 15th, 1929

RICHARD G. BADGER, Publisher

100 CHARLES STREET

BOSTON, MASS.



UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



3 9015 01637 3725

FOUND

JUN 12 1980

LIBRARY

